

*Diary of a
Puppy*

June Lemmon

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Introduction

Attention Dear Reader!

Diary of a Puppy is an explicit adult work of fiction set in a world where “Puppies” are adult, sapient human–dog hybrids bred and trained for ownership by “Elite” humans. All characters depicted are capable of consent; the story does **not** portray sexual activity with real animals.

This story contains graphic sexual content and explores intense BDSM dynamics, pet play, power imbalance, captivity, and dub-con themes. Characters are fictional and depicted in situations involving extreme control, submission, and dehumanization.

This book is intended for **mature readers only**. Please proceed only if you are comfortable engaging with erotic material that may be disturbing to some.

Subscribers can access exclusive story illustrations by @Purplefangs in the Secret Gallery at junelemmon.com.

Enjoy!

xoxo

June Lemmon



Dear Diary,

Woof! It's me, Freckles! Today started off like any other day here on the Farm. I woke up in the puppy pile, all us boy Puppies snuggled together for warmth in the barn.

I have fluffy ears—golden, just like my tail. My tail is long and soft, and it's always wagging too much, too fast, especially when I'm nervous. It's not something I try to do. It just happens.

And today? It was wagging. It's hard not to feel happy when you wake up surrounded by your friends!

Around me, the other Puppies were beginning to stir. Cinnamon was the first to wake all the way up, letting out a big yawn that ended in a playful yip. He bounded over to wrestle with Biscuit, the two of them rolling in the hay, yipping and play-growling.

Peanut took longer, like he always does. He blinked sleepily and stretched while Sammy nuzzled him, tail swishing with affection.

The Farm is the best place in the world. The only thing better would be getting chosen by an Elite. Puppies who are chosen go to live in big houses with nice people and get all the treats they could ever want.

We're all hoping to be picked someday. That's what we're raised for!

That's why they keep us naked and on all fours, so we learn how to behave like proper pets for the Elites. Speaking words is forbidden—only barking for

us—but I don't mind. But I don't mind. That's just how things are supposed to be.

We Puppies have floppy ears and tails like dogs, but otherwise we look like humans. I hear the Farmer use the word *hybrid* a lot. All I really know is that I'm a Puppy, and Puppies are meant to serve Elites. Simple as that.

Being raised with other Puppies is so much fun. We never have to worry about anything except playing and dreaming about our future homes. We're kept separate from the girl Puppies—I've never seen them—but I bet they're just as happy as we are.

I felt a cold nose snuffling curiously at my rump. Nutmeg was giving me a thorough morning sniff-over, I let out a soft whimper as I felt Nutmeg's warm tongue lap over my sensitive privates. He was one of the bigger pups and I knew better than to protest his morning inspection. His tongue tickled as it cleaned between my legs.

The Farmer always said it was important for us to keep each other clean. Sometimes he would watch and encourage us with happy words. Other times, he reminded us of the rules—especially the ones about mounting. If he caught any of us doing that, he'd put a stop to it right quick, and whichever poor Pup it was would get pulled over the Farmer's knee and spanked.

Sammy, though, always seemed to get in trouble. Many times we'd all listen to his whimpers and cries as the Farmer slapped his bottom again and again. Sammy loved humping so much, but he never learned how to stop himself before getting caught!

Nutmeg's snuffling became more insistent as he pushed his nose deeper between my legs. I whimpered and wagged my tail, letting him know I was a good Puppy and wouldn't resist. His tongue licked wetly across my balls, grooming them with long, careful strokes.

Around me, other Puppies were doing the same. Sammy had climbed on top of Cinnamon and was sitting on his face, whining happily as Cinnamon's

tongue worked furiously at his privates. I could see Sammy's own tongue lolling out of his mouth in ecstasy.

Peanut and Biscuit lay side by side, sucking on each others' boy parts. They both had their eyes squeezed shut, and every now and then they would stop to give soft barks of delight before going right back to licking.

I felt Nutmeg's tongue slide up to the tip of my privates, where it lingered for a moment before moving back to my balls. Warmth spread through me, making me shiver with pleasure.

I flinched in surprise as Nutmeg swiped his tongue all the way up my backside, before burying his face right against my bottom. It felt strange—good, but strange. Nutmeg had always been obsessed with grooming me there, and I knew he wouldn't stop until I was perfectly clean.

He spread my cheeks with his nose and licked insistently at the tight pucker of my hole. His tongue flicked over it again and again, sending new shivers through me. My cock throbbed between my legs as he worked.

Nutmeg's tongue pushed harder now, wet and insistent as it circled hungrily around my hole.

I let out a loud, helpless whimper as Nutmeg's tongue pushed its way inside me. It filled my hole, hot and wet, licking furiously at the sensitive place inside.

It was too much—I couldn't hold back! With a shudder, I came hard on the ground beneath me. Warm liquid spurted from between my legs again and again as Nutmeg's tongue thrust in deep and fast.

Nutmeg didn't stop even as I shook with the aftershocks of my orgasm. He stayed right there, his big muzzle pressed tight against my bottom, making sure every inch of me was perfectly clean.

I let out a soft yip and twisted around to return the favor, pushing my nose between Nutmeg's legs. He was so big that I could crawl right underneath him, with his warm belly resting on my back as I licked at his dripping penis.

He gave a pleased bark, and I felt him shiver above me. I knew how much he liked this, so I kept licking and sucking on him like a good Puppy should. His tip was wet and salty in my mouth, and I could feel my own shaft twitching to life again as I worked.

Nutmeg started humping against my face, his hips thrusting forward as he pushed himself deeper into my mouth. His balls slapped against my chin while he panted heavily and whined with pleasure.

Around us, the other Puppies were still busy grooming each other. Biscuit had pushed Peanut onto his back and sat on his chest while he licked his friend's privates. Peanut squirmed beneath him, giving little yips of delight as his paws twitched in the air.

Sammy let out a high-pitched howl as Cinnamon's tongue flicked over his swollen bits again and again. He was grinding desperately against Cinnamon's face—just like Nutmeg was doing to mine!

Nutmeg's breath came faster now, hot against my fur as he pumped harder into my mouth. His whole body trembled above me, and I knew he wasn't going to last much longer.

Suddenly, Nutmeg gave one last hard thrust and held it, whining loudly as warm liquid spurted from him and filled my mouth. It dribbled down my chin, dripping onto the dirt below us.

Nutmeg collapsed on top of me, panting with satisfaction. I wriggled my way out from under him, licking the mess off my nose as he rolled to his side with a happy groan. We lay there for a moment, catching our breath.

Then my ears perked up.

Footsteps.

The Handlers were here!

The door to our pen opened, and the Handlers walked in—two of them, boots polished, gloves already pulled on.

One of them clapped his hands. "Up, boys. Time to get ready."

My heart fluttered in my chest, but I kept my face calm. No panting. No shaking. Be good. Be proud.

This might be my day.

They took us to Grooming first. The room was big and clean, with bright lights that made our fur shine. Metal grates lined the floor, and hoses hung from the walls like long, lazy snakes.

We were lined up on the cool tile, one after another, and my tail wagged in anticipation. Grooming was important. It meant we were being prepared for something special, and that always made me excited.

“Line up. Present!”

The Handlers had us kneel, heads down and bottoms high—just the way they liked.

One of them moved down the line with a large bottle of lube, squeezing some onto each of our holes in turn. I felt a thick dollop land on me. It was cold and slick, and I shivered as it trickled down my bottom.

“Hold still now,” said the other Handler. He carried a long hose with a rubber tip that glistened under the bright lights. I watched as he went to Sammy first, spreading his cheeks with one hand while guiding the hose to his hole with the other.

Sammy gave a loud yelp when it pushed inside him. The Handler slid it in deep, then turned a valve on the wall. Sammy’s eyes went wide as warm liquid rushed into him, filling him quickly.

Then it was my turn.

I knew what was coming, but I still couldn’t help whimpering as the Handler approached with the hose. He knelt beside me and rubbed my back soothingly before pressing the tip against my lubed pucker. I bit my lip and wagged my tail, trying to be a good Puppy.

The hose pushed inside me—farther than Nutmeg’s tongue ever had—and I let out a helpless whine when he turned the valve. Warm water surged into me so fast it felt like an explosion in my belly.

I squirmed on all-fours as more and more poured into me, making my stomach swell up round and tight beneath me. My tail wagged furiously while I tried not to wriggle too much under their hands.

“Good boy,” the Handler said softly as he twisted the valve shut at last. He pulled the hose free in one quick motion that sent shudders through me. “Hold it.”

Pressure built inside me, my belly pulled tight, and I bit the inside of my cheek. Don’t whimper. Don’t shift. Don’t squirm. Good boys stay still.

The heat pooled low, and for a moment I imagined what it might be like for my Master to see me like this—submissive, obedient, prepared. My skin went warm all over.

Around me, the other Puppies were starting to shake and whimper from how full they were—Sammy most of all.

The Handlers made us hold it until we couldn’t anymore. Then they let us squat over the floor grate and release all at once. Liquid rushed from us in powerful streams as we barked and panted our relief into the open air.

By the time we were finished, our bellies were flat again—empty and ready for another round. And there was another round... and then another. Finally, the water flowing from us ran clean and clear.

“Alright, boys. Up and forward!”

We were led there on shaky legs. Even though we were tired—and still dripping—none of us complained. This was just daily life for a Puppy!

We’re not allowed to get too excited when the Elites come. The Farmer says it ruins the moment. Elites want us eager, but controlled. That’s why we’re milked beforehand.

Each Puppy was brought forward one at a time and made to kneel on a padded mat, legs spread wide. The Handlers didn’t speak. They moved in perfect sync—one holding the Puppy steady, the other reaching between his legs.

When it was my turn, I tried not to think too hard. Just let it happen. The Handler was efficient. Firm. My body jerked on instinct, and the release came quick and sharp, leaving me empty.

After that came the washroom.

Showers hung from the ceiling, blasting us with hot water until we were soaked to the skin. Then came the shampoo—thick, soapy stuff worked into every inch of us. They lathered us from head to toe, rubbing it into our fur until it stood up in bubbly tufts.

My tail wagged as their hands scrubbed over my skin, spreading suds everywhere. The soap smelled sharp and clean, and I knew it would make my fur extra fluffy for the big day ahead.

Once we were fully covered in foam, they rinsed us with more hot water. It washed the soap away and left my skin tingling. I shook the water from my ears and blinked it out of my eyes.

Next, the Handlers clipped our nails, trimming them short and neat. They used scissors on our fur too, giving each of us a quick cut so we looked tidy and presentable. Sammy's hair was so long he needed an extra trim.

Then came the serum. They squeezed it onto their fingers and rubbed it into our nipples and holes. It tingled wherever they spread it, making both places feel swollen and sensitive.

I squirmed when they pinched my nipples to test how tender they were. The serum worked fast—I could feel myself already getting hard again.

They slipped a finger inside me too, probing deep. I whimpered helplessly at how good it felt.

The Handlers watched us closely as they worked, waiting until each Puppy was fully erect before slipping a tight ring around our base.

When they were finished, we lined up again, hard shafts jutting out proudly from each of us. The daily ritual was complete. We were ready for final inspection.

The Farmer came in just then, his boots clacking on the tile as he walked slowly down the line.

“Well now,” he said with a wide smile. “Don’t you all look about ready!”

I held perfectly still as he examined me, keeping my tail low like a good boy should. It was hard not to wag when he said things like that.

Sammy could barely contain himself. His excitement showed on his face as the Farmer checked him over, and he trembled with joy at every word of praise.

“Remember your commands now, Pups,” the Farmer said.

He clapped his hands, and we snapped to attention at once—ears perked, eyes wide.

“Present.”

We dropped to our knees with practiced grace, chests low and butts raised high. I arched my back, feeling myself open as I held the position.

He walked past us again, nodding with satisfaction at our obedience. His boots echoed loudly in the silent room. My heart hammered with excitement. Being chosen would be a dream come true.

When he reached me, he paused. His boot tapped the tile beside my knee.

“Quiet tail, Freckles,” he said. “You want to look well-mannered when they arrive.”

I stilled at once, cheeks burning with embarrassment.

“Sit pretty!”

We sprang upright, kneeling with our legs apart. My hands rested on my thighs, eyes lowered just like I’d been taught.

“Down!”

We lay on our backs, pulling our legs back to present ourselves. My shaft throbbed against my belly as I held the pose.

“Elites are coming soon,” he said at last. “Be ready for them.”

With that, he turned and left, boots fading away as we stayed behind, quivering with anticipation.

The only sound was our breathing—quick and shallow—as we held position on the floor. We didn't dare move until the Handlers gave permission. When they finally did, we padded back into our pen on all fours, tails wagging as we jostled for space.

Biscuit was so excited he couldn't stop barking. Peanut joined in too, the two of them yipping happily as we waited for the Elites to arrive.

We all wanted to be picked so badly. We trained for it. Dreamed of it. It was the only future we were allowed to want: a collar, a home, a Master. It was the only day that mattered for a Puppy like me.

We weren't born to be people. We were bred and trained to serve the people who mattered—the Elites.

I wondered what my Master would be like. Kind and gentle, or strict and demanding.

Either way, I knew I'd love them forever.

We didn't have to wait long.

The big doors swung open, and the Elites swept in like a storm. The pen exploded with sensation—so much noise and color and smell I didn't know where to look, what to think.

High heels clicked sharply against the polished floor, laughter echoed off the high rafters. Bright scarves and glittering jewelry caught the light, and perfume—heady, expensive, overwhelming—poured into the space around us. It was dizzying.

They gathered at the fence, chatting loudly as they peered in at our naked bodies like we were exotic animals on display. I felt my cheeks flush hot even as my heart pounded with excitement. There were so many of them—some dark-haired, some fair, all wrapped in rich fabrics and polished shoes.

Some of the bolder Pups started showing off, rolling balls, prancing, trying to catch the attention of our potential owners. Not me. I stayed seated just as I'd been taught—tail curled neatly to one side, ears alert, body relaxed but poised.

That's when I saw him. And my world narrowed.

Steel-gray hair. Lined face—not with weakness, but with authority. He wasn't young, but he didn't need youth. He wore power like a second skin—quiet, absolute. A pair of black-rimmed glasses perched perfectly on his angular nose, rendering his expression unreadable.

Black pants. White button-down dress-shirt. Black gloves. Black glasses. Simple. Severe. Intentional.

He didn't speak when the Farmer greeted him—just nodded. That was all it took. No one questioned who was in charge.

As the man walked along the fence, the Farmer began pointing out each of us, offering names, traits, histories. I could barely hear him. My ears were ringing. I focused on holding posture, keeping my breath steady—but my tail twitched, betraying the storm inside me.

Then he passed me.

He didn't stop. Didn't speak. Didn't look at me.

A whine bubbled in my chest. I held it in.

The Farmer turned and gestured broadly to the pen. "I reckon you'll find something to your liking here."

And that's when the shift happened. As if sensing my gaze, the gray-haired man turned and looked directly at me.

