

Player 2:

Vixen's Run.

A modestly large city on the coast, graced by beaches, a forest nearby, a large college, and no shortage of rumors about paranormal activity. In the past two hundred and twenty four years since the city's founding, it had gained no shortage of rumors about ghosts, the occult, alien visitations, and all sorts of other oddities.

But who cared about all that stuff? Vixen's Run University (VRU) was an accredited school where young men and women went to forge their futures, build connections, and learn the skills to make the world a greater place in the future. It was a place of considerable curiosity, where scientific experiments were conducted and new technologies were pioneered. And it was absolutely NOT a Party School, despite what the fraternity Delta Omega Gamma would have you believe. It was a place of higher learning, rhetoric, and reason.

A place like that should be immune to any bizarre goings on.

Of course, it wasn't.

Around campus at the start of a new semester, a number of students would be enrolled in a new class without their knowing. This class would be scheduled for a room in the Biology Building, Room 169, that didn't exist before the class did. But it was very real now... The class, "Obedience Training and Animal Handling", would be listed as mandatory for all students scheduled, with warning flags indicating it could affect their academic careers if they didn't attend. But for now, most students were just waking up to discover the new class on their schedules.

Students like...

Player 1:

Alister Tanner, a first year, and it painfully showed by just how much of an effort he was making. Crisp shirts, often paired with a waistcoat, sometimes even ironed. Formal pants, nice shoes, carefully styled to be artistically messy but not too messy blonde hair. Presentation was part and parcel of academic performance to him, and he was very keen to look like he was succeeding. So when a brand new class showed up in his schedule? It wasn't exactly all that far fetched for him. It wasn't even the first time he'd signed up for an elective without strictly remembering doing so. Sure, he was pushing himself a little hard, but that's what winners did.

And Alister very much liked to think of himself as a winner.

Which meant he didn't stop to question it, he just packed a satchel bag with a brand new notebook for the course, water in case he needed it, a snack bar in case it went long, and a dozen other little touches because it never ever hurt to be prepared to succeed. A little bit of

water splashed on his face to chase off the lingering tiredness of the morning, and he was off to prove why he was a success. After all, how hard could animal handling even be? His family had a cat growing up, it was basically just don't be loud or scary at them. Easy.

The only challenge was locating a room missing from the campus map, but one he conquered with a few minutes to spare.

Player 2:

The class door to room 169 would open up to a wide lecture hall filled with students of various other styles of dress and appearance. Alister even saw a guy who hadn't even bothered taking off a pair of kitty-cat footie pajamas lounging in the back row of the class. Given that it was an 8 am class some people might not have even really bothered to wake up. He apparently hadn't been the first person to arrive. There were only a few empty seats by the time he got to class.

At the front of the class seated at a desk was a tall, broad-shouldered man who looked rather odd! He was clearly a human, one with bright golden hair cut short, but he was wearing what appeared to be a latex pup hood, complete with a cut red slitted "tongue". It stood out against his bright white leather vest and red undershirt, as he tapped some papers against the desk, dog tags on a collar jingling against his neck. To the man's left was what appeared to be a large cage covered by a bright red cloth, obscuring its contents from view. Alister could vaguely hear whining and yapping noises from within it.

As he took his seat, Alister would find himself sitting next to a young tan-skinned man with brown hair who tilted his head. "Hey. I'm Birdy. Strange question but do you remember signing up for this?"

Player 1:

Seeing students in pretty much any state of dress wasn't unusual. After themed night outs, and lack of time to get changed for a morning lecture, you'd sometimes see students in utterly absurd outfits, without much of a care in the world so long as they didn't get marked as absent. Hardly dressing for success, unlike Alister, but they were technically allowed to do it. What however wasn't nearly so typical as one of the teachers being dressed that way.

Alister had absolutely no idea what to make of the strange professor. The ridiculous hood utterly at odds with the rest of a far more formal outfit, the rest of his clothes at least seemingly right at home with his proper behaviour. For a few long seconds, Alister wondered if this was some lingering dream weirdness, but no matter how long he stared that odd mask wasn't vanishing. No-one else appeared too bothered by it... maybe this was something to do with animal handling?

"I've volunteered for a number of electives, but no, not this one specifically. And you can call me Alister." He smiled, offering a hand to shake. First impressions were important. "I assume it's relevant to our wider course somehow. Or some glitch in the system equated management with

obedience or something like that. I imagine if this is a fault in scheduling that it's better to attend just in case."

