

Master's new Dog: Pup

Woofs, growls, howls, whimpers. The sounds of canines that sound off, different, surround him, drawing Brandon out of a deep restless sleep. Head pounding like he's kicked back a few too many beers after a long night drinking with his friends. He tries to stand, THUD, his head hits something hard, the pain surges through him. He instinctively rubs his head, trying to move his fingers from a forced ball fist, only to push against a soft lining glove. A surge of adrenaline courses through his veins, the ache from the hit, the aching of his head, yanks him from the fog that wraps around his head.

"What the fuck?" he groans, the details of the world around him make a shiver run down his spine, his hairs on his light skin stand up on end. A leather mask presses up against his face with a red and black canine muzzle. He stares down at it for a moment, reaching to pull it off only to stop and stare at his hands wrapped in black leather mitten with a cushioned red paw pad at the top. A leather strap with a silver metal buckle is locked, making it impossible to remove, no matter how much he tries. His useless bound hands slide across the mask in vain attempts of removal.

"What is this?" he huffs, pressing his back against cold metal bars, drawing him out of his tunnel vision. A black and red body harness with a silver metal ring at the center of his chest, wrapping around his back and arms, with no discernable or easy way to slip it off. A black and red jockstrap that contains his package, his rear smooth and bare.

"Why is this on me?" he says, reaching down to his crotch, feeling a cage wrapped around his junk, hidden by the thin veil of spandex. He tries to roll shorts off when he feels a smack against his backside, followed by a bark and a growth that sends shivers down his spine.

He jerks away from the side of the cage, looking up through the bars is a reality shattering moment. Eyes widening, a second surge of adrenaline, fear and uncertainty filling his mind.

A grey and white furred anthropomorphic female wolf stands tall, towering probably close to seven feet in height. His cage allowing him no bigger space than to kneel, adds to the weight and breath of the monster's strength. With a hefty bust, rippling muscles and sharp claws that look like it could tear him limb from limb. Her fierce blue eyes stare straight into his, making him feel even smaller. In her hands is a leather leash that sways back and forth from the momentum of the recent hit. She shows her sharp teeth, lip curling, sounding off a series of barks and yaps that on one hand sound like a language, but one that is nearly completely incomprehensible to his ears.

"How did I get here? What in the world is going on," he mutters, the cage hit by the leash with a resounding ding and ring.

The wolf says something, crouching down, which still requires her to crane her neck down to look at him face to face. She barks, yips, growls, which sends Brandon to the back of his cage. The wolf's ears twitch, turning off to the side. Her head turns, standing up she lets out a howl and an awoo type noise, walking off.

With a sigh of relief Brandon moves to the cage, trying to get a view of what's going on, seeing her disappear deeper into the... store? His tunnel vision is broken down further. There are other cages, dozens of cages of humans like himself, male, female. Dressed in puppy gear of all sorts and color. There's one or two that look around as concerned and trapped as him. While some appear to have given into their position.

"What is this place?" he thinks, fearful that his words will draw the ire of that wolf lady. He sees one male human dressed in lacy feminine puppy gear; his bits locked up behind a silver cage. The sight of which makes him rub his own crotch, the cage rattles, making him take a deep breath, tense, his dick pressing against the cage, *"Fuck, fuck. Not the time,"* he thinks, taking in more of the world around him, the fear washing over him, quelling his arousal. There are others in heavier gear than him. A few in sleek rubber, with a fully canine hood.

A couple in bitch suits that force them on their elbows and knees, their bits exposed and free to be touched while they are helpless to do anything about it, their own bondage becoming the cage to keep them from getting off. Though one is caged with a faux canine dick to hang over it, *"What kind of place is this? I must be dreaming. It has to be that."*

The tapping of claws on the floor brings his attention in the direction the wolf disappeared. Other humans whine and make soft woofs, acting out like good dogs, that is all except him and a few others who are just as confused and fearful of his situation as him.

There's another with her, a buff and muscular brown and black furred wolf, with fierce predatory amber eyes. His hands and legs have a softer grey fur, yet with each step he walks with strength and power. A heavy sheath and pair of balls between his legs, exposed and really showing just how feral and powerful he is. Brandon's eyes unable to look away from their strength and power, and the female's naked breasts with visible pink nipples was one of those little strange positives of the moment.

