

(In)Voluntary Admissions:

A Petplay Story By Trinket

Chapter one: The Long Haul (Part two)

CONTENT WARNING: Non consensual sex and drug use, body modification, brainwashing and mental conditioning, Stockholm syndrome, mental illness and depression, scenes of entrapment and heavy forced petplay. Reminder that this story is fiction and all characters are consenting adults.

Original art and ComPet / Pet-Sitter Concepts By the ever lovely [NimbleTail](#)



Part 3: Nameless Station

The train station was alive with the hustle and bustle of commuters and workers alike, Trinket could hear them but the handy little blind fold Miss Honey had used made sure she was unable to see anything. Sometimes she felt the blindfold almost had the opposite effect on her they wanted it to, heightening the pups' other senses and leaving her alone with her thoughts again and again. It often helped distract her from what was directly in front of her, but one thing she thought she would never get used to was the utterly arousing shame she felt when people looked down at her like the little animal she was becoming.

She felt the cold callus eyes of other young women on her, what did they think of her for what she had become? What would they think of her if they knew she was growing to like all of the shameful attention? Did she like it? What kind of fucking failure couldnt even achieve happiness as a well cared for pet with no real responsibilities? The fuzz of the medication made it much harder to think clearly, but she still found herself deeply troubled by dark thoughts like these from time to time. Simultaneously she thought of all of the old men and perverts that likely watched for the opposite reason, the lewd remarks she heard daily made her puppy parts twitch and drip. Why did she almost crave it now? Maybe this was what she deserved for being such a failure. Mostly, she just wondered if anyone was actually looking at her at all. She heard her Mistress chatting with a train worker as they helped her off the train, discussing the new pet regulations.

“Good Morning' Miss! And who's your little friend here? Quite the cute pup you've got, could I see her papers please Miss? These new regulations say I gotta have a look, we've been told to be a little more strict about checking restraints. Just a few weeks ago they came by and gave me this fancy little ramp for little pups just like her. Now there's no more problems with the little things hurting themselves on the way out. It'll be quick as a wink.” The voice of some unknown gruff train worker echoed in Trinket's ears as he roughly handled her, a playful but ultimately unexpected swat on her ass made her jump as it stung in the cool morning air. There was nothing she could do but whimper as it sent a wave of pleasure through her body and made her puppy parts tingle again, clearly Miss honey had not seen, or not cared.

“Yes, here they are.” Miss honey pulls the small red passport style booklet that contains Trinket's identification from her pocket and hands it to the attendant. “Just got her all checked in and situated, we are just going for a small walk while we are stopped. We're actually getting off at the next stop. What's all this then?” Her words are short, hastened by what little time she had to take the pup for a walk before the train started again. The two men are large and brutish, both sporting blue reflective safety vests and wreaking heavily of cigarette smoke. She would turn up her nose at the stench, visibly showing her distaste for the men's appearance.

For what felt like an endlessly long minute the train worker's hands explored every part of Trinket's body, his rough grip fondling her more than anything as he haphazardly checked the straps of her gear while the other went over her paperwork. His fingers found any lack of tension in her bindings and wrenched them tighter, gone was the meager amount of comfortability she

had gained when Miss Honey loosened her muzzle earlier. "My, My, looks like someones been going easy on you, haven't they little one? There, all better. Wouldnt want a dumb little slut like you to wander off and get hurt now would we." The voice of the second man and his hot breath were against her ear as he spoke, Miss Honey was still conversing with the other attendant and she was at the mercy of the one inspecting her.

Once he ceased his torture his hand would grope her left breast harshly before patting her on the head a few times, It all made her whimper and sputter to catch her breath as she is handled carelessly. It had been a while since she had felt a man's hands on her especially in that way that made her shiver with submission, she thought he could have done anything he wanted to her in that moment and she wouldn't have cared. Being this horny constantly was truly agonizing, she yearned for relief. "These two gals are all set, Boss. Say miss, you really ought to make sure that muzzle is on good. Strap was so loose the little thing could have bit me if she tried. Wouldn't need any calls to be made upstairs eh?" She felt a sharp tug on her collar as her leash was passed back to Miss Honey, the man's statement was obviously terribly exaggerated, she couldn't keep herself from drooling on the floor let alone think about biting anyone.