Player 2:

Birdy shook Alister's hand back and gave a shrug. I've asked a few other students. Seems like they're pulling people from all different fields of study, and-

A bell rang, as the teacher stood up, interrupting what Birdy was saying in response. "Bark! Hello, class! It's a pleasure to see all of you so bright eyed and bushy-tailed this morning! My name is Professor Spot!" He waved a hand to all of them, standing with his back straight and his poise a bit rigid. Like he was a spring tensed and ready to be released. "Now, I'm sure all of you have some questions about this class, and the best way to answer all of them is to just jump right in! But before we do, you all need to be wearing your uniforms!"

He bent down behind his desk, wiggling his butt like a dog might, before pulling up a bright brown unmarked box. Carrying it, he walked in front of each student, dropping something in front of them.

Collars. Like the fabric one Professor Spot was wearing. The one in front of Birdy had a little golden bell hanging from it. The one in front of Alister had a little silver tag on it cut in the shape of a bone. As he handed out the "uniforms", Professor Spot spoke, his voice a bit muffled by the pup mask but still hearable. "While you are in class you will be expected to wear your collar at all times unless directed otherwise. It's important to making the best first impression that you wear it willingly, bark!"

Birdy arched one eyebrow as he stared at the collar, and then back at the professor, who was wiggling his butt like a trained whore as he handed out collars. "I, uh... you gonna put yours on, Alister?"

Player 1:

Professor... Spot?

Alister was starting to worry someone was pulling a very elaborate prank. Was this Delta Omega Gamma? Everyone knew they had a reputation for causing chaos with their attempts to play 'pranks' on each other, or the other students. Looking around, he couldn't see anyone in a DOG hoodie or jacket, but that also didn't mean that there wasn't someone.

Because if this wasn't a prank, then eccentric didn't even begin to cover the teacher waltzing his way from desk to desk.

"I... I'm not sure." Dressing to impress was a core belief for Alister. If there was additional uniform to be worn, he'd wear it even if it clashed with his carefully cultivated image. That's what he would have said every other time. And yet, staring down at the red leather collar in front of him, it was a lot harder to put that into practice. "Do you think he's serious?" Glancing around

the room showed that at least a few students were putting theirs on, many looking as confused as he felt.

"We wouldn't be the only ones, and I'd hate to look like I didn't want to learn." He didn't exactly sound sure about the idea, but first impressions were essential, so round his neck wrapped that collar. Buckled perhaps a little clumsily when he couldn't see what he was doing, as he found himself staring at Professor Spot.

Player 2:

The second the collar was buckled on, there was a sort of smooth gentle sensation to it. Though the collar was made of a soft fabric, it almost felt like Alister's neck was touching rubber. He felt a tingling sensation run along his cock, almost as if someone were stroking him off. And unbidden, an idea that felt like his own thoughts popped into his mind as he heard the dog tag of his collar jingling against the metal hoop attaching it.

I am a puppy. I've always been a puppy, deep down, and I'm only just now realizing it.

Though the thought was entirely artificial, pushed into his mind by the collar, it felt like Alister's own thoughts. As if he was having a very important revelation, matched with another tingle along his cock, as if some phantom hand was caressing it, rewarding him with pleasure for thinking what he'd just did.

I am a puppy.

The collar felt good.

Good puppies wear collars. It feels sexy to be a good puppy.

It felt hot. Tingly.

Other people around Alister were slowly putting their collars on as well. There was a considerable amount of hesitation in the class, but slowly uncertain expressions gave way to huffs and grunts of pleasure, as well as dumb, wide smiles.

Birdy stared at his collar for a moment, before looking up at Alister. "I guess if you're doing it..." He reached down, with some hesitation, to pick up the collar. Slowly putting it around his neck, he tightened the clasp. And then his eyes went wide. "O-oh!" He huffed and shuddered, his pants tightening. Before Birdy relaxed. "M-mew..."

Player 1:

Alister was still fiddling with the tab at the back, trying to figure out how to smooth over the clasp when that tingle brushed through his body and he entirely forgot about what he'd been doing. He could worry about perfecting the fit later, first came appreciating the kiss of it around his

throat. It felt good. Really good, in fact. Right at home around his throat, in a way that his clothes and accessories didn't normally.

Certainly, he'd thought his carefully selected style suited him, but he was now realizing he hadn't quite been right. Yes, that slightly formal, slightly artsy fashion was alright, but this collar? That felt good. Maybe he'd leave it on, after all, just for a while. If they let him keep it. They would let him keep it, right? He didn't want to take it off again.

