

Knottingwood

Alexis Alexandra

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When the applicants applied for the job at the highly prestigious Knottingwood Canine Sanctuary none of them even considered signing NDAs swearing them to secrecy even after they quit or were fired, but they all signed if only to add the experience to their resumes. Now gathered in a conference room wearing a combination of dress or skirt and blouse – masks covering the lower half of their faces, with the sanctuary’s beautiful identical twin owners Grace and Hannah Kaufman, the five women anxiously waited to be told their duties.

Sitting at the head of the table, Grace gave them all a wide smile before beginning. “We at Knottingwood pride ourselves on the rescue, rehabilitation, training and rehoming of hundreds of dogs every year, and while we still strive to the highest levels of excellence in everything we do, the pandemic has threatened to ruin everything my sister and I have worked so hard to build. In recent weeks more than half our staff quit. We managed to replace most and the five of you are the rest that we need to keep this place running fully staffed around the clock so let me be the first to thank you.”

“And I would like to thank each and every one of you for bearing with us through what I know is a very intimate application process,” Hannah took over the conversation. “But for obvious reasons we need women that do not have families to go back to.”

“Sorry to interrupt but what is that supposed to mean?” Twenty-three year old Lana Lawson asked.

“I’m getting to that,” Hannah answered. “Due to the ever-present threat of the Coronavirus, we cannot risk our employees leaving and coming back on a daily basis so we’ve decided to convert one of the outbuildings into apartments where we’ll all live until a vaccine is created and things go back to normal. That is one reason we’re paying well above the national average.”

“Wait, so you’re telling us we’re not allowed to ever leave?”

“Of course not. Room and board will be provided free of charge but if you leave you will be required to get tested before you’re permitted back onto the property,” Grace answered. “We know this is an extreme measure, but we must put the animals first and without staff here to feed, train and take care of their medical needs we’ll be forced to hand them over to another less reputable facility and close our doors probably forever and that’s the last thing we want. So, if you cannot commit several months and possibly up to a year living here then please say so now and we’ll wish you luck and see you out.”

When no one said anything Hannah once again took over. “I’m not going to sit here and lie to you. The apartments are small, clocking in at just over five hundred square feet but they each have their own living room, kitchen, bathroom and bedroom. Each is also fully furnished so you don’t need to bring anything from home.”

“What about food?” twenty-one year old Carlee Duncan asked. “Also, I can’t help but notice there are only women working here. What’s up with that?”

“We will be using a delivery service for food. You’ll find login information as well as a link to their website in your individual apartments. You’ll also find a brand new laptop which is yours to keep once things go back to normal. Now, before you go spend a million dollars ordering the most expensive things on the list, know that you are responsible for buying your own food. That way you get what you want and not what we provide. As for why you’ve only seen women working here, that’s because there are only women working here. When my sister and I came up with the idea for the Knottingwood sanctuary we decided on day one that we

would make this as much a sanctuary for women as it is for the canines we care for. Everyone from the receptionists and maintenance, to vets and trainers are women and that is how it will remain for as long as we own it.”

“And now for what you’ve all been waiting for,” Grace seamlessly cut in. “The reason for the NDAs. My sister and I firmly believe that the best trainers and vets are those that truly understand what it means to be a dog. And not just what our human minds think it means. To that end, we came up with a training program that all employees must complete. And before you ask, yes, Hannah and I have gone through it ourselves.” As the five new employees sat there in stunned silence, she continued. “For the next fourteen days you will live life as a canine. You will eat and drink from bowls and sleep in a doggy bed in the kennels. You will also learn the same tricks the trainers teach the real dogs. And to make it as realistic an experience as possible you’ll do so dressing the part.”

“The only things you’ll do as a human being for the next two weeks will be using the bathroom and taking a shower,” Hannah finished her twin’s thoughts. “You will also not be permitted to talk except in emergencies.”

“You’re kidding, right?” Lana asked what they were all thinking.

“I’ve never been more serious about anything in my life. And if you don’t believe me you’re free to ask the other employees if they had to spend two weeks living like dogs.”