They speak back and forth in their guttural fierce language, almost like a pair of wolves on the verge of combat. Barks, woofs, snarls, growls, a wide range of bestial vocals that make his human heart flutter, the sense of danger growing.

The pair stop at this one cage, unlocking it. A male in heavy latex gear, a purple hood. He moves forward with a seeming willingness that makes his stomach twist and turn with a deep pit. The leash in her hand attaches to a collar around the person's neck. He watches, seeing the wolf bark and woof in their human voice, but trained with perfection that if he wasn't seeing him, he'd of thought it was a dog barking and woofing, 'tail' wagging by the wiggling of their butt.

More barks and growls from the pair, while the pup presents and rolls over, doing various tricks. A small pouch tied to the female wolf's waist contains a treat that she places on the dog mask's nose. Her fierce alien language which makes Brandon recoil and make his heart race, yet the other human appears to not only be fine with it but eager.

"What do they do to him?" he mutters, catching their ears turning in his direction. The male wolf turns his gaze to him, eyes catching, causing him to pull back deeper into the cage, *"Fuck, fuck, fuck."*

There's a set of barks, howls, woofs, the brown wolf approaching his cage, hand placed on the top with a heavy thud, making it rattle. He looks into the cage, their eyes meeting again as Brandon presses himself against the back of the cage, "*What am I to do? I can't fight against that? I'm trapped in there,*" he thinks in a vain attempt to muster up some courage.

The wolf continues to speak in that domineering aggressive language, turning his head toward the female, as she speaks back just as fiercely. He stands as the two get face to face, into another aggressive arguing match and after a minute or two it calms down.

The female wolf opens the cage, giving a bark and a whine toward the other wolf as she holds the cage open just a crack.

He responds with a long lip curling growl.

The female lets out a huff, nose scrunching, tail wag slowing down to a near standstill. She reaches out with her powerful claws, to him, grabbing him by the chest harness, pulling him toward him.

"H-hey! L-let me go. We can talk this out right? I have money? You want money?" he calls out to her, her immense strength makes him feel like a helpless pup being pulled ahead toward their Master.

The female wolf holds him at the edge of the cage, keeping him there by a single claw looped into the center harness. She turns toward the other wolf a series of barks and woofs follow, by the other responding in that same domineering lip curling growl. She sighs, followed by a few more grunts, letting go of him, the cage closing and locking back into place.

"*Did it work? Is that what they wanted?*" Brandon wonders if the pair walk off as he starts to hear actual words coming from the female wolf, at what is close to what amounts to words "Yip, Tod, Lassy, Coby."

Slowly he moves toward the edge of the cage, seeing them in the distance looking at a wall but due to his viewing angle he can't tell what they are looking at, "Cole, Howl, Snicker," more words he is barely able to understand as actual words. They return though, the brown wolf with a thick black leather collar with silver metal rings attached.

"Shit I was wrong," he states, pulling back against the cage, the female wolf unlocking it, but now it's the male crouched down, reaching into the cage. He growls and huffs, the female adding to the menagerie of noises. His harness is grabbed, body pulled against the bottom of the cage back to him. The wolf lets out a loud bark that rings out, making Brandon's body freeze in spot.

"*What am I going to do?*" he thinks, looking up at the domineering wolf as he puts the collar around his neck, locking it nice and tight around him, being a little tight around his neck.

The female wolf barks something and attempts to slip a finger into the collar. She lets out a whine and huff, the other wolf nodding and barking back, adjusting the collar to the point that the female wolf can slip a finger between him and the collar.

The male wolf attaches the collar to a leash, giving it a pull and a tug, the female barking and saying something to him. Clearly it was *something* but whatever it was, Brandon felt he was not going to know, the tug making him stand on his two feet but before he could even stand the

brown wolf lets out a fierce bark which sends him back down into a submissive position, hands to the ground, pulling into himself.

The female wolf places her claws on top of his head, making him twitch, and tense. She barks something back to him, her claws gently caressing the back of his head, running along his back, which admittedly felt nice, but he stiffens when she lets out a series of barks, her attention toward the male wolf.

He huffs and growls in response, giving the leash a tug, pulling him onto the cold tiled floor. Awkwardly Brandon moves forward, trying to stay crouched down, moving a bit like a monkey, back hunched, but keeping his head low, as they approach a counter. He watches curiously, seeing the female wolf tapping on a holographic screen, "*That looks like a keyboard or data screen, but I can't make heads or tails of it,*" he thinks, tensing as the two wolves talk with more barks and growls.