"Arrff." Gosh, skinny fit pants suddenly didn't feel like as smart an idea as it had. The sight of so many guys and gals in collars was, well distracting to say the least. "It looks good on you." Alister offered with a smile, absent mindedly running his fingers over his own collar. Tracing the shape of it around his throat.

It made him look good, he was certain of that. Hot. The collar on Birdy looked good, and he was utterly certain his own probably looked even better. Confident. Sexy. Puppy.

Player 2:

Sexy puppies are Good Dogs.

The collar itself pushed thoughts into Alister's head, each thought coming with it a gentle tingle of pleasure along his cock. Nothing to ever get him off, but a teasing stimulation. Pavlovian conditioning to associate the thoughts and his new collar with sexual pleasure.

I want to be a Good Dog. Puppies that are Good Dogs feel better.

At the compliment, Birdy laughed. "I don't know what I was worried about before!" He reached down to jingle the little bell on his collar. "I mean, it's so obvious why I need this thing. I'm a k-"

And then, there was a clapping noise from the front of the class. Professor Spot was standing there, having set aside his now emptied-box of collars. "Everyone is wearing their collars! You're all such Good Dogs and Kitties!" He clapped for them. "And that's the purpose of this class, before anyone asks questions. The College has identified all the students who aren't actually the species they were designated at birth." He looked around at the whole class. "You all think you're humans, foxes, bulls, or whatnot... but really, you're not those. Deep down, you know that you're pets. It is the goal of this class to teach you all what you really are... taking you from what you think you're supposed to be..." Professor Spot reached up to tug the red cloth off of the cage. "To this!"

Inside the cage were two people, both of them very oddly dressed. One of them was human, nearly naked, wearing a pup hood like Professor Spot and with a vacant expression on his face. His body was clad in a smooth, slick black outfit with white spots on it, a large cock flopping out and dripping on the cage floor, with a puppy tail rubber plug pushed up into his backside. "Bark! Bark! Woof!" He put two paw glove-encased hands on the front of the cage, barking at the class while wiggling his tail. The other student was clearly a fox, but wearing a kitty mask and

with his floofy tail smushed into a ropey feline one. "Mew!" He batted at a ball of yarn with a vacant expression, a calico-printed rubber suit identifying him as a kitty as much as the little fishy tag on his collar. He made a show of not looking at the class, licking a paw before going back to playing.

Professor Spot smiled. "Mittens and Pokey here are two graduates from the class! They're both happy good little pets eager to please their masters and be Good Pups and Good Kittens, while studying for their majors in Art History and Mathematics respectively.

At this, Birdy blinked. "THOSE two study anything?!? They look braindead..."

Player 1:

Sexy puppies are Good Dogs.

Everybody knew that. Alister wasn't certain he'd known that an hour ago, but the thought was certainly there now, and it felt right at home in his head. He was a puppy, that much was obvious. After all, his collar made it pretty clear, with its tag. Even before then though, he'd always had that weird feeling, and now he had a name to put to the idea.

Puppy.

Was he a Good Dog though? That was a lot less clear, he didn't really know what he'd need to do to qualify for that. His attendance was near perfect, his grades consistently high. Very few people he didn't get on with, and even fewer he wasn't on at least neutral terms with. He volunteered, he took more classes than he had to, and by his estimation within a year he might even make honor roll. That was being a good student though, not really being a Good Dog. How did he...

By wearing his collar! It seemed so obvious now that Professor Spot pointed it out, and for a moment Alister just grinned vacantly, soaking in the fuzzy feeling of being called that, and the tingle of pleasure that raced through his dick to leave a wet spot of pre in his boxers. He just had to listen to the Professor, and surely the oddly dressed man would teach him all about how to be a Good Dog so he could keep feeling this good. So that he could feel even better.

Birdy's confusion pulled Alister out of his head, where he'd been staring at Pokey and admiring how comfy his outfit looked. Dragging him back to what was happening, and the fact there were two students, dressed in glossy outfits, blatantly sexualized in a cage. And that was clearly wrong, you couldn't just keep two Good Dogs and Kitties like... like, what had he been saying again?

"Do they even know we're here? They don't exactly look ready to have a conversation, let alone study something. Do you think they're okay?" Alister asked, not keeping his voice down as much as he'd intended.

Player 2:

At the question from Alister, Professor Spot turned his head to gaze at the over-achiever. "Bad Dog! You aren't supposed to talk in class without raising your paw!" At the comment, suddenly an icy chill ran down Alister's spine. Just the words coming out of Professor Spot's muzzle made Mittens and Pokey shrink in the cage and whine and mewl. A thought filled Alister's mind, as he felt his cock touched by ice.