For a moment Miss honey would only cock her head to the side at the mans statement. Were they trying to threaten her? Fucking assholes, she would show them a call upstairs. she flashes her shiny silver FBP badge to show the attendant who is really in charge in the situation, letting it hang in the air for them to look over just long enough for her to make her point. "Oh I may go now? I have your highest permission? Should I give my boss UPSTAIRS a call and make sure it's okay to take the little pet out for a piss or do you think we can be on our way?" Her voice is heavy with sarcasm and disdain as she snatches Trinket's paperwork back from the inspectors hands just as hastily as she had the pups leash, shoving them back in her pocket and regaining her composure.

She lets her comments linger in the air just like her badge, much to the dumbfounded expressions of the workers who were now clearly trying to look the other way. She wasn't done with them just yet though. She sends one look down at the pup then back to the attendant as she goes to leave without another word and stops dead in her tracks to let out an almost vicious laugh at the men's expense. "I'm sorry, I'm sorry. It's just so funny to think of anyone finding her threatening. I mean really, what would we do without you? Someone has to protect us from the menacing little puppy girls of the world, we are all forever in your debt." She cackles again loudly, clearly judging the workers for their seeming incompetence and brutishness as she turns up her nose and gives the two a cocky salute. There really are no good men left in the world are there? The question lingered as she led the pup onward.

The enema churned up Trinket's insides like nothing she had ever known, making the pup whimper and whine desperately for its release as Miss Honey's unyielding grip on her leash dragged her on and on for what seemed like an eternity. The rain had stopped at least, she felt the cool damp harshness of the concrete beneath her seep the already limited warmth from her tiny body as she crawled on into the fresh air. She sniffed about, taking a few deep breaths as

she tried to ease herself, even as a puppy she found the smell of fresh rain calming. She couldn't help but loll her tongue out of her mouth absentmindedly as she panted and tried to continue on unhindered by her bulging tummy.

It had probably only been around five minutes since her caretaker had administered the dreaded enema, with every step she felt it slosh within her. She had definitely absorbed some of the electrolytes like she normally felt every day, it definitely gave her a boost of energy and balanced her diet. She hated to admit it, but since she had joined the program and gotten into the swing of her new meals and supplements she was the healthiest she had ever been in her life without a doubt. Physically she had never felt this good, she had energy to do things, she didn't get wore out so quickly after only a few tosses of a frisbee at playtime, she thought maybe even things like her sense of smell and hearing had been enhanced, even though she hated to admit it the routine did do its job.

She was so close, she felt Miss Honey lead her off of the harsh paved stones and into a nice grass area. She still couldn't see but she could hear the scene around her clearly, the distant yelling of commands, the occasional bark from another pup, the smell of the fresh cut grass, this train station must have had a dog park. She was hopeful they would have the nice sand pits they had in the playpens at the handling facility she was processed at, but given she had no idea where in the country she was she wasn't hopeful.

From what she understood of it the FBP had existed for a long time but wasn't super popular where she had grown up, she wondered if she would see any other pups like her. She felt Miss Honey's hand pull the blindfold from her face, letting the early morning light dilate her pupils painfully as they adjusted. She tried to look about and get a feel for her surroundings but the leash pulled her on, she could see now Miss Honey had a target. They were rapidly approaching a tall dark haired man with glasses and a thick flannel jacket, he held in one hand the leash of a chocolate lab and the other a small thermos. She felt both of their eyes on her when they approached.

Elizabeth Honey would approach the nice looking gentleman and his pup, she was doubtful they did but it was worth asking if they had the little sand pits for pets to potty in. They were standard in Central City but in the middle of nowhere like this she was lucky they had even found a park, the little pup must have been dying to release her enema, she would leave the reward mode of the pups PetSitter on a little longer as an apology for making her wait so long. "Excuse me Sir, do you happen to know if this park has any sand pits for pups like mine to use? I know it might seem odd if you've never seen it before but we're just passing through and Trinket here needs a place to do her business."

"Well miss you are right, it is a bit of an odd sight for me forgive me for staring. I have never seen any little pups like yours around here, afraid it's not too common. But the town did install some sand pits for normal pet use that are close by and I suppose there's no difference really. I'd be happy to show you if you like. My name is Ted by the way, and this here is Rocko. What brings you ladies to little old nowhere Harpervil?" The man's voice was kind and soft, the

type that only comes from a decent amount of goodwill. His eyes had long since dismissed Trinket, but Rocko's had not, his eyes wouldn't leave her alone.