The brown's tail flicks, and wag quickens, the female wolf, ears flatten, letting out a soft bark and little whine. The male wolf lets out a huff, looking at a bunch of bondage and pup gear that hangs behind the female wolf, pointing behind her, giving a quick bark.

She looks back at a set of knee pads with paw pads on them, nods and barks something in return, typing into the computer. The wolf does something on the counter which Brandon can't see exactly what is going on, but when all is said and done the female wolf hands him the knee pads, which he places onto the ground before him. He looks at it, then up at the wolf, staring at that hulking mass, "Did you want me to put that on?"

He tugs the leash, barking, saying something that *vaguely* sounded like something he could pick up but it was so quick and drowned in the wolf's alien speech he misses the chance to know what it is.

The female barks in, lips curled a bit. She steps around the counter, saying something to the other wolf, before crouching down. She looks up at the wolf saying something then back at him, saying something mixed with the growls and barks. She says it a few times with hand motions to move him close. The word he *thinks* he's hearing is, "Nuba"

"*Wait did they give me a name like some pet?*" he thinks, steadily moving forward, placing his knees onto the pads, which the female wolf ties to them in place, "*I guess that is why they have me here. It makes sense. This is like a pet shop but...*" he thinks, he then says with a soft whimper, preemptively flinching, "My name is Brandon."

She barks and growls, making him tense, but in the end, he receives soft pets along his back. She looks to the male wolf, continuing this alien conversation, standing back up, tail swishing quickly, the two talking for a good minute before giving a goodbye motion that he can somewhat understand.

The leash grows taut for a second, but he's quickly tugged forward, the domineering wolf barks loudly. Brandon hears a soft sigh from the female wolf, but his attention is on the massive beast of a man before him. Never before has he felt so small and out of control. He crawls as fast as he can to him, using the new paw knee pads to great effect.

He winces, the orange sun hanging in the blue-green sky, makes him feel a pit grow in his stomach, *"I'm really not in Kansas anymore... I guess I now know how Toto felt,"* he thinks, shaking the thought out of his head, *"No, I'm not a dog!"* he thinks, looking at this futuristic world, that's similar yet so different from his own. A world of anthropomorphic wolves all around him. The wolf pulls him into what he can best figure is the car; he tries to sit in it normally but he quickly tugs the leash and barks.

"Okay, okay!" he yells climbing down into the leg space, staying on all fours, looking up at him with fear in his eyes.

He huffs, giving a rough grunt, tying his leash to the inside of the door, activating something on the inside of the door, before slamming it closed. Brandon watches him go to the driver seat, *"This might be my chance,"* he thinks, trying to paw at the tied leash, steadily working on it as the wolf drives them away. He stiffens every so often when the wolf growls and barks, looking at him, trying to hide his work, as their eyes meet.

The wolf growls something, he tenses then resumes his work, trying in vain to get the knot untied, *"I don't care if this car is moving at whatever speed I need to get out... or it has to stop sometime, yeah,"* he thinks, slowly working the knot loose. Then the car stops, *"Now is my chance!"* he thinks, trying to pull at the door handle, *"Just a little bit more... stupid paws,"* he thinks, just managing to get to pull the handle all the way and... nothing.

A deep growl and bark soon follows. The wolf reaches back, grabbing the leash and hastily ties it to the front car seat. He lets out another bark.

Brandon winces, the leash pulling him closer to the wolf. His heart races, his eyes locked on the wolf, feeling his strength, power, clearly out classing him. He watches every move, the rippling muscles under his fur. He does his best to make himself small, rubbing his pawed hands together, "I just want to go home," he says softly.

The wolf growls and barks, which makes him jump. The car stops at an intersection. A long-drawn sigh, followed by a bark, and growl, with the words he thinks he catches Nuba. The wolf reaches over to him. Brandon tenses, ready to feel those claws dig into him, ideas of what he could easily do only to get gently pet on his head, and gentle scratch on his back, while hearing that aggressive language.