Bad Dogs who disobey deserve to be punished. Bad Dogs have to be punished to learn to be good puppies.

It was the opposite sort of Pavlovian conditioning, a feeling of unpleasantness associated with a specific term. Even Birdy seemed to cringe slightly seeing Alister rebuked.

Professor Spot put his hands on his hips. "If you have questions about Mittens and Pokey, you're supposed to raise your hand and ask your professor. I didn't expect anyone to be naughty on the first day, but I think a certain new pup will have to stay after class... Alister, see me once the bell rings."

Player 1:

Alister withered on the spot the moment those awful words echoed through his head. First impressions were so important, and he'd just spoiled his. He'd been dumb, and made the teacher shout at him in front of all his fellow students, and now they all knew he'd been a Bad Dog.

Such a simple term. Such a silly term, really, to be delivered in a harsh tone as if it was a meaningful rebuke. It was though. Alister wanted to shrink into his desk and disappear. He wanted to explain that he hadn't known the rules, so he didn't mean to break them. He wanted to stand up, and tell the weird, hooded teacher that he couldn't talk to him like that...

He wanted to be a Good Dog.

So he just nodded. Apologizing would mean talking, and he didn't want to get in trouble again immediately after his first scolding. He was certain he could just straighten things out after class, Professor Spot would understand he was sure. This was all a big mistake, because he was a Good Dog, he'd even convinced someone else to wear their collar.

He reassured himself, mouthing along words he didn't speak aloud. "I'm a puppy." Silent, but going through the motions a few times till he felt better again. Which was normal... right?

Player 2:

Professor Spot gave him a nod. Everyone else had fallen silent. There was the impression that Alister had been made an example of. Even Birdy seemed to be cowed into silence. Professor Spot waited another moment for anyone to speak up, before going back and beginning a lecture on the different types of pets in class today. Dogs. Cats. A few Ponies and a single Cow (who

was actually physically a bull, but Professor Spot promised them he'd explain more about that in future lectures) Before Alister realized it, an hour had passed, and the Professor was dismissing everyone in the class. Birdy gave Alister a look of sympathy before leaving.

Leaving Alister alone with Professor Spot, as well as Mittens and Pokey in their cage.

The professor didn't immediately address Alister. Instead, he pulled out a key and walked up to the cage, unlocking it and opening it. "Mew! Meeew!" Mittens padded up to the cage, rubbing his rubber hooded "face" against the Professor's thigh. Pokey barked and followed, making a show of licking his rubber tongue against the professor.

Spot gave them both head pats. "You're both such good pets! So well behaved in class. Pokey, you didn't even piddle! Good dog!" He laughed, before tugging on their collars. "Now get dressed and go to class. I'm sure your owners will be eager to reward you with treats and humps once you're done."

Alister watched as the two pets stood up like proper people would, each nodding, before heading to duffel bags in the corner of the room to withdraw clothing... which they were putting on over their petplay gear. As they were getting dressed, Professor Spot folded his arms behind his back and turned to Alister. "Mr. Alister... now that we're alone, I'd like to ask you. Do you have any concerns about today's class?"

Player 1:

The lecture was surprisingly detailed on a subject Alister hadn't even properly heard of until this first class. It made sense if the College had managed to identify everyone who needed the extra help figuring out who they were, that there would be a variety of types of pet in the class. Yes, dogs and cats would be most common, but the basic differences between the varying types of pets were surprisingly obvious once he'd had them pointed out to him.

Still, interesting as it was, it didn't chase away the weird feeling in his stomach. Somewhere between worry about being in trouble, and a lingering doubt about whether or not he really belonged in the class. After all, everyone else looked so perfectly natural and happy, but he was having worries. So perhaps there'd been some mistake in assignments after all.

Certainly he didn't feel nearly as happy as the two example pets, who he'd expected to change out of their gear, not simply layer over it. They were advanced students though, maybe that's just what the class did to people. Which... well was that good? It certainly didn't seem completely good.

"Well to be honest, yes Professor. First and foremost I want to apologize for speaking up in class without remembering my paw first. I'm normally a very good student, and I really don't want you to get the wrong idea about me." It was very, very important that Professor Spot liked him. Which might be why Alister couldn't quite make eye contact, despite it normally being a core social skill he prided himself on. "And secondly I'm not certain I belong here. Obviously I'm

a puppy, but I really don't think I'm a pet." Spoken without the faintest hint he had any clue what he'd said. "After all I'm a A student, and well, the pets here seem a little too distracted to do that. So there must be a mixup with the College, which obviously isn't your fault. I'm just not sure I'm quite right for the course at all."