Our eyes locked.

His stare—sharp and unrelenting—stripped me bare. All my training, my practiced obedience vanished beneath it. His gaze didn't just see me. It knew me.

Then, slowly, his stern mouth curled into the faintest smile. He inclined his head—barely a nod—and that was all it took. Something clicked inside

me. Like a key turning. Like I had always been his. And today was simply the moment we remembered.

The Farmer clapped his hands once, sharp and cheerful. "All right, then. Time to let y'all get a closer look."

He handed out gloves like party favors, snapping each pair into expectant hands. Bottles of lube followed, along with an assortment of toys—some sleek and polished, others ridged or cruel-looking.

The gate creaked open and they stepped inside.

We lifted our chins, squared our shoulders, tails curling up or swaying with invitation. We knew how to be good. We'd been trained to be good.

The first Elite—a soft-faced woman in purple silk and gloves that gleamed like oil—drifted toward Sammy. She walked behind him, checking his bottom like she was choosing fruit at the market. Then she raised a hand and brought it down on his rump with a smack hard enough to make him squeak.

"Hmm," she said, smiling and flexing her hand. "This one."

Sammy was breathing heavily as the Farmer stepped in, clicked a leash to Sammy's collar, and led him out of the lineup. Toward the Playpen.

Jealousy pricked at me, sharp and sudden. I swallowed it. Focused.

The Elites were fanning out now, inspecting us one by one.

A man in a burgundy coat tugged Peanut's balls and made a pleased sound when he whimpered prettily. Biscuit's bottom was being worked open by a tall Elite with rings on every finger, his hole stretched with slow, methodical care while the man observed his breathing, his squirming, the way his body moved with the toy inside.

Everywhere I looked, hands were on us—palming asses, probing holes, teasing nipples, twisting balls. Some Elites were clinical, their touches brisk and precise. Others dragged their hands across trembling skin like they were painting a canvas, savoring every shiver, every gasp. The air thickened with scent—lube, sweat, rising heat.

I held still, perfectly posed, eyes forward as my nipples were tugged on by an Elite wearing red high-heels—but every inch of me ached to glance to my left. To see if he was watching.

The man in black.

The one who'd looked at me.

I bit the inside of my cheek. I couldn't risk looking away and seeming distracted. But it took everything I had not to.

He hadn't moved from where he stood near the gate. He was just...watching. Observing. Not touching anyone. Not yet.

I longed for his hand.

Not to stroke me. Not to finish me.

Just to touch.

I imagined it—black gloves against my skin. Cool, deliberate. Evaluating. Would he tug my tail to test my reaction? Slide fingers inside me, slow and searching? Would he speak? Or would silence be enough?

A small moan escaped someone near me. Nutmeg's front and back were being played with by the female Elite with red shoes. He let out a soft whimper as she pumped the hard plastic toys into his mouth and bottom simultaneously.

The Farmer moved along the row, chatting with the Elites as they handled us. "You're welcome to try them in the Playpen, if one catches your fancy. No pressure—just see how they match."

I waited.

And waited.

Until finally—finally—the man in black moved.

He didn't announce himself. Didn't gesture or call for the Farmer. He simply walked forward, slow and quiet, until he stood right in front of me.

I didn't dare look up. Not fully.

But I could see the toes of his boots. Polished. Immaculate.

He crouched.

I held my breath.

Black gloves rose into my field of view.

And then—at last—he touched me.

First, his fingers cupped my jaw, tilting my head just slightly so he could study my face. I met his eyes, and the air vanished from my lungs. They were so sharp. So gray. So piercing. I would have dropped my gaze if he hadn't been holding me there—anchoring me.

He didn't speak.

Just looked.

Then, his hand dropped, trailing down my neck, pausing at my collar like he was checking its fit. He pressed lightly—just enough for me to feel the weight of it. My cock twitched helplessly.

Still silent, he circled behind me. His gloved fingers skimmed down my spine. I shivered. Every nerve in my body strained toward him. I wanted him to touch deeper. Rougher. I wanted to show him I could take it. That I was what he was looking for.

He stopped behind me.

His hand settled on the base of my tail.

A pause.

Then he tugged.

Gently.

I whimpered. The sound slipped out of me without thought, without permission. A soft, pleading thing.

The glove slid between my cheeks. Lingered. Pressed.

I held position.

He touched me there—just a single gloved finger against my slick, needy hole. Not penetrating. Just feeling. Measuring.

A low hum of approval.

He rose.

I nearly sagged with longing.

The Farmer approached. "Interested in a trial, sir?"

The man's gaze never left me. "Yes."

He said it like a verdict. Like a fate sealed.

The leash clipped to my collar before I even registered the movement. My heart slammed in my chest.

I was going to the Playpen.

With him.

And somewhere deep inside, beneath all my obedience training, I howled.



A low whistle cut through the murmuring crowd.

“Well now,” came a smooth voice, rich with amusement. “You’re quick, Ransom. I had my eye on that one too.”

The older man—Ransom—paused. His gloved hand still rested lightly on the back of my neck. He turned, and so did I, just enough to catch sight of the speaker.

It was the female Elite with Red Shoes. She was much younger than Ransom, but no less polished. Blond, wearing a dress of emerald green velvet. There was a gleam in her eye like she was always two seconds away from laughter.

“Can’t blame you,” she said, nodding at me with a wink. “That Pup’s got excellent sensitivity. Buuuuut I’m also rather partial to Nutmeg.”

Nutmeg twitched and I realized he still had a toy inserted inside him.

Ransom didn’t reply. He didn’t have to. His quiet authority filled the space like a slow exhale.

The Farmer chuckled. “Well, you boys can both have a taste. Take ‘em together.”

“Together?” the female Elite said, eyebrows lifting in mock surprise. “How accommodating.”

“We always aim to please.” The Farmer grinned, and clapped his hands. “Bring ‘em to the Playpen.”

My breath caught. The Playpen.

Handlers came over with the leashes. There was a wet pop and a gasp as the toy was pulled out of Nutmeg.

Our leashes were handed off—Ransom took mine, Red Shoes took Nutmeg's—and we were led through the pen toward a polished door at the far end. My paws—it was hard not to think of them that way now—tingled against the cool floor. My whole body hummed with excitement. I wanted to impress. I wanted to be good. I wanted to be wanted.

As we walked, the Elites fell into easy conversation with the Farmer.

"So," the female Elite asked, "what kind of tricks do these two know? Do they roll over, beg, fetch the crop?"

"They know the basics," the Farmer said. "Present, Sit Pretty, and Down. But I leave the finer tuning to folks like you. Part of the bond, ain't it? Teaching your Pup your way."

Ransom made a sound—just a soft "hm" of agreement.

"They've all been raised proper," the Farmer continued. "Trained to submit to Elites. They know their place."

"Good to know," Red Shoes said cheerfully. "How rough can we be?"

The Farmer gave a dry smile. "Play rough. Test limits. Make a mess if that's your pleasure. Just don't break the merchandise. Any permanent damage'll incur the full cost of the Pup."

Red Shoes nodded. "Fair."

"So what are you looking for in a Pup?" the Farmer asked, glancing between the two Elites. "They come in all stripes."

Ransom answered, his voice low but clear. "I require a Pup with a certain level of sturdiness. One who can endure... vigorous play." He let the words settle. "But sensitivity is just as important."

Red Shoes chuckled. "Indeed. There's no pleasure in a dull, unresponsive pet."

The Farmer nodded thoughtfully. "Tough, but eager. I get your meaning. And stamina too, I reckon. If you prefer longer sessions."

"Indeed," Ransom said. "I can be rather... demanding in my attentions."

"I like them playful," Red Shoes said. "Responsive. A little mischief is fine, so long as they know who to behave for. And I do love a Pup who sings when he's worked just right."

The Farmer hummed thoughtfully. "Well, those two ought to suit what you're both after. Freckles there is mighty sensitive, if you catch my drift. Responds beautifully to touch. And Nutmeg's my sturdiest Pup, big and solid. Also a bit of a scamp."

We reached the Playpen. The handlers opened the door and ushered us in.

The door opened with a low hiss.

The Playpen was warmer than the rest of the barn—dimly lit, like a lounge or a stage. Everything inside gleamed with intention. Leather, chrome, polished wood. Loops embedded in the floor. Benches and blocks arranged like furniture in a strange parlor. Toys neatly hung in rows. A padded frame stood against one wall, draped in soft restraints.

And in the center of it all was Sammy.

Bent over a bench, his tail high and wagging, arms cuffed behind his back. The Elite woman who'd chosen him—sleek, sharp, with a high ponytail—had one hand gripping his collar and the other raised with a flat leather paddle. She brought it down with a crisp smack.

Sammy let out a muffled whimper and wiggled with joy.

"Good boy," she cooed, and he shivered like he'd just been praised by a god.

Nutmeg's breath hitched beside me. I could feel the energy vibrating off him—not fear, but anticipation. His steps were eager but restrained, and his back arched ever so slightly, a silent signal: *Look at me. Try me.*

I did the same. Head high. Chin tucked. Tail curled obediently. Knees soft but ready to kneel the moment I was told. My skin prickled in the warm air. My mouth went dry.

"Oh my," said the female Elite, watching Nutmeg stretch his back like a cat. "He's got flair. I like that."

Ransom didn't respond. His focus was on me. Even as he shrugged off his coat and tossed it over the nearest armrest, his gaze stayed locked on mine.

The Farmer lingered near the door, arms crossed.

"If you're looking to see how they take pain, Sammy's a good benchmark," he said, tilting his head toward the bench. "He loves a good wallop. Nutmeg's got some experience. Freckles here's a clean slate—this is his first real play."

"Oh?" said Red Shoes, eyebrows lifting. "That's fun. Like breaking in new boots."

Ransom spoke. "Inexperience has its advantages. No bad habits to correct. Just instinct to refine."

I swallowed hard, even though there was nothing in my throat. My whole body hummed, waiting for his command—his touch—anything.

Red Shoes led Nutmeg over to a padded mat on the floor. Nutmeg dropped into a perfect kneel, thighs apart, hands palm-up on his knees.

Ransom didn't move to me yet. He watched. That same unreadable expression behind black-rimmed glasses. Measuring me. Deciding what to do with me. Like a craftsman studying raw wood before the first cut.

I held my pose and prayed he'd touch me soon.

From behind us, the paddle cracked again. Sammy's muffled moan was a song. A promise.

My knees tingled. I wanted to be next.

Ransom didn't need to raise his voice.

"Present."

The single word settled over me like a shroud. I moved without thought, instinctively—knees apart, elbows to the floor, ass in the air. My body responded before my brain could catch up. It felt right to obey him. Right to

be still, to hold, to wait. I could feel his gaze roam over me, not like a man surveying prey—but like a surgeon preparing for work. Precise. Detached. Hungry, in his own refined way.

Across the room, Red Shoes had already stripped out of her heels. Her toes were painted a candy-apple red to match the gleam in her eyes. She approached Nutmeg with a swish of velvet and command in every step.

“Well aren’t you delicious,” she murmured, circling him. “All thick and twitchy and eager. You ever been fucked by a lady, Pup?”

Nutmeg’s throat worked, but he didn’t answer. He knew better. Red Shoes chuckled. “Smart thing. That’s fine. I love a blank slate.”

She crouched, ran a hand under his chin, and leaned in to whisper something we couldn’t hear. Nutmeg shuddered. When she stood again, she was strapping something on.

The harness was black leather, polished and snug around her hips, supporting a thick, glittering toy that curved up like a challenge. Nutmeg watched her with wide eyes and trembling thighs, already rocking forward onto his elbows like he wanted to offer.

Ransom knelt beside me. Not touching—never touching first—but close enough that I could feel the heat radiating from him. His breath tickled the back of my neck.

“Your training begins now,” he said, voice like polished steel. “And you will not move unless I tell you. You will not moan unless I allow it. Do you understand?”

I nodded quickly.

“Good.” He undid his cuffs. Rolled them up, slow, each flick of fabric deliberate. He didn’t even need to touch me to make my breath stutter. I could feel myself tightening, every part of me tuning to his frequency. He was the center of my world, and I hadn’t even earned his hands yet.

There was something about the fluid grace of his movements, the coiled power in his hands, that made me whimper with a strange longing I’d never

felt before. An inexplicable pull deep in my gut made me want to crawl to him, to press myself against his legs and feel those deft fingers in my fur.

Across the Playpen, Red Shoes had Nutmeg bent forward on a block, his wrists cuffed to rings set low on the sides. She'd draped a plush pad beneath his hips and was smoothing a generous amount of slick lube down her strap. She moved like a predator in silk, grinning as she reached between his thighs and teased the head of the toy against his hole.

Nutmeg groaned.

"Oh honey," she cooed. "Don't get shy now. I'm going to make you love this."

She didn't thrust in right away. She rocked her hips in slow, circling pulses, letting the toy kiss and nudge at him without penetrating. Nutmeg's muscles fluttered. His back arched like he was trying to chase it down.

I couldn't look away. Ransom noticed.

"Eyes forward." I obeyed. My body hummed with tension, desperate for his touch but unwilling to disobey.

"You'll watch when I say so. You'll feel when I choose." He brushed a single knuckle along my spine and my breath caught like a wire had snapped inside me.

"You're going to learn," he said quietly. "To ache just the way I like."

Behind me, Nutmeg let out a soft, gasping sound—the kind of sound that only happens when you're fully taken, stretched and filled and owned. Red Shoes moaned in delight. "Oh yes, that's the sound. Good boy. Take it all."

She began to move, slow and grinding, hips rolling like waves. Nutmeg whimpered, but never pulled away.

Ransom shifted closer, finally placing a hand on the back of my neck. His palm was warm. Heavy. I melted into the touch like it was permission to exist.

"Don't worry," he murmured. "You'll get your turn." He squeezed once. "And you'll thank me for it."

Nutmeg was whimpering now.

Not out of pain. No—Red Shoes' pace was firm but controlled, riding him like a well-trained mount, her hands gripping his hips with practiced ease. Each grind of her hips pressed her toy deeper, grinding against something inside him that made him tremble like a leaf in a storm.

I could hear his moans across the room. Low, breathy, filthy. The kind of sounds a pup didn't make unless he wanted the whole kennel to know he was being ruined.

Ransom said nothing for a long while.

He simply knelt behind me—close, but never too close—watching the scene like a director monitoring a rehearsal. His silence felt heavier than any words. I shifted slightly, just an inch, hoping he'd notice. Hoping he'd touch me again.

He didn't. Instead, he spoke. His voice smooth, detached, and cutting. "He's taking her well."

My stomach twisted. I didn't mean to tense, but I did. Something in me curled sharp and sour. Not because of Nutmeg. But because that praise—the one I'd been aching for—wasn't mine.

Ransom went on, almost absently. "Good breath control. Responsive hips. That whimper—right there? Beautiful." He paused, and I felt his eyes land on me. "That's what a good pup sounds like when he's eager to please."