“Thank you, I'm sure that should be fine. It's nice to meet you Ted, and you too Rocko.” Elizabeth waves to the brown haired pup, stooping to get a better look at the man's well kept pooch. “Isn't he just the most well groomed boy around, his coat looks so well kept. Just adorably handsome. My name is Elizabeth by the way, I work for the Federal Bureau of Pettification. I'm transporting Trinket here to one of our facilities in Central City.” She was trying to be nice, after all this guy didn't seem as hostile as the train workers and he was doing her a favor.

“We can talk more on the way, poor little thing looks like she sure needs to go terribly.” Ted motioned for them to follow as he led the group along a small path to the opposite side of the park, Trinket swore by the time they finally reached the damn sand pits she might have thrown up. The two had continued their pleasant smalltalk as they went, even in places where it wasn't common people like Ted were quick to forget she was anything but a little pet. The thought made her blush, anything to get her mind off the enema. She climbed up into the sand pit as she arrived, readying herself immediately and wagging her butt at Miss Honey desperately.

“Here you go Puppy. Some nice sand for you to do your potty. And your reward for being such a good puppy for me.” Elizabeth laid on the patronizing, showing off her control over her pet as a sort of humble boast in her conversation. She would break her conversation with the man for a moment to help the pup finally relieve herself of the awful enema, if the man had never seen a ComPet before he was in for a special surprise. “Ted, little trinket here needs to potty and I'm not sure you'll want to watch. Maybe you do, I don't know. Most men do.” Her hand slips into her jacket pocket to procure the girl control remote, holding it in her hand with the button ready as she crouches down next to the little pup.

With one swift motion Miss Honey simultaneously released the seal on her tail plug and delicately pulled its long plug from her rear, at the same time Trinket felt her PetSitter flick into reward mode and her owner watched as she did her morning business. She whined audibly through her muzzle as a sort of desperate thank you to her caretaker as her crotch and nipple coverings came to life with a blissful buzz. She felt the eyes of the nice man on her, out of the corner of her eye she spotted more people approaching to her left. She shut her eyes tight, it didn't matter who watched, she was just happy to be rid of the damn thing. She took a deep breath, and let it all out into the sand. It was finally over.

She felt Miss Honey edge the vibrations up to maximum as she continued to release the enema into the sand, she howled loudly without restraint, she couldn't hold anything in anymore. Her Petsitter broke through her consciousness, encouraging her behavior. **“Good Puppy, good puppies enjoy their enema. Good puppies howl for their pleasure.”** The world around her faded away for a moment as she came almost simultaneously with the release, shivering and whining like a little animal pathetically as the vibrations continued for what felt like a heavenly

few minutes. She bucked her hips, the pleasure from the toy lodged in her puppy parts was unbearably divine, she hated how many times she came in what felt like moments. God did she count four? Five?

The vibrations finally stopped, she was almost thankful. She caught her breath, panting and shivering with a cold sweat that clung to her skin. She looked up, first finding Miss Honey peering down at her with a wicked smile. Then the scene set in, Ted wasn't the only onlooker anymore. To her horror their little display had attracted the attention of quite a few of the local pet owners, many of which had begun to gather around with their phones drawn and no doubt filming her torture. She peered from one face to the next finding no kindness, only embarrassing judgment and pity. She heard their sneers now, too many to count.

"Did she cum from that?", "Is this some sort of circus act?", "What a pathetic little slut.", all of the sneering from the crowd made her head spin. She looked to Miss Honey for any sense of comfort, tears welling in her eyes from how overwhelmed she was becoming. She found it, Miss Honey's eyes were kinder than most, she found the kindness she needed in them. Begging with a few pathetic whimpers to be finished with the whole thing, her caretaker smiled warmly as she felt the cool touch of a cleaning wipe against her butt. Then came the familiar chill of the lubricated tail plug, she didn't even fight it anymore, it was never worth fighting anything she was told. But she couldn't breathe, she was getting overwhelmed.

"There There, Pup. It will all be over soon, I hope you enjoyed your reward." Miss Honey's sickly sweet voice dripped into her mind just like real honey did into a warm cup of tea, the familiar darkness of a blindfold enveloping her vision as she is finally alone again.