Spot wouldn't take the collar from him, would he?

Player 2:

Professor Spot had his hands on his hips. "Well, let me ask you a simple question, puppy. Do you want your collar taken from you?"

He stared at Alister with calm eyes, his tone not adversarial at all. But the question seemed to chill at Alister's soul.

I am a puppy. Puppies need their collars.

Player 1:

Alister's expression fell instantly, dread creeping in with a chill at the very idea of it. If he'd had a tail it would have just tucked as low as it could.

"No!" He barked exclaimed quickly, louder than he'd meant to. "Sorry, sorry, I mean no, I don't want that. Like I said, I'm a puppy, and everyone knows they need their collars." It was just a basic fact, really. Without it he'd be plain. He'd be boring. He wouldn't be a cool, stylish, sexy puppy.

Player 2:

Professor Spot walked up to him and then reached up to pet at Alister's head. "Then you need to come to the class. You want to learn how to be a Good Dog, don't you, pup?" He tilted his head, the hood close enough to Alister that he could smell the rubber of it. "If you're a puppy, then there was no mistake at all. Some students just have a harder time with certain classes than others. I can tell that even if you are a Puppy, Obedience Training isn't quite as easy for you as it came to Pokey or Mittens." The head pets felt nicer than they had any right to.

I am a puppy. When master is happy with me he pets me.

Professor Spot barked before locking eyes with Alister. "So I think since this is only your first time being punished, what you need isn't any major punishment like a spanking or some kennel-time... it's just some tutoring. Would you like that, boy? Huh? Would you like some help learning how to be a Good Boy?"

Player 1:

Up close, it was easier to get a sense of the Professor. To realize how much taller, how much heavier built he was than Alister. And yet looking up, the human couldn't see a clear view of the person under that rubber hood. Which he supposed might be the idea. Not so much pretending

the teacher was someone else, as it was that this was who his teacher really was. Happy, and shiny and canine and confident.

And gosh, that hand brushing through his hair felt amazing. He was pretty sure a teacher wasn't really meant to be touching him, but when it felt this good he wasn't in a rush to say otherwise. Besides it was only natural for master to pet him.

Comfort turned to relief, turned to an eager yearning that brushed aside his doubts. There simply wasn't room for worries when the opportunity to be a Good Boy was right there! "Yes! Yes Professor, I wanna be good." He liked learning, right? He loved the idea that his teachers liked him, so it was only natural he'd be so eager with the opportunity to impress right in front of him. Nothing weird about that.

And it wasn't that weird to be half hard in your boxers just from your teacher using that tone of voice.

Player 2:

The professor would give a nod, before walking back to his desk and opening a drawer. "That's the right attitude. You might actually be a Good Boy after all. Now the tutoring I'm going to give you might be a bit unorthodox, but so is our entire class. Just remember that Good Dogs obey, and if you want to learn to be a Good Dog, you need to obey me." He opened a drawer and pulled out what looked like two thick black rubber gloves stylized to look like Doggy Paws and set them on his desk. And then after it, a large sleek black rubber suit printed like Pokey's reverse Dalmation suit had looked like, a hole cut in the crotch to show off a pup's cock and balls. And then a tail attached to a butt-plug, and a bottle of lube.

Good Dogs obey.

And then a Pup Hood just like Professor Spot's.

Good Dogs obey.

"Today, for your tutoring you will be going through a Sink-or-Swim teaching method. Stand up, strip off your clothing, and stand in front of me. We're going to get you properly suited up and ready for walkies, pup.

Player 1:

Every hit of those two magic words left Alister's thoughts scattered, and him craving increasingly desperately to hear them again. He had protests, definitely, reservations about what was being unpacked in front of him, but every time he'd put his thoughts back in gear enough to structure a proper complaint in a way that wouldn't upset his teacher, those two wonderful words sent all those ideas scattered to the winds again.

"I'm not sure, Professor, isn't this a little advanced for me?" He'd only had one class, and this was definitely not right. You weren't meant to be touched by your teachers, let alone strip naked for them but... but he'd been told that Good Dogs obeyed, and not stripping down was basically the opposite of obeying. Alister was caught between the scrambled sense of self and self preservation, and that aching need to be a Good Boy.