I bit the inside of my cheek. Hard. My body burned with jealousy and shame. I wanted to make him proud. I wanted to earn the praise Nutmeg was getting. Wanted to be the one split open, made useful, told I was good.

But I wasn't even allowed to moan.

Red Shoes leaned in over Nutmeg's back, tugged his collar, and whispered something obscene in his ear. He barked out a desperate sound—half cry, half moan—and she laughed, sultry and triumphant. The rhythm of her thrusts grew sharper, deeper. Nutmeg's thighs quaked.

Ransom exhaled, barely audible. "She's molding him already," he murmured. "Fast learner."

I couldn't help it. My jealousy flared into something hotter. Needier. I shifted again—this time not subtly—trying to nudge back into his space. My thigh brushed his boot.

He stilled.

Then I felt it: his hand at the base of my spine, not kind, not rough—corrective. A single press, pushing me back into position. No words.

I was being punished with silence. And it worked.

My stomach coiled. My cock throbbed untouched beneath me. I wasn't just hard—I was humiliated. Made to watch another be praised while I remained forgotten.

But that, I realized, was the point.

Ransom's voice came again, silk over steel. "Don't think I didn't see the way your body twitched, pet."

He was behind me again, close now. I could feel his breath on my ear.

"Jealousy can be useful. A little competition keeps a kennel sharp." His fingers grazed my flank—light, fleeting, infuriating. "But don't confuse envy with entitlement."

Another moan echoed across the playpen as Red Shoes pressed Nutmeg to the hilt and rolled her hips. She crooned something loving and cruel, and Nutmeg responded with a gasping moan.

Ransom watched with clinical detachment, then finally turned to me.

"Maybe I'll let you lick him clean when she's done," he said calmly.

My breath caught. My cock throbbed against the mat. The thought made my stomach twist with humiliation—and longing.

"Would you like that, pet?" I nodded slowly.

"Good." He stood.

I stayed frozen in position, trembling, aching, soaked in my own need and envy. I had nothing—but I wanted everything. And I'd crawl through hell for one compliment.

Nutmeg was whimpering louder now, wrecked in a way that made my stomach clench. Red Shoes had him by the collar and the base of the toy, fucking him with long, controlled thrusts, hips smacking softly, rhythmically. Every time she drove home, he made that sweet little broken noise. His knees were spread wide, tail wagging uselessly, panting like he might pass out.

And Ransom was still watching him.

Still praising him.

Still not looking at me.

I shifted again—this time without subtlety, whining low in my throat, butt in the air, thighs twitching with frustration.

I shifted again—this time without subtlety, whining low in my throat, butt in the air, thighs twitching with frustration.

Ransom didn't speak.

He moved.

One second I was desperate and aching, and the next—his boot was on my back, between my shoulders, pushing me flat. Not hard. Not angry. Deliberate. His weight settled through me like gravity. I gasped, the air punched out of me in a wordless yelp, cheek to the floor, heart thudding like prey caught mid-sprint.

"Did I tell you to move, pup?" His voice was velvet wrapped around a blade.

I whimpered again, couldn't help it—splayed out and trembling under him. I tried to still, tried to be good, but the moment he took notice, even as punishment, it lit something inside me I couldn't quiet.

His boot ground down, slow and steady. Not enough to bruise. Just enough to hold. "You know better."

I tried to nod. My tail tucked. My cock throbbed, dribbling against the mat.

But then came the real correction.

His belt.

The sound of it sliding free was a whisper, intimate and final.

Snap.

It licked across my thighs like fire—hot, sharp, searing—and I screamed into the mat, body jolting. But I didn't crawl away. I arched into it. My hips lifted, presenting like instinct, like I couldn't stop even if I wanted to.

Snap.

Again. Higher this time. A line of pain across my ass that made my eyes flood.

And it felt good. So good I could've sobbed.

Because it was him. His eyes on me. His hand correcting me. His belt marking me.

I'd been so hungry for it—for any scrap—and now I was being punished like a real pup. Like something that belonged.

He knelt beside me then, gathering a fistful of my hair at the nape of my neck. Not yanking. Just holding.

"You don't whine for attention," he murmured, lips almost touching my ear. "You earn it."

I trembled under him, mouth open, drooling on the mat. I wanted to bark yes. To whimper please. But I just breathed, fast and shallow, tail twitching against my thigh.

Then—bliss—his palm smoothed over the welted skin he'd just lashed. Warm. Soothing. Reverent.

"Better," he said, and the word rang through me like a bell.

He stood again, belt coiled loosely in one hand. "Stay. And watch how a real pup takes cock."

Nutmeg let out a helpless yip as Red Shoes rocked harder into him, his moans going high-pitched and needy.

And I watched.

Burning.

Blessed.

Red Shoes kept him right there—on his elbows, back arched deep, tail up and twitching as she fucked him with long, hungry strokes now, no longer holding back. The soft slap of skin and harness and his stupid little whimpers filled the room. He sounded so wrecked. So perfect.

And Ransom watched too.

Watched her.

Watched him.

His hand rested on my welted ass, palm big and warm and claiming. It didn't move. Just sat there, grounding me. Keeping me pinned like a good little rug. My cheeks stung, thighs trembled. My cock ached, untouched.

But it was enough.

I didn't dare disobey again. I just pressed deeper into the floor, eyes glued to the way Nutmeg's body bounced with every thrust. She was relentless now, using him like a toy, a training dummy with a heartbeat—and he was glowing under the attention, drooling and panting and pawing helplessly at the mat.

Then—

Red Shoes stilled.

Nutmeg let out a noise so raw it rattled my bones. The toy popped free, slick and soaked.

She turned toward me.

Ransom's hand slid up my spine, curled fingers into my collar, and tugged lightly.

"Open," he said.

My mouth parted before my brain caught up.

She brought the harness cock to my lips, and I sucked.

Salt. Musk. Nutmeg's slick still dripping down the shaft. I lapped it up greedily, tongue working the head like it was a real cock, like I could please her through it somehow. I moaned around the toy, nose wrinkling at the heat and scent.

"Good pup," Ransom murmured, rubbing my ass again. Slower now. Gentler.

I shuddered. The line between pain and pleasure, punishment and praise, had already blurred—but this? This ruined me. His praise while I licked another pup's mess off her strap.

I sucked harder. Desperate to be good. Desperate to stay good.

"That's better," Ransom said. "Maybe you can learn after all."

My tail wagged, thumping weakly on the floor, and I felt the smile in his voice when he added:

"Clean it all, little Pup. And maybe I'll let you suck mine next."

I moaned around the strap, humiliated and happy, soaking in every inch of attention like sunlight.

Because I was back in his hands.

Back in his orbit.

Back where I belonged.

I made an eager sound, hollowing my cheeks. Ransom's hand stayed steady on my collar, guiding me, keeping me in place. I shivered with pleasure, my cock twitching against the mat.

My jaw ached from the stretch, but I didn't dare slow down. Red Shoes pulled back, sliding the toy out, and I gasped, hungry for air and more. She grinned, not missing a beat, and thrust the shaft back between my lips. This time, she didn't stop at the head. She pushed deeper. I choked, but she didn't pull away. Just held it there, firm, until the feeling passed and I swallowed, taking more of the toy into my throat.

"There you go," she said, voice warm with satisfaction. "Now take it all."

I did. I didn't know my throat could open like that, but it did.

I whined around it, a desperate, happy noise, and took her in.

She filled my mouth, my throat, my everything, and I was lost in it, lost in the stretch and the slick and the raw, overwhelming heat.

"Goodness," she said. "He's a natural, Ransom."

Ransom's eyes were on me, sharp and approving.

The praise made my skin tingle. My eyes watered, but I kept going, nose pressed to her hips, tail wagging furiously. Each thrust was a new lesson, and I wanted to learn it all. They pulled me apart and put me back together, and I loved it.

I loved it.

Red Shoes stroked my jaw with her thumb. "Let's see how long you can last."

She didn't pull the toy out. This time, she fucked my mouth with it, slow and controlled, thrusting until my nose pressed against her hips and I couldn't breathe.

Ransom's hand was still in my collar. Still holding me. I pressed into it like a lifeline.

I took it. I took it, and took it, and took it, and the world narrowed to the shaft in my throat and the hand in my fur and the praise in my ears.

When she finally pulled out, I gasped like I was drowning, but I didn't stop. My mouth didn't stop. I licked and sucked and begged for more. Her eyes gleamed, delighted. She gave it to me.

"Again," she said, and I did.

My throat opened, helpless and eager, and I moaned around the toy.

"Now that," Ransom said, voice like dark honey, "is how a pup should sound."

I shivered, and Red Shoes laughed. "Sensitive little thing, isn't he?"

I was. I was so sensitive it hurt. My cock throbbed, and I could feel every nerve in my body straining toward them, toward their hands and their praise and their toys.

They kept me there, floating in that perfect haze, until my skin shone with sweat and my jaw ached and my insides felt like they might spill out from the need of it all. Then, finally, mercifully, Ransom's hand shifted to my chin,

tugged me off the toy, and lifted my head. I blinked up at him, dazed and panting.

“Down.”

My back hit the mat, and I spread my legs without thinking. My lips felt swollen and raw, and my lungs were on fire, but I assumed the position—right there on the mat, empty and aching.

Red Shoes removed the strap-on and lifted her dress. She settled onto my mouth, and I stiffened in surprise. I’d never seen a lady’s parts before. They were soft and warm and strange. I didn’t know what to do with them.

I wanted my Master’s cock.

Ransom spread my legs and crouched between them. “Any Pup of mine,” he said calmly, “is expected to obey my commands.”

He pressed my thighs wider.

“And sometimes entertain my guests.”

Red Shoes shifted on my mouth, grinding against my lips. Her scent was heady and overwhelming. I whined, unsure, and Ransom’s hand came down, sharp, on the inside of my thigh.

“Make her come five times in five minutes,” he said, voice a silk threat. “Or you’re no Pup of mine.”

I trembled beneath her, desperate to please, and dove in without thinking. I licked hesitantly. Wetness and heat slicked over my tongue. I didn’t know if I was doing it right, but she gasped and rocked harder against my mouth.

“Yes,” she moaned. “Smart puppy. Right there.”

I flicked my tongue faster, encouraged by her sounds, by Ransom’s stare, by the heat of her against my lips. It was different than sucking cock. Different, but good. I wanted to be good at it. I needed him to say I was good.

Ransom’s fingers found my opening.

I gasped against her, tongue stuttering, but I didn’t stop. Ransom didn’t let me stop. His hand trailed lower, thumb circling my shaft, teasing but not stroking, and his fingers slid inside, deep and unrelenting.

My hips bucked up into his hand. I couldn't help it. The newness of it—the fullness of it—made me shake. Made me moan into her folds. Made me wild.

He crooked his fingers, and I came undone.

It wasn't like anything I'd felt before. Hard and fast and dry, my whole body seizing, my insides clenching around him. I choked on a whimper, and Red Shoes cried out, grinding down on me as she came.

"Again," Ransom said, voice like a leash. "Make her come again."

I was dizzy, wrecked, breathless from the dry orgasm still pulsing through me, but I obeyed. I licked and sucked and nuzzled against her, eager and sloppy and desperate. Her thighs pressed to my ears, muffling my whines, and I could hear her panting, feel her twitching.

"There it is," she gasped, and the heat flooded over me again.

Two.

Ransom's fingers thrust harder. I couldn't breathe. I didn't need to breathe. I just needed to be good.

I lost track of time, lost track of everything but the slickness on my tongue and the stretch inside me and the raw, bright heat of it all.

She shuddered again, moaned loud enough to make my ears ring.

Three.

I licked like it was the last thing I'd ever do, frantic and hungry, wanting to give her everything, everything.

"Fuck," she gasped.

Four.

The world tilted. My vision went white. I couldn't hold on. It was all too much. Everything too much.

Ransom pressed his fingers deep, and I came again, my small body wracked with it.

Five.

I was still coming. Still shaking. I could barely focus, barely hear the words from above.

“Oh,” she said. “Poor little pup. You broke him.”

Ransom’s voice was the last thing I heard before I passed out.

“Not yet.”

I woke up to the sound of moaning.

It took a moment to remember where I was. The Playpen. The Elites. The toys. The sounds. The pleasure.

My master.

My eyes fluttered open, and my body felt limp and raw against the mat. The world was a blur of color and skin and heat.

Red Shoes was crouched over Nutmeg, straddling his chest. His arms were bound behind him, and his thighs were spread wide, tied down with soft restraints. His cock jutted up, swollen and helpless, while she played with him. Her fingers worked his shaft, and two slim vibrators were pushed deep into his hole, buzzing so loud I could hear it from where I lay. He was panting, trembling, drooling—eyes half-lidded and blissful.

I watched, dazed, as she teased him with her hands and her hips, grinding down against his stomach, letting the toys do their work. He was moaning, so sweet and desperate, and I could see the strain in his thighs, the need in his eyes.

“Oh pup,” she purred. “You’re going to make such a mess.”

Nutmeg was too far gone to answer. He just throbbed in her hand, muscles twitching as the vibrators buzzed mercilessly inside him.

My head spun. My body felt heavy and tender and used.

Then I saw him.

Ransom.

He stood over me, shirt sleeves rolled up, black gloves discarded. The lines of his face were sharp, but his eyes were sharper. He looked like a man who'd been waiting for something to break.

And I was that something.

He knelt down, and I felt his hand on my chest.

"Awake already?" he said, voice low and calm. "You're more resilient than you look."

His touch was electric. I shivered, and my nipples peaked under his palm. He noticed.

"Sensitive little thing," he murmured.

His fingers brushed over my nipples, testing, teasing. I squirmed under the touch, breath catching as he flicked them with his thumb.

The door creaked open, and the Farmer appeared. He took one look at the scene—at Nutmeg and me, at Red Shoes and Ransom—and grinned.

"How y'all doing in here? Got a decision?"

Red Shoes glanced up, fingers still wrapped around Nutmeg's shaft. He whined when she paused, his whole body jerking toward her touch.

"I can't choose," she said, laughing. "I want them both."

Nutmeg's eyes widened. His moans turned into sharp, hopeful barks.

Ransom's hand stayed on my chest. He didn't even look up. "Freckles is mine," he said, voice quiet but firm.

The words hit me like a jolt. His. I was his. My body responded before I could stop it, shuddering with another dry orgasm as he pinched my nipples hard. The world blurred, and I cried out, shaking beneath him.

Red Shoes laughed, delighted. "Fine. Have your precious Freckles. I'll take this Nutmeg here. He'll be an excellent addition to my kennel." She gave Nutmeg's cock a long, slow tug, and his back arched off the mat.

The Farmer's smile stretched wide enough to split his face. "Looks like you both got what you came for! I'll fetch the boys and get the papers ready."

Nutmeg's moans went high and thin as Red Shoes squeezed the base of his shaft. His whole body locked up, muscles taut and trembling. I watched, dizzy with envy, as Red Shoes brought him to the edge.

