Her Puppy Shared (Parts 1+2)

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A loving dominant prepares her pet for sharing with her friends, bringing him emotional confusion.

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Part One

As a young man, I had fallen deeply in love with a woman a few years my senior and was overjoyed when I found my affections returned. As our relationship developed, I found a calling in my heart to serve her and to please her. As my submission grew, so did her dominance, not to mention her sadism. Our dance of pain and control became a thing of beauty and joy for us both. But one day, that dance was to expand in ways I had not expected.

It was an unremarkable weekend, with both of us enjoying a very lazy Saturday. We'd just finished lunch and neither of us had bothered to get dressed yet, instead idly lounging on the bed. I was enjoying Kathy's body being pressed up against mine, as she snoozed, savouring the feeling of safety in the arms of my owner. Thinking about being a prized, adored possession of my darling makes me feel warm and happy, bringing up a wave of uncontrollable joy.

Her arm around my waist and our bodies pressed together, I was quite happy for us to remain so for the rest of the day, if not the rest of time, but I knew that she had arranged for a couple of her friends to come over soon and felt we should be appropriately dressed as such.

Not wishing to wake her too suddenly, I softly enquired after her, “Kathy?”

Speaking her name must have awoken something within my sleeping beauty, rewarding me with a sleepy, “I love you, my darling,” while her hand made its way from waist to my throat, asserting her dominance over me, even as she slept.

Pushing myself back up against her, I reached behind with my arm, caressing her rear, working my way up to scratching it lightly at first and then harder. As she woke from her slumber, grunting in annoyance at being woken, I explained why I disturbed her sleep.

“We're going to have guests my love, I should go get dressed.”

Considering my sleepy partner's current lack of clothes, besides rather revealing underwear, I added kindly, “And so should you.”

But as I attempted to rise, her grip on my throat tightened, forcing me back again, pinning me tightly against her.

“Pets do not get clothes, my little puppy.”

She roughly grabbed my hair with her other hand, pulling my ear to her mouth, so close I could feel her breath on my skin, hearing her breath go in and out, tantalisingly signalling the passing of time, as she held me in place.

After a few moments that felt like an age, she continued in a whisper, while I gulped apprehensively, not quite sure if my owner was serious, “Clothes are for people, not animals”.

Her terrifying-yet-titillating words were punctuated by a sharp bite to my earlobes, drawing blood which she hungrily sucked on, eliciting murmurs of my satisfaction at part of my body feeding and joining with my master. Even so, between the pain and the imminent prospect of being naked before her friends, my heart raced, filled with apprehension at the sudden and unexpected situation I found myself in, I blurted out, “But..”

My stammering was cut short as I felt her strong grip tightening my throat, accompanied by more toying words from my owner.

“Animals do not speak, little puppy. You are being a very bad puppy.”

Her chastisement was accompanied by another squeeze of my throat, eliciting an involuntary whimper from my petrified body. Though I knew she was just toying with me, and I also knew she would enjoy punishing me, doubly so with an audience. Fear was coursing through my veins.

Yet all that fear just made me try and push myself tighter up against my master, her presence bringing with it a great sense of safety, even when she was inflicting untold pain on her property.

Feeling my reaction, Kathy laughed, her grip relaxing a little, “My little puppy, trying to hide from me by snuggling up to me again? It's always cute when you do that. But now, *I* have to go get changed.”

I felt the weight shift on the bed as she stood up, feeling a moment of disappointment at the sight of my love motioning me to stay, before disappearing to get ready. So there I lay on the bed, my mind

running with thoughts of how I'd soon be on display, like an animal, before a couple of strangers.

I whimpered, the mixture of fear and excitement, the apprehension and arousal too much for me to bear. Around and around my thoughts went, unsure of what was to come, the fear of the unknown pitted against my desire to please both my master and those she cared about. Yet even as I thought that, part of my mind rebelled against being treated as an animal and against the indignity of being displayed naked before strangers.

“Look what I have here for you, boy.”

Dragged back from my thoughts, I looked up, my eyes pulled away from her beautiful form towards the two items in her hands. One, a thickset dog collar, I had been expecting. The other, I had not. It looked like a tail, but with a butt plug attached. Realisation dawned, and I looked questioningly up at my owner, knowing from the look of playful glee on her face that this was happening, one way or the other.

“Heel, boy.”

Obediently, I stood up and began to stride towards he, eager to please. Apparently a little too eager.

“On your hands and knees, like the dog that you are.”

Responding to her order, I dropped to the ground and crawled towards her, feeling a little disappointed in myself and realising that the playful note of mischief in the tone of her voice didn't mean all was forgiven, but that she was looking forward to “punishing” me.

As I shivered with anticipation, she responded with a smile, noting the mixture of arousal and apprehension that her “punishments” evoked in me, enjoying the conflict inside me. But soon, even with my slow and degrading crawl, I was at my master's heels, looking up eagerly at the woman standing over me, ready to collar and tail me.

While she attached the collar around my neck, I stayed still, like the good boy I aspire to be. It was a snug fit around my neck, a reminder of her ownership and of my role as her pet, but it didn't inhibit movement, fortunately. When it came to inserting the tail, however, my hind-brain took over, backing me up, trying to escape my fate.

My face snapped to the left as the slap landed, leaving a sting to remind me of my insubordination.