Maybe he could just ditch a few of his clothes. The outer layer. The shirt. His shoes. And hey, then he was already into the swing of it, and before he knew it he was down to just his fashionable, branded boxers, thumbs already hooked into the waistband before his mind caught up with what was happening. "W-wait, I'm really not sure this is a good idea. Do I really need that to be a Good Boy?" Hearing the words said was one thing, hearing it directed to him was another. God, he wanted so fucking badly to have it said to him.

Player 2:

The professor locked eyes with him, Pup Hood expressionless yet the gaze saying all he needed to hear. "Good Boys obey, pup."

Good Boys obey.

Standing up, Professor Spot took a step towards Alister, his musk in the man's nostrils. "If you want to be a Good Boy and get good grades in the class, you have to show how good a puppy you are. Puppies don't bother with clothes, do they?" His tone was warm, but unyielding. Like gently heated metal. "They just obey. Good Boys obey."

Good Boys obey.

Each time the term was used, Alister felt another tingle along his cock. Another flash of pleasure. Professor Spot pet at Alister's head. "I understand it can feel like a lot, when you finally figure out what your body really needs and what you really are. But I bet deep down you've always wanted this, haven't you? Always tried to get everyone to like you, to do everything right, to be a Good Boy. Because I think that's what you really are, deep down. A Good Boy who just wants pets and praise and treats for how obedient he is. And tonight, you can learn how that really feels."

Player 1:

Good Boys obey.

It was such a simple, easy to follow recipe. No need to worry about the ins and out of class politics. No need to second guess what the Professor might mean. No need to even figure out what he needed to do. He'd be told. The freedom promised by that truth was tempting, intoxicating. Compared the uncertainty of his lingering doubts, obeying sounded so much clearer. So much easier.

Good boys obey.

It only took a little nudge to get his waistband over his hips, and from there he really only needed a wiggle to get his boxers to drop and discard that last piece of clothing. Exposed, with nothing on him but his collar, and his quickly stirring cock on full display. The Professor was right, he must have always wanted this. He'd always worked so hard to have people like him, it was barely even a twist to reframe it how his teacher wanted. Alister wanted to be a Good Boy so dammed badly, and this class was the secret to finally learning how.

He wanted treats. Treats sounded lovely.

He wanted pets. Pets meant master was happy.

"I want to be a Good Boy." he murmured, not even realizing he was talking as he pushed his head into Professor Spot's hand. He was naked, anyone could walk in and see him. He should be embarrassed, and he definitely was but... puppies didn't bother with clothes, right?

Player 2:

Professor Spot beamed at him from that rigid rubber pup hood. "Bark! Good Boy, Alister! Good Boy!" He could feel a tingle along his cock each time the words were used. A flash of pleasure interrupting any thoughts he had. The Professor lifted the rubber suit up and held it out to him. "Now step into this..." The crotch of the suit was empty, but the smooth, sleek, slightly slick rubber rubbed along Alister's body, a tight fitting second skin clinging to him and squeaking as he felt his legs fitting into it, the suit squeezing against his thighs and along his chest. It left almost nothing to the imagination, tracing contours along his body.

And the thoughts felt stronger now.

I am a puppy. I have never been a human. Deep down, I always knew I needed to be a puppy.

It felt like someone was repeating it quietly in the back of his head non-stop now, his cock tingling as the suit tried to nurse him to a fully erect state. The professor's eyes glinted. "Now turn around, Good Boy." He lifted up the doggy-tail butt plug, smearing it with lube. "Rrrrruff... Professor Spots' got to get you properly dressed for a fun walkie."

Alister would feel his backdoor smeared with slick, cool lube. His ass- his tailhole lubed. A finger pushing slowly inside him. "Be a Good Boy and relax back there for your teacher, ok pup?" Professor Spot teased at Alister's tailhole, getting it stretched out a little bit at a time, rubbing back and forth inside it, and cooing and reminding Alister how good he was being whenever he seemed to grow uncomfortable. Eventually, the plug would be reached for, as for a moment Alister felt his backdoor grow empty once more... only to have the fat plug with the rubber doggy tail push between his cheeks, slipping inside his stretched asshole with a distinct "Pop" of the two lubed objects as the plug hit a resting state.

And the voice in Alister's head grew stronger.

I am a Good Boy. Good Boys obey. Good Boys are good dumb doggies who need a Master to obey.

Player 1:

Alister very nearly barked right back. He didn't have the practice, but that probably didn't matter, enthusiasm was the important bit. He was doing well, he was making Master the Professor happy, and that was an absolutely addictive feeling.