"There it is," she murmured, almost to herself. "Almost...there."

She twisted her wrist, and Nutmeg let out a yelp. He came hard, back bowing, come spurting in long, helpless arcs over his chest and belly. Red Shoes laughed again, triumphant, and kept milking him until he was a shivering mess beneath her.

"Good boy," she said, stroking his hair with a surprisingly gentle hand.

Nutmeg lay panting and dazed, eyes glassy with aftershock.

Ransom's hand never left me. I was his, and he knew it. Knew it the way a Master knows the collar he's about to snap around a pup's neck.

The Farmer clapped his hands, pleased. "Well, all right then! We'll get you packed up and on your way home."

He ducked back out the door, and I could hear him calling to the Handlers as it swung shut.

Red Shoes climbed off of Nutmeg, untying his wrists and brushing a soft kiss over his cheek. He blinked, blissed-out, and let her pull him to his feet. "Nice and sturdy," she said, looking him over. "You'll last me a long time."

A moment later the Handlers arrived.

Nutmeg didn't resist. He was limp and docile, eyes half-lidded, already slipping into the rhythm of obedience. Red Shoes gave him one last affectionate scratch behind the ears and stepped back to let them work.

A Handler gently tilted Nutmeg's head up, wiping his face with a warm cloth before moving to his chest, arms, thighs. Another knelt behind and pushed his legs apart, exposing his slick hole, still pink and twitching from the intense milking he'd just endured.

Nutmeg whimpered and arched as they worked their fingers inside him, pushing a gel deeper inside. One of the Handlers cooed quietly, murmuring

praises. “Good boy... that’s it... let’s make you nice and clean again for your Mistress.”

Then they turned to me.

I padded forward without hesitation, presenting myself, back arched, head bowed. They cleaned me with the same care: warm cloth over my cheeks, my neck, my stomach. They spread my thighs, worked the slick gel into my hole with firm, clinical fingers. I whined, hips jerking, cock dribbling onto the floor.

By the time they were done, both Nutmeg and I gleamed—flushed, prepped, holes spotless, skin dewy. I was dizzy from touch, from heat, from need. But more than anything, I was light with anticipation.

They were waiting.

Ransom stood tall, hands in his coat pockets. Red Shoes was beside him, her leash already clipped to Nutmeg’s new collar. It was pink leather, soft and high around his throat, the tag heart-shaped.

Nutmeg wagged his tail, eyes unfocused and joyful, nuzzling against her leg.

A Handler handed Ransom a box.

He opened it and pulled out a collar.

Not a plain strap like my training one. No—this was beautiful. Rich brown leather, with polished brass fittings. A thick D-ring in front. The tag was small, rectangular, engraved in crisp block letters: **FRECKLES — PROPERTY OF RANSOM .**

My ears twitched. I whined—loud, needy, eager—and crawled toward him.

He didn’t ask me to kneel. I dropped instantly, heart slamming in my chest, head bowed.

His hand stroked my hair, then hooked under my chin. He lifted my face, and our eyes met.

I wanted to speak. I wanted to scream that I loved him already, that I would be good, that I would never want anything but his touch, his command, his use.

But Puppies don't speak. Pups bark. Pups whine. Pups obey.

And I am a Puppy.

He slid the collar around my neck and buckled it.

It clicked into place like a key turning in my soul.

I couldn't breathe.

My mouth fell open in a sob, but it was joy—overwhelming, mind-melting joy. My tongue lolled, drool slipping down my chin, and I barked—once, high and desperate. My cock twitched, untouched, pulsing against my belly. I wanted to come just from the feel of it, the scent of him, the knowledge that I was his now.

"You're mine now," Ransom murmured.

I collapsed against him, tail thudding, shaking with delight. My life—my entire world—was now wrapped around his boots.

The Farmer reappeared, brushing his hands on his pants. "Vet's expecting 'em," he said cheerfully. "I told him you're on the way. Got the health chips logged and synced. All good to go."

Ransom nodded.

Red Shoes gave Nutmeg a tug, leading him toward her car's open crate. He followed, crawling with slow grace, eyes half-lidded in dreamy submission.

The Handler opened Ransom's trunk.

Inside was a soft-lined crate, shaped just for me. Water, feeding tube, and leather straps for transport.

Ransom pointed.

I didn't hesitate.

I crawled in, turned once like a proper pup, then curled on my side. The Handler secured the straps around my ankles and thighs—not tight, just enough to keep me still for the ride.

Ransom reached in, scratched the base of my tail, then shut the crate.
And just like that, my old life was gone.
My new life—my real life—was beginning.



D ear Diary,

Woof! I can barely believe it. Today, I left the Farm!

That should've been the biggest thing. The moment. The before-and-after. And it was... until we pulled up outside the glass-and-chrome building and my leash was clipped on for the first time by *him*.

Ransom. My new Owner.

When my Master leaned in and clipped the leash to my collar with a decisive *click*, the sound went straight to my spine. My body obeyed without thought.

His voice was... I don't know how to describe it. It's soft, like velvet, but it hits me like a whip. When he said "*Out, Pup,*" I didn't even think. My body just moved. Palms first, knees next. I crawled out of the car like I'd trained for this moment my whole life.

Because I had.

The sign above the entrance read **Elite Veterinary Services** in stark, modern lettering. Inside, the clinic was all white marble and soft, indirect lighting, elegant and cool. The cold tile floor stung my bare knees.

The woman at the front desk smiled at Ransom, efficient and composed. "Good afternoon, Mr. Howard. Dr. Hayes is ready for you. Exam Room Three."

Ransom didn't answer her. He just walked. I crawled close behind, breath shallow, nose almost touching the back of his heel. The hallway was quiet but humming with potential.

We reached door three. The door opened. I crawled in after him.

The room was bigger than I expected. Soft leather padding. Cool silver restraints. And the exam table—large, elevated, with restraint points at every corner. My throat tightened.

"Ah, Mr. Ransom." Dr. Hayes turned from the sink, drying his hands. He was young. Trim, efficient, with sharp dark eyes and slow, deliberate movements. His expression was professional. But when he looked at me, a flicker of interest lit behind the clinical mask.

"And this must be your new acquisition."

"Freckles," Ransom said. He gave the leash a gentle tug. I lowered my head.

Dr. Hayes crouched in front of me, tilting my chin with a single finger. "Beautiful specimen," he murmured, more to himself than anyone. "Excellent muscle tone. Clear eyes. Coat like velvet."

His thumb brushed my bottom lip, then lingered. I exhaled a shaky breath. He smiled faintly, just at the corner of his mouth. "Very responsive."

"Very," Ransom returned.

Dr. Hayes straightened, amusement in his eyes. He gestured to the table. "Let's get him up for a proper examination."

"Up," Ransom said, and I obeyed instantly.

I placed my hands on the edge and climbed up, the leather cold against my shins and thighs. My Master's hand landed on my shoulder, guiding me.

"On all fours."

My body dropped without hesitation, ass high, knees spread on the padded surface. I lifted my tail, showing I was trying to be good. Obedient, presentable, and pleasing.

Behind me, latex gloves snapped into place.

"Now then, let's see what we have here." Gloved fingers pried my mouth open without ceremony. "Open wide."

I obeyed, opening my mouth a wide "O". The command wasn't his—but the authority felt borrowed from Ransom, and I would obey anything that bore his shape.

The doctor's thumb hooked behind my teeth, forcing my jaw further apart, and he examined my teeth with cold efficiency, running a finger along my gums, pressing into the tender backs of my molars. When he pushed deeper, testing my gag reflex, I couldn't help the small, involuntary sound that escaped.

"Good control," he murmured, half to himself, half to Ransom. "Minimal resistance."

He shone a penlight into each eye, watching my pupils shrink. Then my ears—he tugged them gently, peered inside with a ticklish instrument that made me flinch and squirm despite my best efforts to hold still.

"Hold." Ransom's voice was low, near the door. That one word froze me.

The stethoscope was freezing against my bare ribs. I gasped, breath catching, my skin erupting in goosebumps as Dr. Hayes moved across my chest with deliberate slowness.

"Deep breath," the vet instructed. I inhaled shakily, feeling stripped down to breath and bone, each sound my body made suddenly loud and shamefully public.

"Now for the throat," Dr. Hayes said, producing a long, thin scope. "This might be uncomfortable."

I tilted my head back. My jaw ached, stretched wide. I didn't resist when the scope slid inside. Tears pricked the corners of my eyes as it went deeper, gag reflex twitching. The invasion was cold and clinical, but still, I felt the heat pool in my belly, my shameful body turning this sterile humiliation into something... needy. Something alive.

Dr. Hayes finally withdrew the scope. I coughed, blinking away tears, a strand of drool following as I tried to catch my breath.

The vet moved behind me, fingers mapping my spine, pressing along each vertebra. Then he reached my tail.

He pulled it straight up.

A whimper escaped before I could swallow it down. My eyes sought out my Master.

"Shh," Ransom said softly. Still at the door. Still watching. And still—his voice wrapped around my throat like a leash. Just that one sound made me brace my legs, steady my breathing. I didn't want to flinch again.

Dr. Hayes retrieved a measuring tape. Methodical now—the length of my arms, the width of my thighs, the shape of my chest. I tried to disappear into the routine of it.

Until he reached my cock.

The tape brushed across it, and I flinched. I was already swelling, straining against the ring. And when he wrapped the tape around me... my breath hitched.

"Above average," Dr. Hayes noted, jotting something down. "Good proportions."

He cupped my balls, hefted them, and rolled them thoughtfully between his fingers. The sound I made wasn't human. I bit down hard on my lip, but the flush of heat in my cheeks betrayed me.

He moved to my chest. My nipples. His fingers pinched—once, then again, harder. My knees buckled slightly. A broken whine escaped me before I could muffle it.

"Highly responsive," Dr. Hayes said, almost with satisfaction. "The serum's working. Sensitivity is excellent."

My Puppy cock was hard. Truly hard. Leaking against my stomach, desperate and aching with need.

Dr. Hayes noticed. Of course he noticed. Another note on the clipboard.

"Temperature next," he said, selecting a thick, silver thermometer from his tray. My stomach dropped.

"This will need to go in deep for an accurate core reading."

He slicked it with gel. My hips shifted reflexively, trying to back away. I forced myself still, heart hammering.

I was just a Puppy. This is what a Puppy is for. Something to be inspected, processed, improved.

Something owned.

The thermometer pressed against my entrance. I yelped.

"Easy."

Ransom was suddenly beside me. His hand found my face. It was warm and solid, cupping my cheek with shocking tenderness.

"You're such a good boy," he murmured, thumb brushing my skin like a reward. "Keep being good and I'll give you a treat after we're done."

The praise and promise landed deep. My body pulsed with it.

The thermometer slid in slowly. Deliberate. Impersonal. I should have been ashamed, but all I could feel was how full I was, how exposed, how *seen*.

And Ransom's voice—his touch—his approval—

It was too much.

A sob broke in my throat as I came.

There was no build-up, no control. Just sudden, helpless pulses, spilling across the exam table as my body convulsed in pleasure too sharp to be contained.

"Oh," Dr. Hayes said with a flick of surprise. "Premature ejaculation. Noted."

I burned. Shaking. Wrung out. Ashamed and... grateful.

Ransom didn't pull his hand away.

But his tone shifted.

"You didn't have permission for that," he said softly.

And suddenly, I wanted to crawl inside that shame. To beg for forgiveness.

To earn the next time.

"The breeding programs do tend to produce hypersensitive specimens," Dr. Hayes murmured, his tone maddeningly detached as he slid the thermometer the rest of the way in.

I whimpered at the intrusion, still throbbing from the orgasm they'd wrung from me like it was nothing.

"Interesting," he added, tilting his head as he studied my flushed, trembling form. "No refractory period. The ring's doing its job."

I was still hard. Obscenely so. My Puppy cock twitched against my belly, glistening with the slick proof of my lack of control. The vet noted it on his chart with cool efficiency.

"Should we continue the exam," Dr. Hayes asked, "or would you prefer to discipline him first?"

Ransom's thumb ghosted across my cheek again, tender in a way that made me ache. "Continue," he said, voice smooth as velvet. "I'll address his punishment later."

Later.

That word curled inside me like a promise. Heavy and hot.

"Excellent tension," Dr. Hayes said, eyes scanning my form. "Very tight. Has he been penetrated before?"

"Fingers and toys only," Ransom answered.

"Mmm." The vet's eyes gleamed behind his glasses.

He twisted the thermometer slowly. I gasped. My hips jerked reflexively. The thick bulb pressed deeper, sending jolts of heat up my spine. I couldn't stop the way my thighs trembled.

"Healthy elasticity," he murmured, pulling the device partway out and pushing it back in with slow deliberation. "Responsive tissue... good muscle control."

I whimpered, clenching around the intrusion, shame and arousal tangled into something feral. I was trying— *trying* —to be good, to be still, but every touch made it harder to think, let alone behave.

Dr. Hayes withdrew the thermometer at last, leaving me empty and aching. “Temperature is normal. However, the next portion will be more invasive. He’ll need to be restrained.”

“Of course,” Ransom said, already moving to position me.

My heart pounded as the two of them worked in tandem. Ransom guided me onto my back, his hands firm. The leather restraints were soft but unyielding, wrapping around my wrists, tugging my arms wide. A thick strap crossed my chest just below my nipples, pinning me down.

“Legs up,” Ransom said.

Shaking, I obeyed. My master lifted my ankles and bent my knees back while Dr. Hayes fastened restraints at my thighs and hips, spreading me open and still. Every part of me was vulnerable: my cock twitching, my hole on display, the ache in my belly deep and pulsing.

Ransom’s hand came to rest gently on my throat. Not squeezing. Just *claiming*.

“Perfect,” Dr. Hayes said. He rolled over a tray and selected an instrument that looked like a thick pen with a needle tip. “Identification chip. It embeds deep in the gluteal muscle. A permanent marker of ownership.”

The alcohol swab was cold. I tensed.

The needle burned as it went in. Sharp. Deep. I cried out, jaw clenched, legs trembling in the straps.

“There we go,” Dr. Hayes said, stepping back. “He’s officially registered as your property. All data—medical, behavioral, genetic—is now linked to your designation.”

Ransom leaned down, his lips brushing my ear. “*Mine*,” he whispered.

The word wasn’t loud, but it shattered something in me. My chest heaved.

Dr. Hayes moved between my legs again. “Now for the internal exam.”

The first finger slid in easily—too easily. My body, softened by the thermometer and orgasm, yielded with barely any resistance. But this time, the vet wasn't gentle. He crooked his finger immediately, digging deeper.

I bit back a yelp, back arching as much as the straps would allow.

"There," he said with detached satisfaction, rubbing firmly against the spot that made me see stars. "Let's measure his sensitivity."

He was *relentless*. That single finger worked me like a switch, pressing and circling with expert precision. I strained against the leather, overwhelmed by the direct, targeted stimulation.