“Bad boy! Puppy needs his tail.”

Recoiling from the slap and whimpering at the rebuke from my owner, I asserted myself over my fear, timidly presenting my behind to receive my tail. I prepared myself for it, part looking forward to the violation of my behind, part dreading it.

First came the lube and then, what felt like an age later in my tense anticipation, came her slow push of the plug into my body, penetrating me, moving inside of me. Even as I whimpered in response, my emotional state overwhelmed by all that was happening, I enjoyed the sensations and the intimacy that my partner was invading.

An intimacy that I wanted her to invade, conquer and make her own.

When the pushing stopped, I could feel it fitting snugly inside me. It was... nice, if a little discomforting. I looked around at my love for reassurance and found it in the beautiful smile that she wore, beaming at my transformation into an animal.

“Mmm, why, don't you look a lovely little puppy? Now remember – you are to be an active, playful puppy. No one likes a dull puppy! And you are to obey them as you might obey me, understood?”

I gulped, terror striking me again, freezing me for a moment before I looked up into the loving eyes of my partner, with her lovely, caring smile and I nodded, embracing my role as her pet.

A moment later, the doorbell rang and I heard the click of a leash being attached to my collar.

Part Two

My body shuddered with an ecstatic sense of being controlled, as the pressure on my neck, of Kathy pulling upon my leash, guided me towards the door, guiding me to meet these friends with whom she wished to share her naked pet. Excitement and trepidation at the prospect of serving my master in such a way began to overrun my fears. I was hers, to do with as she wished and that knowledge drove me joyously forward.

Desiring to share that excitement with my partner, I barked, “Woof! Woof woof!”

My heart beamed as my enthusiasm was met with a smiling glance, becoming an amused one, as I waggled my bottom to wag my tail.

“Mmm, good boy!”

Her praise only making me wag my tail harder, despite the discomfort it caused, as the butt plug that was violating me tried to move side to side in response. As we reached the front door, I was floating on a blissful sea made up of my desire to serve her, my sails catching the winds of her praise.

Yet even so, as the door opened to let in the reality, apprehension hit once more, like a tidal wave, paralyzing me and I looked on like a rabbit caught in the headlights, at the couple before me. Both of them seemed relaxed, his pose subtly more in charge, hers more deferential. I wondered if there was something in that. Both were a fair bit older, yet still under forty and in good shape. I found their relaxed smiles disarming and some of my fear ebbed away, replaced by furious wondering about what the immediate future might hold.

Remembering myself and my instructions to be playful, I rushed forward as best I could on my hands and knees, giving excited barks and wagging my tail.

Chuckling, the woman motioned towards me after closing the door behind her, “What an adorable new pet you have, Kathy! How long have you had him?”

Her kind words warmed me, filling me with pleasure at the pride I knew my owner would be feeling.

“Oh, he's been around for some time, but he's only been my property a little while. He *is* adorable, isn't he? He can be rather naughty though. I could lend you to him for a while sometime – then you'd learn just how much work he can be sometimes.”

My master's offer of loaning me out, as if I were a book in a library, made me tingle inside with fear, arousal and a growing warm of pride, that she felt me worth lending out. I waited with baited breath for the answer.

“Hmm...” She eyed me up, assessing me, a pensive look on her face, obviously intrigued by the offer. “It might be nice to have a pet for a while.”

Seeing my excitement fade away into doubt and apprehension at the thought of being taken away by this strange woman, her smile turned mischievous and her voice more certain.

“Yes. I would like to borrow him for a while sometime.”

Crouching down in front of me, she gripped my neck beneath my master's collar. Staring intently into my fear-widened eyes, she calmly and firmly, with a definite sense of finality, spelled out part of my future.

“I will enjoy teaching you to appreciate both me and my husband in every possible way.”

Tenderly stroking my hair and my cheeks with her other hand, she continued, her words sending shivers of desire down my spine, even as I tried not to whimper in fear.

“I will look forward to listening to your begging, your whimpering, your crying.”

Standing back up, she turned to the man and asking if that was fine by him.

“Certainly my love, I'd enjoy having someone, another toy to play with.”

I shuddered again, at the thought of not just one, but two strangers having me, to do with as they wished for a time. Shame filled me and a feeling of being whored out.

“My, my, someone is getting excited, aren't they?”

I realised that his comment was referencing my erection, which had been steadily growing and I unthinkingly tried to pull myself as tight as possible, trying to hide from the humiliating embarrassment.

Kathy was having none of it and a sharp pull my leash reminded me not to indulge in such boring behaviour. With a wag of my tail, I made my way back to her, briefly nuzzling her leg and enjoying the feeling of safety, from being at her feet, before being pushed back in the direction of her guests.

“Naughty little thing, as I said. He's due a few swats. Perhaps we should move through to the living room, where we'd be more comfortable?”

This was met with enthusiastic nodding and so Kathy led, keeping me close on a tight leash and the others followed behind. Even while I enjoyed being leashed by my owner, I felt scared, as the realisation of what it meant to be her property sank in. The realisation of having become something to be shared for the joy and pleasure of those close to her. But even as I felt that fear, my heart rode high on the pride of being chosen to bring such joy, such happiness and being given the chance to serve not just Kathy, but those close and important to her too.