Really, it was way, way too easy to pair that fuzzy, floaty sensation with the kiss of rubber against his body in a way he couldn't really tell apart. He'd been feeling it from the moment that suit had first touched his body, and Professor Spot seemed to be in no hurry at all to let him escape from it. Tight, squeezing, a challenge to get into but there was help there to guide him through it. Like a hug over every inch of his body it clung to. Smoothing over his skin, how he'd looked before, in favour of the reverse dalmation look. Helping reinforce the idea that yes, he was a Puppy. Not a person.

Puppy.

"I'm not, I haven't..." Alister protested softly, barely any feeling behind it as slick fingers teased at his tailhole. "Not played there before." He finally finished. Gay, straight, that didn't matter. He was a Good Boy, and Good Boys obeyed. If Professor Spot thought he needed his ass played with to be good, then that must be true. And after the initial stretch and unfamiliar discomfort, it started feeling good. Very good, in fact. Enough to make sure that his exposed cock was dripping a steady stream of pre to make a mess of his glossy thighs. He wasn't completely hard, but he didn't let that bother him.

Not when he was being a Good Boy.

Not when that tail finally settled in place in his tailhole, and he moaned like a bitch in heat at how good it felt. How right it felt, despite the fact he'd been a virgin before this class. The more he squeezed, the better it felt. The rubber tail swishing slightly as he repeatedly squeezed and relaxed, rolling his hips to hump into empty air.

Player 2:

Professor Spot didn't even acknowledge Alister's protests of having never played back there before. He kept going, as if Alister hadn't spoken up at all. "There we go... you're being such a Good Boy, obeying so blindly like this."

Good Boys Obey.

The professor leaned in, letting the tongue of his mask "lick" Alister's face. Surprisingly enough it felt slick and moist and nice. The professor's hand went down to grip at Alister's drooling cock, pumping it up and down. "Now the next thing to do is put on your paws. Good Boys feel best

with their big thick puppy paws on." With his free hand, he held up one of the two thick rubber Paw Gloves, holding it up for Alister to push his left hand into it. The glossy black fabric squeezed tight against his fingers. "Good Boys obey and put on the gloves, and... Good Boys get treats for being good." Alister would feel his professor stroking at his cock, teasing it, never letting him cum but building his need up as he teased the newly corrupting puppy. The paw had thick pink dyed "pads" on the underside of the otherwise inflexible black rubber mitt. They were only a bit smaller than baseball gloves, and Alister's fingers were snug and hugged by the material there. Taking them OFF would be a chore in and of itself. "Now for the other glove..." Professor Spot gave his new student's cock another stroke before holding up the right Paw Glove. "Can you be a Good Boy and put your free hand in this one as well? Only naughty Bad Dogs touch themselves, and these gloves help you be a Good Boy and resist the temptation to touch what belongs to your Master."

With each glove Alister put on, he'd be teased further with more strokes and pets along his cock... and the voice speaking in his head would grow stronger, starting to sound louder than his real thoughts:

Good Boys don't need to think. They only need to Obey. Puppies need to be Good Boys. Good Boys are horny and sexy and happy and brainless Doggie Drones. I am a Puppy...

Player 1:

Alister's cock finally getting the attention it had been craving made him wonder why it had taken him this long to think of stroking it. Sure, being naked around... around, no that wasn't right, puppies didn't wear clothes. That didn't mean he should be stroking himself in front of the Professor though, that'd be rude. Fuck it felt good though. He wanted to hump, to thrust into that hand until he blew his load without a care in the world for it just being a hand. Hell, he even reached down to help, maybe he could just play with his balls for a bit, while Ma- while Professor Spot helped him with his dick.

The motion was very easy to instead guide into a waiting glove. Alister's slow, hazy movements easily tricked into pushing into the snug, squeezing material of a mitt, where all it took was a few words to sell him on the idea that he'd meant to do that. He wanted to obey, to put on the gloves like he was told, so that must have been why he'd really been reaching down like that. He'd just been a silly puppy and gotten confused is all.

"But I like touching myself..." Alister weakly protested, even as he pushed his still free hand into its waiting prison. The sooner he got it on, the more rewards he'd get. He needed those rewards more than he needed his freedom. Good Boys got rewards. If he was getting rewards, that meant he was good. That he was a good puppy. The dumb doggy in training let his mouth hang open, tongue dipping free as he panted with need.

"I feel... weird." He sounded almost dreamy. "Feel puppy. Rrrarff."