My cock drooled steadily, puddling on my stomach. I couldn't stop it. I was unraveling.

"Most pups require far more effort," the vet said clinically. "This one is unusually receptive."

Another finger slid in, stretching me wider, amplifying the pressure inside. The angle changed—deeper, firmer—and my body betrayed me again. The orgasm surged up so fast I had no chance to beg, no time to ask for permission.

I *howled*.

The climax hit like a seizure. It was violent, humiliating, and unstoppable. My cock jerked and spilled, untouched, ropes of cum landing hot on my belly and chest. I couldn't breathe. Just cried pitifully, wrecked by pleasure I hadn't earned.

"Two orgasms in under ten minutes," Dr. Hayes noted aloud. "Both induced by minimal stimulation. Fascinating."

His fingers were still *inside* me as I shook and whined.

He finally withdrew his fingers, leaving me gasping and twitching, my body too sensitized to process what had just happened. Impossibly, my Puppy cock remained rigid, a flag of surrender to everything they were doing to me.

"He'll require a strict regimen," Dr. Hayes said, stripping off his gloves with a snap. "Daily edging, orgasm denial, graduated sensitivity conditioning. Without it, he'll be spilling every time you brush against him."

Ransom moved into my field of view. Those black-rimmed glasses obscured his eyes, but his expression was unreadable. He reached down and wiped a tear from my cheek with unsettling gentleness.

"That was your last free one, pet," he murmured. "From now on, you'll come only when I allow it. You'll earn every release. Beg for it. And even then, I may deny you. Come without permission and you'll be punished."

His words were soft. Final. They settled into my bones like a brand. I nodded frantically, still shaking in the restraints. The promise in his voice made my whole body light up. There was shame, need, fear, and something new: a deep, molten obedience curling low in my belly.

"Shall we continue with the full physical?" Dr. Hayes asked, already reaching for another set of instruments. "We haven't tested his anal capacity or nipple sensitivity yet."

"Proceed," Ransom said. One hand came to rest in my hair, a tether anchoring me in place. "I want all of him examined. Every limit. Every response. Every vulnerability."

Dr. Hayes selected a gleaming metal instrument. "This will take some time," he said, almost cheerfully. "But by the end, we'll have your Pup completely documented. There won't be a single inch of him untouched."

I whimpered, tugging against the restraints. The chip now embedded in my bottom throbbed faintly, a constant reminder that I wasn't a person anymore. I was property. Owned.

And yet... the part between my legs remained shamefully stiff, leaking onto my belly.

Dr. Hayes lifted the speculum under the harsh exam lights, coating it in gel. "The speculum will help us properly assess his depth and elasticity," he explained. "Mr. Ransom, if you'd be so kind?"

Ransom was already in position, his strong hands gripping my cheeks and spreading them apart without ceremony. The extra exposure made me whine, but he didn't loosen his hold. I was his pet. Displayed for evaluation.

The cold metal kissed my entrance. I flinched.

“Shh,” Ransom said, his voice steady. “Let the doctor do his work.”

Dr. Hayes pressed forward, slow but inexorable. The speculum breached me, wider than fingers, colder than toys. It didn’t coax. It *forced* me open, and my body had no choice but to yield.

“There we go,” the vet murmured, seating the speculum inside me. “Now, let’s see what we’re working with.”

Click.

I gasped.

Click.

I whimpered.

Click.

By the third notch, I was crying openly, the raw stretch setting every nerve on fire. My body wanted to close, to protect—but the metal kept me spread, helpless and exposed.

“Excellent elasticity,” Dr. Hayes said. “No tearing. Very responsive. Mr. Ransom, look at the way the tissue accommodates. Remarkable.”

Ransom leaned in. Knowing they were *looking inside me*, watching how my hole stretched and strained, made something deep inside twist with humiliated arousal.

“Four centimeters,” Dr. Hayes said, adjusting again. “Let’s try for five.”

The pressure intensified. I shook my head, small and desperate, but my body had already betrayed me. I moaned as the speculum cranked wider, hips twitching uselessly against the straps.

“Five point two,” the vet declared. “A solid baseline. With proper training, he could take significantly more.”

He didn’t remove the device.

Instead, he reached for a thin tube with a tiny camera at the tip. “Next, an internal scope to check for abnormalities in the colon.”

The scope slid into the already-stretched opening. I gasped— *it kept going* , snaking deeper into me, past any depth I'd ever known. My stomach fluttered as it twisted upward. The screen beside us displayed pink walls and delicate ridges. The vulnerable map of my insides.

"You were right about only fingers and toys penetrating him," Dr. Hayes noted. "He's entirely unspoiled. No scarring, no irregularities. Pristine tissue."

I wasn't sure if I should feel proud or ashamed. Maybe both.

When he finally withdrew the scope, I sobbed. It was less from the discomfort, more from the violation, from how much I'd *felt* it.

"Now for cultures," Dr. Hayes said, lifting several long swabs from a sterile packet. "We'll need samples from various depths for the lab."

Ransom didn't say a word. His hand stayed in my hair, a steady, possessive weight.

And all the while, my cock throbbed, hard and heavy, twitching against my stomach like it knew something I didn't.

Like it already understood what I was becoming.

The first swab slipped in easily through the still-gaping speculum. I whimpered as the cotton dragged along the raw inner walls of my body, the sensation almost unbearably intimate. The second swab went deeper, brushing places I hadn't even known existed, and I squirmed against the restraints, shame painting my cheeks as I reacted like some needy thing.

"Still," Ransom said, calm but firm, his hand pressing down on my thigh. The weight of his palm grounded me. More than restraint, it was a reminder. I belonged to him now. Every movement, every breath, was his to permit.

The third swab slid in and something deep inside me cramped from the intrusion. I choked on a gasp, the strain in my muscles only broken by the sharp, anchoring pressure of Ransom's touch.

“Just one more,” Dr. Hayes murmured, and I barely had time to register the shift before his hand was on my cock, cool and impersonal. He pressed his thumb to my slit, and my hips jerked involuntarily.

“The urethral swab is always uncomfortable,” he said, almost kindly. “Try not to move.”

Then it was there—sliding inside me, thin and merciless. I yelped, not just from the sharp sting, but from the utter *wrongness* of it. My cock burned as the swab threaded deeper than I thought possible. Ransom didn’t soothe me. He didn’t stroke or murmur comfort. He held me in place, impassive, letting it happen.

Letting me be violated for his benefit.

The vet turned the swab with methodical precision. I shook beneath him, my body caught between the agony of overstimulation and a deep, humbling need I didn’t yet understand.

“Almost done,” Dr. Hayes said, sliding it out with a flick that made me whimper.

By the time he pulled away, my chest was heaving. My cock throbbed painfully against the air, confusion and arousal tangled into something unnameable. I could still feel the speculum spreading me, the cool air on the wet heat inside me.

“Excellent samples,” Dr. Hayes said as he labeled the swabs with practiced ease. “No sign of infection. He’s a very healthy specimen.”

He began clicking the speculum closed, each notch easing the stretch, but I moaned with each contraction, the strange emptiness that followed making my hole pulse with need. When the metal finally slid free, I felt gaping, ruined. Exposed in a way I hadn’t known was possible.

“The speculum always makes their holes nice and soft,” the vet mused. “His anus is almost like a vulva now. You’ll have fun training him up.”

Ransom released his grip at last, but his fingers lingered on my inner thigh, idly stroking. Not comforting. More like inspecting.

“What’s next?” he asked, like ordering the next course of a meal.

Dr. Hayes didn’t miss a beat, reaching for a new tray. “Nipple sensitivity tests, oral capacity, then some electrical mapping. I want to chart every erogenous response for your reference.”

A soft, miserable sound escaped me. I wasn’t even halfway through, and already my body was trembling from the attention.

“Proceed,” Ransom said coolly.



Dr. Hayes glanced at my leaking tip and frowned. “Hmm. His hypersensitivity is more severe than I anticipated. Two spontaneous orgasms in one session. That won’t do.”

He moved to a wall cabinet and withdrew a metal case. When he opened it, I saw rows of chastity devices. They were gleaming, precise, merciless.

“I recommend immediate chastity,” the vet said. “Something restrictive. A visual reminder of his status, and a physical barrier to further disobedience.”

“Agreed,” Ransom said, already reaching for the offered device.

The one selected was steel, with a narrow tube that seemed laughably small and a ring that made my stomach twist in fear. Ransom examined it briefly before pressing it to my flushed skin.

“Hold still,” he said.

There was no gentleness in his hands now. He gripped my shaft, pressing and coaxing it into the cruel tube. My breath caught as the cold metal squeezed around me, reducing me, caging me.

The ring slid around the base of my cock and balls like a closing trap. Then came the lock— *click* —a sound more final than anything I’d ever heard.

My cock twitched hopelessly inside its prison. There was no room to swell, no way to ache without punishment.

“Perfect fit,” Dr. Hayes said, clearly pleased. “He won’t be getting out without your key.”

Ransom slid the key into his coat pocket. He didn't smile. He didn't speak. He didn't *need* to.

Tears welled again, the reality sinking in. Not just the pain or the restriction, but what it *meant*. I wasn't allowed to come. Not unless he wanted it. My pleasure wasn't mine anymore. It belonged to him.

And my cock—caged, burning, weeping—responded like it was grateful.

Dr. Hayes returned to his instruments, lifting my balls and weighing them with cool detachment. "Good size. Strong testosterone profile."

He rolled them gently in his hand, making me twitch. Then he looked at Ransom again.

"You know," he said, conversational, "some owners choose to neuter their pets. Especially the more sensitive ones. It curbs any potential for dominant behavior... permanently."

My heart thudded in my chest. I couldn't breathe. The idea, humiliating and terrifying, settled over me like a shadow.

But worse than fear was the realization: My cock was still trying to get hard.

Ransom considered this, his eyes dropping to where Dr. Hayes still cradled my balls in one gloved hand. The silence stretched, thick with tension. Finally, he said, almost lazily, "I want to keep them for now. Unless he gives me a reason to reconsider."

The threat licked up my spine like a flame. I whimpered. I'd be good. So good. I'd never give him a reason—

"Understandable," Dr. Hayes said smoothly, giving my sac a final, possessive squeeze before letting go. The absence of his touch felt like a fall. "They can be quite useful, correction-wise."

He turned back to his tray, selecting a strip of leather affixed with small, shining metal weights. "Speaking of which . . . have you considered stretchers? They're excellent for long-term modification. Visible ownership."

He wrapped the leather snug around the base of my sac, just above my balls. Even without the weights, the pressure was brutal, pulling everything down and away from my body like I was being unspooled from the inside.

“You can add weight gradually,” he explained, attaching the first metal piece with a soft *click*. The pull was immediate, making me gasp, my thighs trembling. “It’s a reminder. Every step, every shift—he feels the weight of you. Of what he is.”

Another weight. My eyes watered. I bit down on a moan.

“Very useful for discipline,” the vet went on, tone clinical as he twisted the strap tighter. “Increase the load when he misbehaves. They learn quickly when their balls are on the line.”

Ransom watched me. “How long can it be worn?”

“Start with an hour. Work up to all day. Some owners opt for permanent stretch—low-hanging, heavy, unmistakably owned.” Dr. Hayes tugged on the dangling weights. I cried out, body straining in the restraints. “A visual signal of what he’s for.”

“I’ll take a set,” Ransom said, voice unreadable.

The vet unbuckled the leather and removed the weights. I nearly sobbed at the relief—but the ache lingered, the echo of pressure and promise.

“Now then,” Dr. Hayes said, making a note on his tablet. “Shall we move on to nipple sensitivity? I’m curious how he responds with the cage keeping his cock properly contained.”

He stepped closer, gloved fingers hovering above my chest. My nipples were still swollen from the serum used back at the Farm. They were plump, puffy, and tender.

When he flicked one experimentally, I jolted, a broken gasp escaping.

“Excellent baseline,” he murmured, pinching the other and twisting, slow and cruel. I whimpered, hips twitching uselessly. The cage kept my cock trapped in silence, but my body was betraying me in other ways.

"Any preferences for development, Mr. Ransom?" Hayes asked, eyes still on my chest. "We offer permanent enlargement, heightened sensitivity treatments. Ideal for pets who need regular correction . . . or stimulation."

Ransom stepped closer. I could feel his gaze on me like pressure. "I want them obscene," he said. "Fat. Desperate. So sensitive he can't focus when they're touched."

"Before or after piercing?"

"Before. I want them ripened first. Then we'll pierce them."

Dr. Hayes smiled, already reaching for a vial. "I have just the thing. Our most intensive protocol."

He slipped on new gloves, slicking his fingers with a clear, glistening serum. "This blend triggers rapid tissue growth. Expect swelling, heat, and extreme responsiveness. It's quite effective."

The first contact with the serum made me flinch. It was cool, then tingling, then burning. Hayes worked it in with circular motions, pressing deep into the flesh. My back arched. The sensations blurred.

"You'll need to massage them twice daily," he said, voice calm as he worked. "Firm pressure. Stretch the tissue. Encourage growth. Daily suction for an hour. Weekly electro-stimulation for nerve expansion."

He produced a pair of clear suction cups and a compact pump. "Let me show you."

The cups sealed with wet pops over my nipples. When he turned on the pump, the hiss filled the room and the pull started. Gentle at first, then deepening. My nipples swelled, darkened, throbbed. I moaned, helpless.

"See how eager his body is?" Dr. Hayes murmured, watching the tissue rise. "In a few weeks, they'll be permanent. Sticking out like a pair of udders. Just the way you want them."

The cups hummed softly, pulling without mercy. My breath came fast, brain fuzzing at the edges. My nipples felt *huge*. Alive.

"Time for the electrical component," he said, attaching small adhesive pads near the suction bases. "This will accelerate development dramatically."

The first jolt was a crack of lightning. I bucked, straining in the restraints, a choked noise ripping from my throat.

"Oh, very reactive," Dr. Hayes purred, adjusting the settings. Another pulse followed. Longer, hotter. My hips jerked, cock caged and pulsing, frustrated and desperate.

"Beautiful," Ransom murmured, stepping closer. He scratched lightly behind my ears, and something in me broke open.

"Good boy," he whispered. "You're taking it so well."

The praise melted through me, more intense than the shocks. I moaned, body trembling, and leaned into his touch like I couldn't help it. Like I belonged there.

The suction and the shocks blurred together, every nerve hooked and burning. Hayes continued calmly, recording settings, watching the tremble of my muscles. But I was lost, floating between pain and pleasure, between the cage and Ransom's fingers petting gently behind my ear.

"We'll include a home unit," Hayes said. "Daily use will produce dramatic results. And he's clearly an ideal subject."

I couldn't process words anymore. Just sensation. Just the deep, overwhelming knowledge that I was being *remade*. Owned. Modified. Perfected for him.

"You're doing so well," Ransom said again, thumb stroking my cheek now. His voice felt like heat on my skin. "Such a good patient."