“Will we be eating dog food?” twenty-five year old veterinarian Mays Richards asked.

“Absolutely not. While it might look like dog food it is actually a special blend of human foods that has everything puppies need for a balanced diet. And so you don’t get tired of eating the same thing three meals a day it comes in several flavors.”

“And what exactly do you mean by dressing the part?” Carlee asked, her face just as red as the rest of the women sitting around the large conference table.

“I mean you’ll spend the next two weeks dressed as a puppy,” Grace answered. “That means tail, ears, snout and the whole nine yards. Now, anyone not willing to participate in our training program is free to leave but remember the NDA because we certainly will. If you’re willing to learn what it means to be a dog to better train and care for them then please stand up and strip out of your clothes while my sister fetches your new outfits.”

“You can’t be serious!” a twenty-seven year old caramel skinned beauty named Jaynie exclaimed. “You had your fun now tell us you were joking.”

“That would be lying,” Grace said. “Now please stand and strip out of your clothes, all of your clothes, or you may leave.”

As humiliated and incredulous as the other new employees, Lana nevertheless needed the job and if it meant suffering a couple weeks of indignity then it was a price she was willing to pay. Rolling her chair back on the hardwood floor, she stood and began unbuttoning her light grey blouse while doing everything in her power to avoid the looks she got from everyone else. The next to stand, Hannah got up and walked out of the room. Mumbling under her breath, Jaynie got up, pulled her dress off over her head and dropped it onto the table in front of her. Next, she pulled her panties off and then stepped out of her heels. In about thirty seconds she was the first naked woman in the room and the looks she got from one of her new bosses did not go unnoticed.

“Take a picture, it’ll last longer,” Jaynie scoffed.

“No need. This whole place is wired with cameras,” Grace said with a wink. “Everything you do outside of your apartments will be recorded for everyone’s safety.”

“I guess it now makes sense why you only have women working here,” Carlee said as she stood and unzipped her skirt.

“Oh?” Grace said with raised brow.

“If you hired men they’d want to screw all the naked women,” Carlee bluntly stated as the garment hit the floor.

It was then the door opened and Hannah walked in with a petite brunette in her early thirties hot on her heels. “Ladies, this is our morning receptionist Evelyn. Evelyn, would you please tell them what you did during your first two weeks here?”

“I spent my first two weeks living life as a dog,” Evelyn answered. “And if you don’t believe me then I give Ms. Kaufman permission to show you the videos of the whole ordeal.”

“Thank you Evelyn. You may return to the front desk now,” Hannah said as she sat several bags on the table.

“Yes Ma’am.”

“So, is everyone staying?” Hannah asked. When everyone said yes to varying degrees of acceptance, she placed a bag in front of each of them. “You are required to wear everything in the bag at all times except when showering and using the toilet,” she explained. “The snout may be raised in order to eat and drink but you are not permitted to take it off entirely.”

Reaching into her bag, Lana pulled out a curved canine tail, but it was the large, oddly shaped plug at the other end that made her gasp. “What the shit?” she said, her baby blues locked on the canine cock shaped plug complete with baseball sized knot. “There’s no way in hell that thing is going to fit!”

“Sure it will,” Hannah and Grace said in unison. “And you really don’t have a choice if you wish to continue working here.”

“Um, is no one going to mention the fact that it looks just like a dog’s dick?” Maya said as she sat back down so that she could put on the thigh-high boots with distinct black and white dalmatian pattern.

“And how would you know that?” Carlee, one of two trainers hired for the job asked.

“Because I’m a vet and I’ve seen one enough to know exactly what it looks like.”

“Is that true?” Carlee asked. “Not that she’s seen one as a vet, but that it’s shaped like a dog’s dick?”

“It is,” Hannah answered. “Now be a good bitch and work it in your ass.”

“Excuse me? Who are you calling bitch?”

“Every woman that works here. And if none of you thinks you’ll be able to get it in your ass then don’t be afraid to ask for help.”