Part 4: The Playdate

The car ride from the train station had actually been quite pleasant for everyone involved, the pup was now free of the abnormally restrictive restraints she had been prisoner to the last few days, Miss Honey expressed need for a decent cup of coffee and stopped for a quick bite to eat, and they had made quick time defeating the afternoon traffic through downtown Central City to the processing facility. Trinket's mind wandered, the last time she was in this city it hadn't been so kind to her. Her stomach turned with the thought of her failed attempts at schooling here, having made the same trek they had just finished twice before with disastrous results. She never really liked the city much anyway, it was hard enough imagining herself walking around it when she was on two legs.

The weather had cleared up at least, for the few brief moments that she was outside Trinket basked in the sunshine, turning her face up at the sun with a pleasant smile as she stayed close to her caretaker's heels. To her pleasant surprise, as they approached the entrance of the enormous black stone building and she saw a few other puppy girls coming and

going with their owners she felt more at home than she expected. After being gawked at by everyone in the small town train station it felt oddly good to blend in, none of the business men and women that hurried about seemed to pay her any mind here and went about their day without even looking down at her.

The pleasant breeze was soon replaced by the stifling chill that she now assumed accompanied every FBP facility, this was only the second one she had ever been to but something about the ac units they cranked up here gave them a frighteningly familiar feeling that instantly put her on edge. She hadn't noticed until now how much she had truly enjoyed being back outside in the real world, she felt her heart beat increase a bit as she thought about how far she was from anything she knew as home.

“Increased heartbeat detected; Breathe Puppy. Good Puppies stay calm.” The soothing robotic voice of the PetSitter rang through her head, reinforcing her exactly when she needed it. She took a deep breath, willing herself forward as she crawled her way along the long halls and corridors just behind Miss Honeys to the rhythmic click of her high heels on the floor. Did she find something comforting about that sound now? The place was busier than anything she had ever seen, the facility she was processed at was fairly new, she remembered hearing about it opening on the news. But there were far more people than she had ever assumed would work here.

She had seen maybe 10 or so other girls in her program back home, but the line at the processing office seemed to have a few people waiting outside for capacity reasons. It was so busy. She had long since forgotten things like what day of the week it was, but she thought maybe it was some sort of weekend or event. Where she was from ComPet wasn't terribly popular, her state had been one of the last in the country to pass any sort of real legislature on the matter, preferring to send anyone interested in it to a more urban area like Central City..

She had no idea it had become so popular, more than a few of the prospective pets didn't look so happy about it though. Was that girl in handcuffs? She hadn't really had time to think before she was pulled through a set of security gates and into a brightly light processing room, as her eyes adjusted to the harsh fluorescent lighting she would scan her surroundings and note a few things. On one side of the room she would watch her caretakers gathered in a small circle, Miss Honey now accompanied by Chairman Abernathy, a fat man in a lab coat and a skinny bearded man holding a camera.

Miss Honey led her to the center of the circle of caretakers where the attention would fall on her for the first time in a moment, it had been a long journey for both of them. Chairman Abernathy smiled a warm smile down at both her and her caretaker as they arrived, it had been a few months since they had met last but his gaze was unforgettable, his piercing blue eyes stared into her very being and instantly made her stomach twist and turn with the feeling of being the center of attention. He was a powerful man and she was immediately on guard so as to not disappoint him, she had traveled all this way to be here on his behalf and couldn't risk screwing things up by acting badly. She wanted desperately to feel like she was accomplishing something for once, he made it seem like she could be important.

She let her tongue loll from her mouth with an ear to ear grin and a vacant stare, blushing just a little as he winked at her in a way that made her feel like she had done well for acting like the dumb little pet they wanted her to be. She felt a genuine happiness when they praised her for being good, it felt so fulfilling to do what they asked and be a good girl even if it had felt silly at first. Still, a part of her mind hated her for what she had become. Did she really like how it felt when they looked at her when she acted like a good little pet? Why did it make her drool from both ends so helplessly? It certainly turned her on but what did it feel so... comforting knowing all she had to do was obey. Something about the way she thought about herself had changed at some point, no one saw her as a human anymore. Why should she?