I sobbed with it . . . his praise, his ownership, the weight of what was happening to my body.

The thought bloomed in me like heat, thick and heady. I belonged to him, and everything happening to me was for his pleasure, his design. I had never known a peace like this—terrible, total, and transcendent.

“Initial mapping is complete,” Hayes finally said, powering down the device. The sudden silence was almost painful. The cups stayed on a moment longer, then peeled off with soft pop.

My nipples were engorged. Dark pink, shining with serum, and throbbing visibly. Even the soft drag of air over them made me whimper, my spine arching as if to escape the sensation.

“Beautiful,” Dr. Hayes murmured. He rolled one between his fingers.

I nearly screamed.

“Excellent reaction. Perfect for clamps or crop play.”

He applied more serum, firm and deliberate, working it in with clinical detachment. I squirmed, panting. My nipples burned with pleasure. I was raw with sensation.

“They’ll stay swollen for several hours,” he said clinically, as though he hadn’t just brought me to the brink with a single touch. “Be sure to massage them thoroughly tonight. Really work the serum in.”

But he was already turning away, preparing the next procedure, while my body trembled beneath the restraints.

Ransom’s hand remained in my hair, stroking gently behind my ears—possessive, comforting, claiming.

And in that moment, that was all that mattered.

I was his. His pet. His creature. Being reshaped for him.

I floated. Strapped down, exposed, aching in ways I hadn’t known existed; and yet I was tranquil, blissfully docile. Whatever they did next, I would endure it. Gladly.

Because I was a good boy.

And good boys took their treatments.

Ransom’s voice cut through the fog. “What else would you recommend for a sensitive pup like this?”

Dr. Hayes smiled, already reaching for the next tray. "Well, there's the matter of his prostate. Given his level of sensitivity, this will be a crucial foundation for his training. Would you like me to demonstrate proper technique?"

"Yes," Ransom replied immediately. His fingers never stopped petting. "He's to learn to come only from anal stimulation. That part between his legs is nothing more than decorative."

The approval in the vet's expression was unmistakable. "An excellent choice. Pets trained this way are far more compliant. More eager to please."

He moved between my immobile legs.

"He does have quite a bit of fur," Dr. Hayes commented, observing my hole. "Common in breeding stock. But it can hinder hygiene. Most owners prefer a cleaner appearance."

Ransom leaned in. "Remove it."

"Permanently?"

"Yes," Ransom said, no hesitation.

Dr. Hayes selected a bulbous black plug with tubing coiled around it. He held it up like an elegant tool, coating it thoroughly in thick lube.

I whimpered without meaning to, body clenching, trembling.

"This will serve a dual purpose," he explained. "The inflatable plug will prepare the area for hair removal and provide excellent stimulation for milking."

The plug pressed against my soft opening. I exhaled sharply as it breached me, the penetration surprisingly easy. My body accepted it greedily.

And then he pumped it.

The first squeeze caught me off guard, making me gasp aloud as the plug swelled, stretching me inward and outward at once. The second made me shudder, toes curling.

The third made me cry out.

It was too much. My restraints creaked as I writhed, and Ransom hushed me gently, his hand cradling my head like I was something precious.

"Lovely," Dr. Hayes said, pressing his fingers around the edge of my stretched rim. "See how taut the skin is? Ideal for the laser."

He picked up a sleek wand that pulsed softly with blue light. "This will remove all hair follicles permanently. Very precise. Though it does sting."

The first zap made me flinch violently—sharp, hot, like electricity under my skin. He worked with slow precision, clicking the wand around the plug, burning each follicle one by one.

My body shook under the combined assault—the stretch of the plug, the bite of the laser, the humiliating exposure.

"You'll need to establish a regular milking schedule," Dr. Hayes said, his voice calm as he zapped another patch. "Anal stimulation only. No penile orgasms, ever."

"Not a problem," Ransom agreed, stroking behind my ears again.

My cock, useless and trapped in its cage, throbbed desperately. I moaned. It was a long, broken, and needy sound. The shame only made it worse.

The vet moved methodically to my groin, lasering the hair around the base of the cage. Each zap made me jump, and my cock wept helplessly inside its prison.

"He's very vocal," Dr. Hayes noted, giving the plug another pump that made me wail. "You may want a muzzle for public outings."

"Add it to his kit," Ransom said. "I want a full set. Training, travel, punishment."

The laser powered down, leaving my groin and hole raw and tingling. Dr. Hayes examined me, pleased.

"Smooth as silk," he said. "Now, for the milking."

He held up a curved, slender metal rod. "This is a prostate stimulator. Designed to hit the gland precisely."

He slid it in beside the plug. Cold metal parted me, and I sobbed at the intrusion, too sensitive, too open. But when it touched my prostate . . . when it pressed . . .

I shattered.

Lights exploded behind my eyes. I arched, cried out, and Ransom murmured soft praises, grounding me with his touch.

The rod moved in steady, rhythmic strokes. Each pass rubbed against my prostate like a lover's kiss, each movement dragging me deeper into blissful surrender.

"Watch his hips," Dr. Hayes said. "See how his body is learning. He's beginning to associate this pressure with release."

I couldn't stop moving. Couldn't stop moaning. I was leaking nonstop, my caged cock drooling as my body trembled on the edge of something vast and primal.

Then the wave hit.

It wasn't an orgasm. It was a flood. A convulsion. A full-body tremor that left me sobbing as my cock twitched in its cage, spilling weakly while the rod kept pressing, working, milking.

I wasn't allowed to come and collapse. I wasn't allowed to be done.

Dr. Hayes kept going.

Another climax tore through me, more intense than the last, and I screamed. The pleasure was molten, brutal. My body didn't know how to process it.

Still, the vet worked me. Precise. Unrelenting.

Until I was reduced to a whimpering, broken thing beneath him.

"Perfect demonstration," he said finally, withdrawing the rod. "You'll want to repeat this daily. With time, he won't be able to orgasm any other way."

The doctor turned to Ransom. "Shall we make the milking part of his regular wellness checks?"

Ransom smiled down at me, fingers brushing the tears from my flushed cheeks. "Of course."

And I moaned softly, helplessly.

Because I was his good boy.

And I had never felt more owned. More known.

More alive.

Dr. Hayes returned with a clear container gleaming under the soft clinic light. Inside were six perfect spheres. They were translucent, blue, and large as eggs. My hole clenched involuntarily, nerves sparking under my skin.

“One last step before you take him home,” Dr. Hayes said, shaking the container. “These beads will keep him lubricated and ready for everything you have planned for his first night home.”

Ransom inspected the beads. “How many?”

“Six to start,” the vet said, dipping a finger into the gel and coating the first bead. “They dissolve slowly, releasing lubricant for hours. The size trains capacity, the slow melt keeps him eager.”

The doctor pressed the first bead against my trembling entrance. My breath hitched—there was pressure, firm but yielding, pushing past my tight rim until it slipped inside. The fullness bloomed deep and heavy. A shudder rippled through me.

One.

The second bead followed, sliding home with less resistance. *Two.* My body, still tender from earlier stretching, welcomed the intrusion like it was meant to be filled.

“Good,” Dr. Hayes murmured. “Look how easily he takes them. His body is learning its purpose.”

Bead three, four—each added weight and heat, a rolling fullness that made my breath come faster. By the fifth, my hips lifted of their own accord, desperate to accommodate the growing, shifting mass inside me.

“Last one,” Dr. Hayes said softly, pressing the sixth bead in with firm, deliberate pressure. A gasp tore from my throat. It wasn’t pain, but an overwhelming fullness that made my entire core quiver.

Six spheres buried deep. Warmth began to spread as the slow melt started.

“Now,” Dr. Hayes said, turning to Ransom, “let’s keep them where they belong.” He gestured toward a display case on the wall. It was filled with retention plugs. There were different colors and shapes, and, most importantly, different sizes.

Ransom skimmed over the options, then settled on a thick black silicone plug with an extra-wide flared base. I was relieved it wasn’t the biggest one. “This one,” he said.

Dr. Hayes handed Ransom the plug and a bottle of lube. “Would you like to do the honors? He should get used to accepting your touch.”

Ransom nodded, his calm dominance sent heat through me as he coated the plug thoroughly. When he stepped between my spread legs, I trembled, a soft whimper slipping out.

“Shh,” Ransom whispered, one hand settling possessively on my hip. “Take it like the good boy you are.”

The plug pressed against my already-stretched entrance, nudging the beads deeper, shifting them inside me with delicious pressure. Ransom’s movements were unhurried and relentless.

The thickest part of the plug pushed past my rim, forcing a gasp from my lips. Then my hole swallowed up the thin stem. The plug was now seated fully, its broad base pressing tight against my bottom.

Sealed. Filled. Owned.

“Slow-release,” Dr. Hayes said with approval. “He’ll stay lubricated, stretched, and mentally primed. Ready.”

The restraints came off, one by one, the leather sliding away. I tried to move but my body was heavy, full. Every nerve ending sang. My nipples swollen and aching, my cock caged and pulsing, my hole gripping the heavy beads and the plug like a tether.

“Take your time,” Dr. Hayes said softly, rolling me onto my stomach. The change made the beads shift, pressing new spots that made me gasp and clutch the table’s edge.

Ransom's hand came to the back of my neck, steady and grounding. "Breathe. Easy."

His voice was a tether pulling me back from drowning in sensation. He helped me down, my legs shaky, barely holding me. The plug tugged with every step, a constant reminder of what was inside.

"On all fours," Ransom ordered quietly.

I obeyed instantly.

Dr. Hayes was printing something at his desk. "Initial assessment complete. Remarkably healthy. Sensitivity off the charts. Response times most impressive."

Ransom studied the report while I waited at his knees, the slow melt of beads warming my insides, slick trails coating my inner walls. I could feel it pooling hot and wet.

"He has the makings of an exceptional pet. The rest will come down to training," Dr. Hayes added.

"I intend to be thorough," Ransom said, folding the report. His hand clipped the leash back onto my collar, a simple gesture that sent my pulse racing. "Come. Time to go home."

Every movement jostled the beads and shifted the plug against my insides. My nipples bounced with each step. Ransom's slow, commanding pace left no room for distraction. I focused on obeying, the swell of submission wrapping tight around me.

We arrived back at the car and Ransom stopped. Instead of opening the crate, he turned, bent down, and cupped my face.

His thumb traced my cheekbone. "My good, messy boy," he breathed. Pride and ownership were heavy in his voice. It broke me open.

Tears pricked. The praise was fire, deeper than any touch. I writhed with desperate need, pushing into his palm, a needy whine escaping.

"I know," he said, reading me perfectly. "So eager already. Let's get you home. There's so much to show you."

He opened the crate door. I crawled inside on shaky limbs.

The door clicked shut, the engine hummed, and heat blossomed inside me as another bead dissolved, flooding me with slick fire. I moaned into the crate's padding. It was embarrassing and yet I wanted him to hear.

I was his now. His good, messy boy. Ready to be broken in.

And I couldn't wait to show my Master just how well his Puppy could perform.



Dear Diary,

Woof! After the visit to the vet, it was finally time to go home!

When the car purred to a stop there were no looming gates, no blaring security. Just tall cypress trees, stone edging, and quiet. The kind of quiet you feel more than hear.

I lifted my head slightly, careful not to move without permission. My plug throbbed with the motion, slick and warm from the melting beads inside me. The cage around my cock was tight, a constant, pulsing ache. My nipples still stung from the vet's cruel fingers. Every part of me was primed, and still, what I felt most wasn't pain or arousal.

It was nervousness. The kind that fluttered deep in my belly.

This was it. Home.

Ransom didn't speak right away. His presence was enough. He had that kind of gravity, slow and heavy and certain. You didn't rush around a man like that. You waited to be told. You wanted to be told.

"Out, Pup."

His voice was soft, not cold or cruel. Just firm. Older. Like it had been used to command long before I was ever born.

I crawled out slowly, arms shaking a little from the weight of it all. The plug. The cage. The moment. My knees hit the flagstone path. It was smooth and cool, worn from years of care.

He didn't tug the leash. He didn't need to.

The house rose in front of us like something from a dream. Not grand in the flashy way I expected from an Elite. No gold. No marble lions. Just deep cedar wood, rich stone, and wide, clean windows glowing golden with light. It looked lived in. Not showy. Just beautiful.

Warm.

The front door opened as we approached. A servant stepped aside, bowing slightly. I crawled over the threshold, breath hitching in my chest.

Inside, soft light touched polished floors. The ceilings stretched high, and the silence hung there with them. The kind of quiet that comes from solitude. From someone used to moving through empty rooms.

Ransom let the door close behind us, then walked ahead. I followed close, eyes lowered.

When he stopped, I stopped.

He turned and looked down at me.

"This house is mine," he said calmly. "And now, so are you."

My breath caught.

He knelt. One hand cupped my cheek, thumb brushing gently under my eye. "You're mine to care for. To train. To love."

My heart pounded so hard I thought he might hear it.

"You'll give me everything, Pup," he said. "Your obedience. Your body. Your silence. In return, I'll give you what you were made for."

He leaned in. His voice dropped lower.

"Discipline. Comfort. Use. Devotion."

I whimpered. I couldn't speak. I wasn't allowed to. But if I could have, I would have told him I wanted that. All of it.

His lips brushed my forehead.

"Good boy. Let's get you settled."

And just like that, I followed him into my new life. Aching, caged, plugged, and grateful.

"Master Ransom, welcome home."

A woman's voice came from the long hallway to our right. I turned to see a tall, silver-haired woman in a crisp dark uniform approaching. Her posture was impeccable, her eyes sharp but kind as they fell on me, then moved back to Ransom.

"Mrs. Wilkes," Ransom nodded, his hand resting casually on my head. "Thank you for keeping things in order while I was away."

She clasped her hands in front of her, a small smile playing at the corners of her mouth. "I see the trip was successful."

"Yes," Ransom said, fingers absently stroking behind my ear. "I found what I was looking for."

The touch sent electric tingles down my spine. I fought the urge to press harder against his palm, to show him how much I craved more.

"We'll handle proper introductions tomorrow," Ransom said, fingers gently threading through my hair. "He's had a long day at the facility."

Mrs. Winters nodded, smoothing her already smooth apron. "Of course. Would you like me to have dinner prepared before you retire?"

Ransom's fingers tightened slightly in my hair. "No," he said, his voice dropping to that register that made my insides quiver. "I've waited quite long enough."

A small sound escaped me before I could stop it. My plug shifted as I clenched around it involuntarily, the sensation making my caged cock strain uselessly.

Mrs. Winters' eyes sparkled with knowing amusement. "Very good, sir. I'll ensure you're not disturbed." She gave a small bow and retreated down the hallway.

Ransom nodded his thanks, and we continued down the hallway. I crawled beside him, my skin humming with anticipation. Every nerve ending in my body seemed to vibrate, waiting. Just waiting.