“I have a question,” the last woman – a tall, busty brunette with pierced nipples and a stunning phoenix tattoo that covered her entire back named Daniella asked as she smoothed her new cupless latex top. “What do you do with all of the videos?”

“They go into a vault never to see the light of day,” Grace answered. “And no, you are not permitted a copy of them. We will keep them for as long as you’re working here plus five years before destroying them. Assuming you don’t file a lawsuit against us that is. If you do then they’ll be used as evidence in whatever case you bring against us.”

“I see. And what proof do we have that you’re going to profit from our humiliation by selling them?”

“Our word and reputation. Which is why no one but us is allowed to have a copy.”

“I have a question as well,” Lana said as she pushed the long, thick plug into her ass up to the knot. “If you’re so short staffed then how do you have the time for us to spend two weeks as dogs?”

“We don’t, but this is a necessary part of your orientation and cannot be postponed for any reason,” Hannah answered. “Which is why other members of staff have agreed to work overtime for the next two weeks.”

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The conference room was filled with the grunts, groans and moans of five women dressed in full puppy gear fucking themselves up the ass with the huge canine plug. Minutes turned to an hour and none of Knottingwood’s new employees managed to take the knot and none seemed too enthused about the prospect of stretching themselves enough for it to fit until Grace and Hannah gave them the incentive they needed to push themselves.

“The first one to get the plug fully in their ass and leave it there will get a thousand dollar bonus,” Grace offered.

“A thousand dollars?” Hannah asked. “Come on, sis, we can do better than that. The looks on their faced clearly say how much they don’t want to do it so let’s make it worth their while. Twenty-five hundred to the first bitch that plugs their ass in the next ten minutes and a thousand to the second and third.”

“You heard her bitches,” Grace said. “Those asses aren’t going to plug themselves so...”

“UHN! OH GOD!” Lana grunted. Riding the plug like a cock, she relaxed every muscle in her body and let gravity take over. There was a brief pause where nothing happened and then her asshole suddenly stretched the three inches necessary for the knot to finally slip in. “J-Jesus fucking Christ!

“And we have a winner!” Hannah exclaimed. “Your bonus will be deposited into your account on file by the end of the day. Or rather we’ll make the transfer by the end of the day. We can’t say how long it’ll take for it to clear with your bank. Go ahead and reattach the tail and sit like a good bitch by the wall over there.”

“Um, and how exactly does a good bitch sit?”

Without hesitating, Hannah hopped up onto the conference table. Dropping to her knees, she spread them open and then leaned forward, keeping her back straight and eyes forward as she placed her hands next to each other on the table between her knees. “This is how a good bitch sits,” she said.

“Um, thanks.

“No problem. Just remember, your two weeks begin as soon as you’re sitting like a good bitch and that means you are not permitted to stand outside of your apartments except in emergency situations.”

“Uhhhhh!” Daniella grunted a moment later as she became the second woman to take the knot. That the only piece of her new outfit she was wearing, she silently put the rest on and was just getting into position next to Lana when Jaynie yelped as she won third place with less than two minutes on the clock.

“Congratulations!” Grace exclaimed. “As for you three,” she said, turning to Maya, Jaynie and Carlee. “You’ve got...”

“FUCK ME RUNNING!” Jaynie screeched as her asshole finally relaxed enough for the knot to painfully pop into place. “Make that you two,” Grace grinned at Jaynie “you’ve got exactly five minutes to get those plugs up your ass before you’re disciplined.”

“You shove one up your damn ass!” Maya shot back.

The smile never leaving her face, Grace stood up, raised her dress up over her hips, reached back and brought her hand forth holding an identical plug to the ones she was asking her employees to use. "I keep my ass stuffed all day every day so stop whining and take it like a good bitch so that we can get on with your orientation or you'll be disciplined."

Swallowing what little remained of their pride, Maya and Carlee forced the fist-sized knot into their asses before they were disciplined and did not stop complaining about it under their breaths until Hannah reminded them puppies do not talk and that if they continued doing so they would be disciplined.