Player 2:

"That's just you realizing what deep down you've always wanted to be, arf!" Professor Spot sounded cheery, as he used his free paw to stroke at Alister's chest, rubbing at his body through his squeaky rubber suit. "You want to be such a Good Boy that you can't even think clearly anymore. It's cute." He made sure to tighten straps around each wrist, locking Alister's hands inside his new Puppy-Paws. Managing to do that with only one hand was tricky, but his other hand never left Alister's drooling cock. A puddle of precum was forming along the floor.

"Aw, look! You're already panting!" Professor Spot chuckled, using his free hand to cup at Alister's ass. "Puppies love to put their tongues to use, you know. To lick at people they like, and to taste how they taste. Masters taste the best of all." After the grope, he let his hand move back towards the final toy on the table. A Pup-Hood. The rubber mask that would cover Alister's face and trap him in Puppy-dom. "Lean down... let your face come towards mine, pup... Don't be scared, you know that a Good Boy obeys."

A Good Boy obeys.

Professor Spot just barked for a moment, before pushing the mask up against Alister's face. At some point his other hand had fell away from the new Pup's cock.

The mask however, would distract from that.

It smelled of wolf musk and a bit of cum. As if someone had had an orgasm all over it. The scent made a giddy, warm sensation wash over Alister's whole body with every whiff. The tight rubber pushed up against the contours of his face, muzzle pushing into him. He could bite on a strap to work the muzzle open and shut, or just let the strap out to speak like Professor Spot was. Everything he was seeing was through a faint sheen of thin translucent plastic over his eyes. He could feel floppy rubber doggy ears atop his second skin. And his thoughts were entirely drown out now by the voice in his head that clearly WAS his voice:

I am a Gay Puppy. I have always been a Gay Puppy. Any memories I have of not wanting to be a Gay Puppy are dumb lies. Being a Gay Puppy feels sexy and right. Being a human feels icky and wrong. Imagine what it feels like to be a Gay Puppy. To be happy and bark. To chase animals and play with chewy toys. To fuck other Gay Puppies or raise my tail for them. Gay Puppies are Good Boys who love their Masters. Gay Puppy. Arf. Woof. Bark. Sniff. Fuck. Good Boys are dumb doggy drones. No thoughts that aren't Puppy thoughts. Master thinks for me. I am a Gay Puppy...

As the mask settled in, Alister would hear something clipping to his collar. Professor Spot had a purple leash in his hand. "Ready for Walkies, puppy?"

Player 1:

Professor Spot must have been right, Professor Spot was always right. The wonderfully helpful teacher had taught Alister all sorts of ways he could be a Good Boy, and it was hard to even imagine ever wanting to have been something else. He'd just needed someone smart to help him figure that out, on account of him just being a dumb doggy. He didn't even notice as his mitts were secured. The only way out of those were with fingers, or biting. He'd already lost access to the first, curled comfortably in their cushy prisons, and it was only a matter of time before his mouth was blocked off too.

There was something... wrong about that mask. Something bad about it, that part of Alister insisted he shouldn't want. Something... thinking? An idea? He wasn't good at those. Doggie Drones were very good at thinking at all. So whatever was the problem with the hood wasn't really his job to figure out. If it was important, he was sure Professor Spot would tell him. He could trust Professor Spot. Professor was oh so helpful and handsome and smart. And sexy. Maybe if he asked nicely, the Professor would keep playing with that puppy tail after everything was sorted.

Alister was too distracted to even really notice the mask being pulled over his head, but he sure as hell knew once it had settled into place. That first inhale was almost dizzying. Rubber and canine and sex. One breath and he never wanted to stop. Pushing eagerly into the mask so he could keep huffing on the scent that felt like it was sending a jolt straight to his dick. It felt so fucking good to just huff the scent of his fellow Gay Dogs. Of a bigger, stronger man. He was just a puppy. A dumb, dopey, Gay Puppy. Panting in his mask, his real tongue matching the mask's lolling one as he stared out at the world through the happy eyes of his new hood. Of his new identity.

He felt good.

He felt horny.

Good Boys don't touch themselves.

He wanted to find other Gay Puppies. To pin them down and hump each other till they made a mess. He didn't need Girls. He didn't need thoughts. All he needed was being a dumb, happy doggy drone.

All he needed was a Master.

A click, a headtilt, and the new, empty headed puppy looked up at his temporary owner. "Awrrruufff?" He hadn't understood what had been said, but he didn't need to. Good Boys didn't need to understand.

Good Boys just needed to obey.