Eventually the car stops, the wolf barks something, which makes Brandon remain unmoving, his gaze locked on his new Master, unable to look away as he then takes him out of the car, leading him to what could best be described as a near-mansion. A large home, even for the wolf's own size and standard, *"Am I just some kind of prize pet for him?"* Brandon wonders, moving forward keeping an eye on the leash, so it doesn't grow taut, doing his best move with his new Master on all fours.

The wolf growls and barks as they enter, looking down at him, moving him through the large living room, kitchen, everything here makes him feel small yet also the similarities to what he's seen back at home, adds only a little comfort in the back of his mind. Taken deeper into the wolf's home, he's brought to a large BDSM room with all sorts of gear hanging on the wall. Shelves showing different masks and other play. Equipment to milk someone dry, and bondage

walls, and so much more. He's caught in awe of it, his body reminding him he's currently caged, as a part of him knows this is a little bit of his fantasy, one he never thought of ever coming true, but was it worth it now?

His attention is broken, by a tug and a bark, the wolf padding a bondage horse, that vague word "Nuba"

"You want me on that?" he asks, swallowing a lump in his throat.

He responds with a tug and a pull, almost yanking him onto it.

"I'm going, I'm going!" he whines, the wolf easily pulling his limbs into restraints, tightening them to make him completely helpless to his Master. He huffs and squirms, "What is it that you want? I can't understand you. Could we make a deal or something?" he asks but the wolf lets out a loud bark that silences him.

The wolf huffs, a smile creeping across his muzzle, the wolf's hand gently caresses his heft package, running along his balls, thumb caresses his sheath all in clear view of Brandon who sees the pink throbbing flesh slowly snake its way out of its hiding place.

"W-wait, wait," he says softly, tugging and pulling at his constraints, the massive dick completely sliding out of the wolf's sheath, the knot showing at the base, not yet fully inflated. The size and girth of his member puts anything Brandon has to shame, perhaps it was better he was caged with dicks like this around.

The wolf places his powerful claws on the human's back, giving him a small sense of just how *big* and *hefty* the wolf is. Then the wet twitching dick slaps onto his back side, up along his spine, shattering Brandon's conception of just what those two words meant, as the preconceptions were just shattered by that warm length laying on his light toned soft skinned body.

"*I swear those balls are as big as my ass,*" he thinks, trying to look around to get a better idea of just the size of the wolf, but his Master barks and he looks forward again. He tugs against the constraints in a vain attempt to know just how strongly held in place he is, quickly learning just how impossible it is, no matter how much he wants it too.

The length pulls back, guided by his ass cheeks, the member leaving a trail of natural lubricant, the wolf's powerful musk hanging in the air, as there's little doubt in his mind just what he intends to do. The divot of his cock presses against his ass, "P-please. I am not into guys I have never taaaaaaa" he exclaims as the thick dick pushes unceremoniously into his ass, breaking his anal ring in one swift thrust.

"Fuck! Fuck! You're too big!" he exclaims, feeling the massive dick push deep into his body. Sparking a rainbow of sensations deep within his rear. The first being the pain and the shock of something so massive and large pushed into him. The wolf's natural lubricant provides only some aid for his member to push into his body. The pure feral power over him, makes him feel even smaller, submissive.

The pounding of his ass, limbs jerking, trying to move, to get away, but left nowhere to go but to simply *take* it. He balls his fists in his mittens, curls his toes, another slam, his body shifting. If the bondage horse wasn't bolted to the ground, he'd know it slide across the ground

with every thrust. The wolf towering over him, his warm fur rubbing against his back, feeling rather nice as his ass burned with the passion of being taken, "Please! Please! Stop!" he exclaims, unable to handle the massive size being pushed into him, flooding his body with new sensations.

To Brandon's surprise he feels his cage growing tight, "*What? Why now?!*" he thinks for just a moment before the wolf's bark and growl draws his attention up to him. Pushing even harder, faster into his body, the knot growing with each thrust, spreading the human's ass cheeks just a little more. Making the faint sensation of pleasure of his prostate being crushed to become a little more noticeable.

The wolf takes him like a wild animal, and he is his bitch. The wolf pulls on the leash, forcing him to arch his back as he's taken harder, faster. The wolf's insatiable lust as he barks and howls over him. Occasionally that word, his name is heard, Nuba. Still lost in a sea of barks, howls and growls, he catches it on occasion, the knot ready to hit its full girth, to the point that knot was now just bouncing off his ass cheeks. His rear burning, aching, feeling every twitch of the wolf's dick as he clenches down nice and hard.