We climbed a wide staircase, my knees aching against the polished wood. I didn't care. I would have crawled over broken glass if he'd asked me to.

The master bedroom was at the end of the hall. When Ransom pushed open the heavy door, I caught my breath.

The room was massive, dominated by a bed that could have fit four people comfortably. Dark wood furniture gleamed in the low light from bedside lamps. A fire crackled in a stone hearth, casting dancing shadows across thick rugs.

But what made my heart race wasn't the luxury. It was what stood beside the bed: a large padded bench with restraints. A cabinet with glass doors revealing implements I couldn't name but could imagine all too well. A hook hanging from a beam in the ceiling.

Ransom closed the door behind us with a soft click that sounded like finality.

"Come here," he said, walking to the center of the room.

I crawled to him, trembling slightly. Not from fear, but from wanting. From needing.

He unclipped my leash and set it aside. Then he knelt, his eyes level with mine for the first time since the vet's office.

"You've been so good today," he murmured, his thumb tracing the line of my jaw. "So patient. So obedient."

I leaned into his touch, unable to help myself.

"Present for me," he said, his voice soft but firm. "I'm going to shower, and when I return, we'll begin your first lesson."

My body responded instantly, dropping into position - chest down, ass high, knees spread wide. The plug shifted inside me, making me whimper as the remaining beads pressed against sensitive places.

"Stay," Ransom commanded, his footsteps receding toward the bathroom.

I heard water running, the soft hiss of the shower spray. My muscles trembled with the effort of holding perfectly still. The minutes stretched, each one an exercise in devotion. I focused on my breathing, on the fullness inside me, on the cage keeping my cock confined and aching.

My nipples brushed against the plush rug beneath me, sending sparks of sensation through my chest. The serum from the vet's office had left them swollen and hypersensitive. I bit my lip to keep from moaning.

The water stopped. I held my breath.

The bathroom door opened, and I heard his bare feet on the floor. I kept my eyes down, obedient, until his feet came into view.

"Look at me, Pup."

I raised my eyes slowly, and my world stopped.

Ransom stood before me, completely naked. Water droplets clung to his broad shoulders, tracing paths down his chest. Gray hair dusted his pectorals, trailing down to a taut stomach. His thighs were thick, powerful. And between them—

My breath caught. His cock hung heavy between his legs, thick and long even in its relaxed state.

Something inside me broke open. Heat flooded through me, overwhelming and unstoppable. My vision blurred, my thighs trembled, and without a touch, without permission, I came.

I cried out, my body convulsing as pleasure tore through me. My caged cock pulsed helplessly, spilling through the metal bars onto the rug below.

When the wave subsided, I looked up in horror at what I'd done.

Ransom's expression shifted from surprise to amusement. A low chuckle rumbled from his chest.

"Well," he said, crouching down to my level. "That's quite the compliment, Pup." His fingers brushed my cheek, tender despite his words.

I whimpered, nuzzling against his hand in desperate apology.

His expression softened, but his eyes remained firm. "But you know the rules, don't you? No coming without permission."

I nodded, shame and arousal tangling inside me.

"Good boy for acknowledging your mistake." He straightened and walked to the padded bench. "Come here."

I crawled to him, heart pounding.

Ransom sat, his naked form powerful and imposing. "Over my lap."

I draped myself across his thighs, my chest pressed against the cool leather of the bench, my ass raised. I could feel his cock against my stomach, already hardening.

"First lesson," he said, his palm resting warm on my lower back. "Consequences follow actions."

His fingers found my tail, lifting it gently. With his other hand, he grasped the base of my plug. "Deep breath."

I inhaled sharply as he twisted the plug, working it slowly out of my body. The sensation of emptiness that followed made me whimper. Slick wetness from the dissolved beads trickled down my thighs.

"Look at you," Ransom murmured, his finger tracing my exposed, glistening rim. "So open. So wet for me already."

His finger slipped inside easily, the melted beads having left me slick and ready. He added a second finger, stretching me with careful precision.

"So responsive," he said, his voice a low rumble that vibrated through me. His fingers twisted, scissored, exploring my depths with methodical care.

His other hand moved lower, cupping my balls, rolling them gently in his palm. I moaned, my hips shifting restlessly against his thigh.

"Still," he commanded, and I froze.

His fingers traced my taint, applying pressure that made my cock throb in its cage. "This is mine now," he said. "All of it. Every inch. Every response."

Then his fingers withdrew, leaving me empty and aching.

The first slap against my hole came without warning. Sharp. Precise. My body jerked, a startled cry escaping me.

Another sharp slap landed, this time directly on my exposed hole. I couldn't help the high-pitched whine that escaped me, my body trembling under his firm hand. The sting bloomed into heat that radiated through my core.

"That's it," Ransom murmured, his palm coming down again, harder this time. "Let me hear those pretty sounds."

I bit my lip, fighting the urge to form words, to beg, to thank him. Puppies don't speak—they whimper, they cry, they show their pleasure and pain through sounds alone. And right now, those sounds were pouring from me unbidden as his hand came down again and again, alternating between my hole and my cheeks.

The spanking built steadily, each strike more intense than the last. My skin burned, glowing pink beneath his attention. I could feel myself opening further with each impact, my body betraying how much I craved this correction.

"Such a pretty color," Ransom observed, pausing to admire his handiwork. His fingers traced the heated flesh, sending shivers through my oversensitive skin. "Pink suits you, Pup."

I whimpered gratefully, pressing back into his touch despite the sting. The contradiction of it all—the pain and the pleasure, the punishment and the reward—made my head swim. I was being disciplined, but all I felt was cherished.

His hand came down harder, the slaps now concentrated on my hole, making it pucker and clench with each impact. The wet sounds of my own slickness filled the room as his palm connected with my most intimate place.

"Look how your body responds," he said, his voice thick with appreciation. "Even in punishment, you're desperate for me."

He was right. My caged cock was straining again, leaking steadily despite having just released. Each strike sent shockwaves of pleasure-pain through me, making me arch and tremble across his lap.

Ransom's own arousal was evident, pressing hard against my stomach as he continued the spanking. His breathing had deepened, control wrapped around desire like a velvet glove.

When he finally stopped, my ass and hole were burning, throbbing with delicious heat. I was panting, drool pooling beneath my open mouth, tears streaming freely down my cheeks.

"Enough," he said finally, his hand coming to rest on my flaming skin. "Between my legs now."

I slid off his lap with shaky limbs, positioning myself between his powerful thighs. His cock hung heavy before me, thickening visibly as I settled into position. I looked up at him, seeking permission, desperate to please.

"Prepare me," he commanded, leaning back slightly. "Show me how grateful you are for your correction."

My mouth watered at the sight of him. Without hesitation, I leaned forward, letting my tongue trace the length of his shaft from base to tip. I lapped at him reverently, coating every inch with wet, eager strokes. His taste was intoxicating—clean from the shower but with an underlying musk that made my head swim.

Ransom's breathing deepened as I worked, his cock swelling impressively under my attentions. I took my time, savoring the weight of him against my tongue, the way his skin tightened as blood rushed to fill him.

"Good boy," he murmured, his fingers threading through my hair. "Such an eager mouth."

I nuzzled against his balls, inhaling his scent deeply before bathing them with broad strokes of my tongue. His grip in my hair tightened, guiding me back to his shaft, which now stood proudly erect.

I opened wide, taking the head between my lips, moaning at the feeling of him stretching my mouth. My ass still burned from the spanking, my hole clenching around nothing, desperate to be filled. The dual sensations—the emptiness behind me and the fullness in my mouth—made my caged cock throb painfully.

Ransom's cock was massive, stretching my jaw to its limits as I worked more of him into my mouth. Tears sprang to my eyes again, not from pain but from the overwhelming desire to please him, to take all of him.

"That's it," he encouraged, his voice deeper now, roughened with arousal. "Take more."

I forced myself to relax, to open wider, sliding down his length until he bumped the back of my throat. I gagged slightly but didn't pull away, determined to prove my devotion.

My tongue worked frantically along his underside, tracing the prominent vein there as I bobbed my head. Ransom's hips began to move subtly, tiny thrusts that pushed him deeper into my willing mouth.

I could feel my own arousal building again, dangerously close to another forbidden climax. The cage bit cruelly into my swollen flesh, but even that pain was transmuting into pleasure. I whimpered around his cock, trying desperately to focus on his pleasure rather than my own mounting need.

"Look at me," Ransom commanded.

I raised my eyes, meeting his gaze as I continued to work his length. What I saw there—hunger, possession, satisfaction—nearly undid me. His hand cupped my cheek, thumb wiping away a tear.

"Such a perfect mouth," he praised. "Made to serve me."

His cock pulsed against my tongue, growing even harder. Pre-cum leaked from his tip, salty and bitter, and I lapped it eagerly, moaning at the taste of him.

"Deeper," he urged, his hand moving to the back of my head. "Take all of me."

I surrendered completely as he guided me down, forcing his cock past the resistance of my throat. I focused on breathing through my nose, on relaxing my muscles, on being the perfect vessel for his pleasure.

The world narrowed to this single point of connection—his cock in my mouth, stretching me, claiming me, using me. Nothing else mattered. Not

the ache in my jaw, not the burning of my spanked ass, not the desperate throbbing of my caged cock.

Only serving him. Only pleasing him. Only being his.

Ransom's breathing grew heavier, his grip tightening in my hair. "Such a good pup," he murmured, voice thick with pleasure. "So eager to please your Master."

I redoubled my efforts, hollowing my cheeks as I sucked him, my tongue working feverishly against his shaft. His hips began to thrust more insistently, fucking my mouth with growing urgency.

"That's it," he growled. "Take it all."

I felt his cock swell impossibly larger, throbbing against my tongue as his climax approached. My own body trembled on the edge, my cage slick with pre-cum, my hole clenching desperately around nothing.

Ransom's hand moved to my collar, fingers hooking beneath it, pulling slightly—not enough to choke, just enough to remind me who I belonged to. The pressure sent a jolt of electricity down my spine, and I moaned around his length, the vibrations making him groan in response.

"Not yet," he warned, sensing my impending release. "You come when I say, not before."

I whimpered in acknowledgment, fighting against my body's desperate need for release. I belonged to him now—every pleasure, every pain, every breath was his to command.

And as his cock pulsed in my mouth, as his breathing grew ragged above me, I knew I had finally found my purpose. My home. My Master.

In his hands, I was complete.

Ransom pulled back suddenly, his cock slipping from my mouth with a wet pop. His eyes were dark, pupils blown wide with desire as he gazed down at me.

"It's time," he said, voice thick with arousal.



Ransom stood, his impressive erection jutting proudly before him. I remained on my knees, looking up at him expectantly, my body thrumming with need.

"I had planned to take you on the breeding bench tonight," he said, gesturing toward the padded apparatus near the wall. "To break you in properly."

My gaze flicked to the bench, its leather padding and steel restraints promising delicious torment. A shiver ran through me at the thought.

"But," Ransom continued, his expression softening slightly, "since it's your first night home, and you've been such a good boy..." He paused, his hand reaching down to stroke my cheek. "I think you deserve a special reward."

Before I could process his words, he bent down and scooped me up in his arms. I yelped in surprise, my tail twitching as he carried me effortlessly across the room. With casual strength, he deposited me onto his massive bed, the plush mattress giving beneath my weight.

"Present," he commanded, voice dropping to that register that made my insides quiver.

I scrambled to obey, rolling onto my stomach and pushing up onto my knees. My chest pressed against the cool sheets as I arched my back deeply, raising my ass high in the air. My thighs trembled as I spread them wide, exposing my slick, empty hole.

I couldn't help the needy whine that escaped me. The lube beads had completely dissolved, leaving me dripping and desperate. Each shift of my

hips sent trickles of slickness down my inner thighs. I felt hollow, aching to be filled.

The mattress dipped as Ransom climbed onto the bed behind me. His large hands gripped my hips, thumbs spreading my cheeks to expose me fully. I heard his sharp intake of breath as he surveyed his property.

"Look at you," he murmured, one finger tracing my swollen rim. "So wet. So ready."

I pushed back against his touch, beyond shame, beyond hesitation. My body knew what it needed.

"Please," I thought desperately, unable to form the words but hoping my body would speak for me. "Please fill me."

As if reading my mind, Ransom leaned forward, his chest a warm weight against my back. His lips brushed my ear, sending shivers down my spine.

"Tonight," he whispered, "you are allowed to come as many times as you want. I want to see how much pleasure your body can take."

A sob of gratitude caught in my throat. After the teasing, the denial, the careful control—to be given such freedom was overwhelming.

I felt the blunt head of his cock press against my entrance, hot and heavy. My body tensed in anticipation, then—

One brutal thrust buried him to the hilt inside me.

I screamed, the sound torn from my lungs as he stretched me impossibly wide. There was no gradual adjustment, no gentle easing—just sudden, complete fullness that bordered on pain.

"Fuck," Ransom growled, his fingers digging into my hips. "So tight. So perfect."

My body spasmed around his invasion, already dangerously close to climax. The cage around my cock felt like torture now, confining my swelling flesh as pleasure built to unbearable heights.

Ransom didn't wait for me to adjust. He pulled back until just the head remained inside, then slammed forward again. The force of his thrust pushed me up the bed, my face pressing into the pillows.

"That's it," he growled, setting a punishing pace. "Take it all."

Each thrust hit something deep inside me that made stars explode behind my eyes. I howled into the bedding, my body surrendering completely to the onslaught of sensation.

The first orgasm hit me like a freight train, tearing through me with such intensity that my vision went white. My cock spurted helplessly in its cage, soaking the sheets beneath me as my inner walls clenched rhythmically around Ransom's thick length.

But he didn't stop. If anything, my climax spurred him on, his hips snapping forward with renewed vigor.

"Good boy," he praised, his voice strained with pleasure. "Coming on my cock like you were made for it."

I'd never felt anything like it. The toys, the fingers, the plugs—none of them compared to this. This was alive. This was Ransom. This was real.

His cock throbbed inside me, hot and velvety, each pulse sending shockwaves through my trembling body. It hurt—a deep, stretching burn that made tears spring to my eyes—but beneath the pain was something electric, something that made my toes curl and my back arch for more.

"So tight," he groaned, his hips rolling in slow, devastating circles. "You were made for this, weren't you? Made to take my cock."

I couldn't answer—couldn't even think. My world had narrowed to the place where we were joined, to the thick, relentless invasion that was reshaping me from the inside. With each thrust, he claimed new territory, pressing against places inside me that had never been touched.

My second orgasm crashed through me without warning, my body convulsing around him as I wailed into the pillow. My caged cock spurted weakly, the pleasure almost painful in its intensity.

"That's it," Ransom encouraged, never slowing his pace. "Give me another."

He shifted slightly, the angle changing, and suddenly he was hitting something that made my vision blur. My back bowed, a strangled cry tearing from my throat as pleasure spiked through me like lightning.

"There it is," he said, satisfaction thick in his voice. "Your sweet spot."