Keeping the leash taut, he reels himself closer to him. Brandon is helplessly held to the bondage horse. The wolf's hot canine member pulsates within him, shooting beads of pre-cum, adding a more lubricant with each milking thrust, encouraging him to squeeze more out of the wolf, to soothe the burn.

Each thrust felt better, yet the burn was not going away. The wolf dominates him, making sure he knows his place. Rows of sharp teeth, the power and strength, feral nature of the wolf expressing in full glory as he claims the human's ass nice and hard, "*Oh god...*" he thinks, eyes locked on those teeth, "*He could crush me like a grape.*"

His thoughts are shattered by the knot pushing harder against his rear, ready to pop in, the wolf's claws run down his side, his teeth biting into his shoulder, neck, pressing down on him. The wolf lets out a grunt, his hard thrust popping into the human's rump, flooding him with the wolf's essence. The image flooding into the human's mind that those sharp teeth could end him at any moment, even now, if he wanted, he could...

Never before has he felt so powerless, the warmth of the wolf's essence flowing into his body, making him feel heavy and full. The knot locking him to the wolf. Brandon tightly clenches down on the cock, letting out a soft whine, partially glad it seems to be over, but that tongue, teeth, holding him close, ready to go further. A shiver runs down his spine, the powerful wolf over him, pressing down on him, another layer of just how weak, frail, small he is compared to his Master. The last bits of gushing cum flowing into his tight rear, as he remains helpless over the domineering wolf. His gaze locked on those teeth, the strength of the bite, knowing that what he's feeling is just a fraction of what he could do. Helplessly he's bound to him, held down to him. His huffs, squeezing down nice and hard, as time passes. The pressure of his Master's seed and cock deep within him, his body shifting to accommodate him. The moment of relaxation, a break, letting his mind drift as his body aches. He's unsure when it

happens, but the knot relaxes. His Master's cock pulls out. His growl and woof, causes him to jump.

The wolf continues to say something, patting him on the head, running his claws along his back, which feels oddly nice, the void left by his Master's member is filled by the cum sitting within him. His ass instinctively clenches down, feeling the throbbing ache within his rear. He tries to watch him, grabbing a butt plug with a faux silicone canine tail. He lets out a growl and woof, moving back over to him, pushing it into his rear. The heavy hard ache, shuddering as his sensitive hole is spread wider... wider than a pop, hitting the point of no return, his naturally lubricated ass, locking in the wolf's essence.

He was kept there for a bit before being cleaned off, led through the rest of the home, taken to the kitchen where a water and food bowl is placed on the ground. He looks at the unappetizing meal but after a quick bark and growl he gets to it, chowing down.

The smell of what he has for dinner is mouthwatering. He watches from his spot, slowly eating his food while he has some kind of steak, "*That so damn smells good,*" he thinks, forcing himself to eat the food before him, "*This shit is so bland.*" Eventually he's taken upstairs, climbing the steps with the same crawling awkwardness, doing what he can to keep up with the wolf.

He feels the artificial wag of the butt plug tail. An odd sensation, feeling like his 'tail' is wagging as he's a happy pup, "*How did this happen to me? How could I be taken like this?*" he thinks, staying close to his Master, feeling the warmth of his fur even from his position. They walk into a massive Master bedroom. The size of his bed in the center of the room simply adds to his small pet status. Pulled forward toward the foot of the bed he sees a kennel cage, like the one he was in before, but with a human sized pet bed.

The wolf opens the door, tugging on the leash, letting out a growl and a bark, pointing inside.

"I'm going..." he says softly, keeping his head low, body still aching from the rough sex earlier. The cage creaking behind him as its locked shut. The pet bed feels soft and nice against his body. Laying down on the black bed, he looks through the cages, watching his Master get ready for bed, "*How did I get like this? What am I going to do?*" he wonders, pawing at the lock, stopping when the wolf barks at him.

The wolf huffs, turning off the lights, climbing into bed, getting a good night's rest, leaving his new pup to wonder about his new position in life, and what is to come. The human bound, helpless, caged, clenching hard on the plug in his rear, is left just wonder how long can he last, and what will become of him if he doesn't find a way to escape...