He hammered against it mercilessly, each thrust precise and devastating. I sobbed, overwhelmed, my body no longer my own. It belonged to him—to his hands, his cock, his will.

My third climax built impossibly fast, cresting before I could prepare. This time it was different—deeper, more intense. My whole body seized, muscles locking as a gush of fluid erupted from my cock, soaking the sheets beneath us.

"Fuck," Ransom growled, his rhythm faltering. "So responsive. So perfect."

His thrusts grew erratic, his breathing harsh against my ear. With a low, animal sound, he slammed deep one final time, his cock pulsing as he emptied himself inside me. The heat of his release flooded my insides, marking me from within.

I collapsed beneath him, utterly spent, my body twitching with aftershocks. For a moment, there was only the sound of our ragged breathing, the scent of sex heavy in the air.

Then, impossibly, I felt him hardening again inside me.

"Did you think we were done?" he whispered, nipping at my ear.

Before I could process his words, he was moving, flipping me onto my back with effortless strength. My legs splayed open as he positioned himself between them, his cock—still slick with his own release—pressing against my used hole.

His hands found my nipples, still swollen and tender from the vet's treatment. When his fingers pinched them, twisted them, I screamed—a third

orgasm ripping through me without warning. My body convulsed beneath him, but he never stopped moving, never stopped watching.

"So responsive," he murmured, rolling the sensitive buds between his fingers. "These are going to be so much fun to play with."

He leaned down, taking one nipple into his mouth, sucking hard while his hips maintained their relentless rhythm. The dual sensation was too much—I came again.

My body spasmed violently as Ransom's mouth worked my nipple, his teeth grazing the sensitive peak. The world went white as another orgasm tore through me, leaving me gasping and trembling beneath him.

"Listen carefully, pup," Ransom growled against my chest, his hips never stopping their punishing rhythm. "Your body belongs to me now. Every inch of it. Every hole. Every response."

He punctuated each word with a brutal thrust, driving himself deeper into my quivering body. His hands pinned my wrists above my head, holding me open and vulnerable beneath him.

"A Puppy's body exists for his owner's pleasure," he continued, his voice thick with possession. "Every touch is permitted. Every use is sanctioned. You have no right to refuse me anything."

I whimpered, tears streaming down my face as pleasure bordered on pain. My hole clenched desperately around him, raw and oversensitive from his relentless use.

"In return," he said, his pace slowing slightly as he leaned down to brush his lips against my ear, "you are given a home. A purpose. Protection. Belonging."

His words penetrated deeper than his cock ever could, striking something primal inside me. This was what I'd been bred for, trained for, longed for. To be owned completely. To serve without reservation.

"You will serve me at my pleasure," Ransom continued, his thrusts building in intensity again. "And I will take care of what's mine."

His hand moved to my cage, fingers wrapping around the metal bars, pressing them against my aching flesh. The pressure was exquisite torture.

"Come for me again," he commanded. "Show me how well you understand your place."

My body obeyed instantly, convulsing around him as a powerful orgasm ripped through me. This time was different—a hot gush erupted from my caged cock, squirting between the bars and splashing against his stomach.

"Fuck," Ransom groaned, his rhythm faltering as my inner walls clamped down on him. With a guttural sound, he slammed deep, his cock pulsing as he flooded me with his release for the second time.

But even as his orgasm subsided, I could feel him still hard inside me.

"On your hands and knees," he ordered, withdrawing suddenly and leaving me gaping and dripping.

I scrambled to obey, my limbs shaky and uncoordinated. Before I could fully settle, his hands gripped my hips, yanking me back onto his cock in one smooth motion.

"Clean up that mess you made," he said, guiding my face down to where my release had pooled on the sheets. "Show me what a good puppy you are."

I lapped at the wetness obediently, tasting myself as he continued to fuck me from behind. The position was deeper, more animalistic. My tail brushed against his stomach with each thrust, a reminder of what I was, what I'd become.

"Perfect," he praised, his hands gripping my hips hard enough to bruise. "So perfect for me."

Time lost all meaning. My world narrowed to the places where we connected—his cock stretching me open, his hands on my body, claiming, possessing. I came again, and again, each orgasm bleeding into the next until I couldn't tell where one ended and another began.

When he finally pulled out, I collapsed onto the mattress, trembling and spent. But he wasn't finished.

"I'm going to use every hole you have tonight," he promised, setting a new, savage pace. "Mark you from the inside out."

His hand tangled in my hair, pulling my head back sharply. "You're mine now. My pet. My toy. My good boy."

Each thrust pushed his previous load deeper inside me, the obscene squelching sounds filling the room as he fucked his own cum deeper into my body. I moaned helplessly, my arms giving out until my cheek pressed against the mattress, ass still raised high for his use.

"That's it," he praised, his hand delivering a stinging slap to my flank. "Take it all."

Time lost meaning as he used me. Minutes or hours could have passed as he worked my body like an instrument he'd mastered long ago. When another climax approached, he pulled out suddenly, leaving me empty and whining.

"Clean me," he commanded, rolling onto his back beside me.

I crawled between his legs, mouth watering at the sight of his cock—slick with lube, cum, and my own juices. Without hesitation, I took him between my lips, moaning at the taste of our mingled essences.

His hand cupped the back of my head, guiding me deeper as I licked and sucked him clean. The intimate act of tasting myself on him, of cleaning the evidence of our joining, made my cage tighten painfully around my straining flesh.

"Good boy," he murmured, watching me work with heavy-lidded eyes.

When he was satisfied with my cleaning, he pushed me away and stood from the bed. I watched, dazed and needy, as he walked to the cabinet by the wall.

"We're just getting started," he said, selecting something I couldn't see. "I want to see how many positions that flexible body of yours can take."

He returned with a spreader bar, attaching it to my ankles with practiced efficiency.

"On your back," he ordered, helping me roll over.

My legs were forced wide apart, exposing my dripping, well-used hole.

The position was obscene—legs spread and raised, unable to close. He hooked the bar behind my head, folding me nearly in half, my ass presented perfectly for his use.

"Look at you," he said, admiration coloring his voice. "So perfectly positioned. So completely mine."

When he entered me again, the angle was devastating. His cock reached places inside me that made stars explode behind my eyes. I screamed, a fresh orgasm washing over me almost immediately.

"That's five," he counted, never slowing his pace. "Let's see how many more we can wring from this greedy body before morning."

Hours blurred together in a haze of pleasure and use. Ransom took me in every position imaginable—on my side with one leg raised high; seated in his lap, impaled on his cock while he pinched and twisted my nipples; bent over the edge of the bed, his hand around my throat.

Between each round, he made me clean him with my mouth, praising my eagerness as I lapped up our combined fluids. Sometimes he would simply rest inside me, still hard but motionless, his weight pinning me to the mattress as he murmured possessive words against my skin.

"Such a good pup," he would say, or "Made for this, weren't you?" Each word sank into me like a brand, reshaping my understanding of myself.

By the time dawn's light began filtering through the windows, I had lost count of my orgasms. My body was a trembling, oversensitive mess, covered in sweat, saliva, and cum. The sheets beneath us were soaked, the air heavy with the scent of sex and submission.

Ransom finally collapsed beside me, his chest heaving with exertion. He reached over, stroking my hair with unexpected tenderness.

"Rest now," he murmured, pulling me against his chest. "You've earned it."

I curled into him, my body aching in ways I'd never experienced before. As sleep claimed me, I felt something I hadn't known in my life at the Farm—complete and utter belonging.

That was six months ago. Six months of learning what it means to truly be owned.

Life with Ransom has settled into a rhythm as natural as breathing. Each morning begins the same way—I wake curled at the foot of his bed, my body automatically responding to his stirring before he even opens his eyes. Sometimes he'll guide me beneath the sheets to wake him with my mouth. Other mornings, he'll simply pat the mattress, signaling me to crawl up and present myself for his morning use.

My body has changed under his care. My nipples are permanently swollen now, sensitive to the slightest brush of fabric. He keeps them clamped most days, the constant pressure a reminder of who I belong to. The chain between them jingles when I move, a delicate sound that makes my insides flutter.

My hole stays perpetually ready for him. After that first night, Ransom rarely bothers with lube anymore—my body produces enough slickness on its own, trained to respond to his mere presence. He'll sometimes slide his fingers inside me during breakfast, casually checking my readiness while reading the morning paper, Mrs. Wilkes serving coffee without batting an eye.

The cage comes off only for cleaning and milking sessions. Twice a week, Ransom straps me to the breeding bench in his private room, inserts the milking device, and extracts every drop my body can produce. He times these sessions, keeping meticulous records of my output and responsiveness. "Proper pet maintenance," he calls it, his clinical detachment during these procedures somehow making them more intensely arousing.

My training progressed quickly. Within weeks, I learned to anticipate his needs before he voiced them—fetching his slippers when he returns home, positioning myself for use when his eyes darken with desire, remaining perfectly still during his business calls even as he idly plays with my body.

The collar never comes off. Sometimes, when we're alone in his study, he'll hook a finger through the metal ring and pull me close, his lips brushing my ear as he whispers all the filthy, wonderful things he plans to do to me. My body responds instantly, trembling with anticipation.

Dr. Hayes visits monthly for check-ups. These sessions are clinical but no less intense—my body measured, probed, documented. Ransom watches from his armchair, occasionally suggesting new modifications. The piercings came after the third visit—delicate gold rings through my now-permanently enlarged nipples. The sensitivity is almost unbearable, each tiny movement sending sparks through my chest.

I haven't spoken a word since arriving. Puppies don't talk—they communicate through sounds, through body language, through obedience. Sometimes, late at night when Ransom is buried deep inside me, I find myself grateful for this rule. What words could possibly capture the perfection of belonging so completely to someone?

There are rules, of course. Strict ones. I'm never to climb on furniture without permission. My meals are eaten from a bowl on the floor. When guests visit, I remain at Ransom's feet, invisible unless he chooses to display me. Disobedience is rare but swiftly corrected—the crop, the cane, the spreader bar, each punishment tailored to remind me of my place.

But there are rewards too. When I please him—when I take his cock particularly well, or anticipate a need before he expresses it—he'll scratch behind my ears and call me his "good boy." Those two words light me up from the inside, more powerful than any physical pleasure.

Some nights, after he's used me thoroughly, he'll allow me to curl against his side while he reads. His fingers will stroke my hair absently, and in those quiet moments, I feel a peace I never knew existed. This is what I was made for—to belong, to serve, to please.

Mrs. Wilkes has grown accustomed to finding us in compromising positions. She simply works around us, polishing surfaces or delivering messages

while Ransom might be buried deep inside me on his office desk. The first time she walked in on him fucking my throat in the kitchen, I tensed with embarrassment. Now, it's just another part of the household routine.

Ransom entertains occasionally. Elite guests arrive in expensive cars, sipping whiskey in his study while discussing business matters I don't understand. Sometimes these gatherings become demonstrations—Ransom displaying my training for appreciative audiences. I've learned to perform on command, to display my flexibility, my endurance, my complete surrender to his will.

Ransom's pleasure is my pleasure. I've learned this truth deep in my bones. When he smiles at my obedience, something inside me glows warmer than any physical sensation. When he comes inside me, my body responds with its own climax, trained to peak when he does. We're connected now—his satisfaction directly wired to my own.

My favorite times, though, are the quiet evenings when it's just the two of us. Ransom will sit in his leather chair by the fire, reading glasses perched on his nose, one hand absently stroking my head as I kneel beside him. In those moments, I feel the depth of our connection—beyond the sex, beyond the power exchange. A harmony that feels ancient and right.

Sometimes, I catch him watching me with an expression I can't quite name. Something softer than desire, more complex than possession. In those moments, I wonder if he feels it too—this perfect alignment of souls, this rightness that transcends the roles we play.

The things Ransom does to keep me in a constant state of arousal would shock even the most experienced pets at the Farm. Every morning after breakfast, he inserts a special vibrating plug that responds to his phone. Throughout the day, while he's at work and I'm home with Mrs. Wilkes, he'll activate it without warning. Sometimes it's a gentle pulse while I'm cleaning the floors on all fours. Other times it's a sudden, brutal vibration that leaves me whimpering and drooling on the kitchen tiles.

The worst—or perhaps best—is when he turns it on during my daily exercise routine. Mrs. Wilkes supervises as I crawl through the obstacle course Ransom had built in the garden. The moment I reach the tunnel, the plug will spring to life, making me collapse mid-crawl, my limbs shaking as pleasure courses through me. Mrs. Wilkes simply checks her watch. "That's another ten seconds added to your time, Freckles. Master Ransom won't be pleased."

The denial is the most exquisite torture. Some mornings, Ransom will edge me for hours, bringing me to the brink of orgasm over and over but never allowing me release. He'll use his mouth, his hands, various toys—working my body into a frenzy of need before locking me back in my cage and leaving for work. Those days, I spend hours in a haze of desperate arousal, my body hypersensitive to every brush of air.

Last week, he tried something new. He attached thin golden chains to my nipple rings, connecting them to the cage around my cock. Every movement caused a delicious tug—impossible to find a position that didn't stimulate some part of me. I spent the entire day in a state of trembling need, unable to escape the constant reminder of my arousal.

Sometimes he'll invite other Elites over specifically to test my training. They'll sit in the living room, sipping expensive brandy while Ransom demonstrates my obedience. "Freckles can hold a climax for forty-five minutes now," he'll say casually, as if discussing the weather. Then he'll insert a vibrator and order me not to come, no matter what they do to me. They take turns touching, teasing, tormenting—and I endure it all, tears streaming down my face, body shaking with the effort of restraint.

The prostate milking sessions have increased to three times weekly. Ransom has become an expert at extracting multiple dry orgasms from me, keeping me strapped to the bench long after I'm spent and shaking. "Just one more," he'll murmur, fingers pressing relentlessly against that spot inside me that makes my vision blur. "Show me how much you have left to give."

Yet despite all this—the constant arousal, the denial, the training that keeps my body perpetually on edge—nothing compares to my favorite part of each day.

At precisely 5:30 PM, I position myself by the front door. My tail swishes with anticipation as I listen for the sound of his car in the driveway. Mrs. Wilkes smiles knowingly as she passes. "Right on time, as always."

The moment the lock turns, my heart races. The door swings open, and there he stands—my Master, my world. Everything else falls away. The ache in my knees from kneeling on the hard floor, the constant throbbing of my caged cock, the tender soreness of my well-used hole—all of it fades against the joy of seeing him return.

"Hello, Pup," he'll say, those simple words washing over me like a blessing.

I crawl to him immediately, my tail wagging frantically. He lets his briefcase drop to stroke behind my ears and I lean into his touch, whimpering with happiness. And, looking up at the man who owns every part of me, I feel it again—that bone-deep certainty.

This is where I belong. This is who I am.

His pet. His possession. His good boy.

And as his hands reach for me, as his eyes darken with familiar hunger, I surrender to it completely. Again and again and again.

Forever.

THE END