It was easier and easier for her to stay in that good puppy mindset now, she rarely thought of herself like she used to as a human, obsessing about who thought what about her or whether or not they liked her for her body or personality. All she cared about these days was doing her best to do what they asked and being rewarded for it, she had always struggled with finding a meaning or direction and as a puppy that was what they had given her. It was odd, instead of being taken out to dinner or a date now all she wanted was a man's lap to lie her head in and a firm hand to guide her. Instead of a proposal ring she fantasized her collaring and someone being her owner, no longer was her merit based on test scores and schooling, if she was a good girl and did what they said she was rewarded.

Her caretakers and PetSitter supported her better than anyone ever had emotionally, she never really had anyone to rely on before, now a voice in her head told her she was a good girl and the way they fed and made sure she was happy and healthy made her feel like someone cared for her. She wished he would tell her she had been a good puppy on her journey but his reassuring gaze would have to be enough for now, as if everything played in slow motion he would pull his eyes away from hers, his gruff voice met her ears as she felt the whole room's gaze on her and she averted her eyes back to the floor.

"Well, well, well. If it isn't my two favorite girls. Good to see both of you back in Central City. And with the lovely little present of a happy face for me." The Chairman looked down at Trinket and winked again, it made her blush even deeper and she knew he saw it but he didn't miss a beat in conversation. He gestured to the camera man when he spoke. "I was just talking with Chuck here about how the place felt a little empty without you, Donna was telling me she misses your little afternoons together in the salon. I hope you had a relaxing few days on your journey, I'm very excited to finally have you back so we can get to work. Thank you Elizabeth, we could not have made this happen without you."

Elizabeth honey was caught in another thought for a moment as she felt the eyes in the room shift from the pup to her, why was he being so genuine? Was it genuine? Earlier today he had cut her off mid sentence during their phone call, no he was praising her for a simple train ride. Regardless she wasn't going to pass up the moment and not acknowledge it, the verbal confirmation always felt good.

“Thank you Sir. That is... very kind of you. I strive to deliver excellent care. I've been pondering over her case file for a few days now and readied my speech for tonight, I think we've become acquainted quite well on our little journey.” God, what the fuck was she saying? Why did everything she say always come out like she was some cold robotic drone? He was trying to be nice and talk to her on a personal level, she still couldn't help but see him as her boss.

“Well, I should hope so. She's your pup now, for the next few months at least.” The Chairman chimed in again. “We have a few hours before the presentation tonight and you made a great time coming back. Why don't you take the rest of the day to get a change of clothes and a shower, maybe have a nice dinner beforehand to celebrate. I'll arrange for Dr. Barry to pick you up at around 8:00 to take you and the pup over to the venue. I'm sure we can handle her till then. You should go get some rest, kid. You did good.” His smile was genuine, his yellowed teeth and cigar smoke soaked clothes the only things that detracted from his otherwise pleasant demeanor.

“Yes sir. Thank you. I think the pup had a better sleep than I did last night in her little bed! I could use a nice warm shower too.” She forced a laugh, joking to try and save the situation. It seemed she was worrying over nothing, the room laughed in response, she even saw the pup smile at her. It felt good, she had done well. Why shouldn't she let herself have this one? “I'll be on my way then. Thank you again, I'll see you both this evening.” She forced another smile, this time at Dr. Barry. A thing she rarely if ever did when not in the presence of a higher up.

She had an immediate distaste for the man when they had first met that had never gone away, but they worked together and she tried to act professionally in front of Abernathy to show she was trying. The 50 something man was well over weight and stank of body odor that permeated his very being, she detested him in all his balding, lab coated glory. Riding out a cushy job at the FBP on some outdated HuVet certifications he'd been grandfathered in on because of his family connections, the man probably made three times what she did and did a quarter of the work.

But that was the FBP for you, always giving terrible people the time to shine. She didn't care anymore, she was incredibly tired and willing to take any break she could get before that presentation. She patted the pup on the head one last time and handed over the girl's leash to Abernath and stooped to the pups level. She looks the pup in the eyes, something they were only supposed to do when trying to make a point. “I'm gonna go now puppy, be good for everyone. I will see you later.” She smiles down at the pup warmly on her way to the door, the weight on her shoulders just a little bit lighter.

Despite the fact that she didn't know her at all on a personal level yet Trinket felt a little more vulnerable once Miss Honey had left the room, she was the only one out of her new caretakers that didn't seem like they had ulterior motives. She was following orders, just like the pup was. She felt the eyes of the room fall back onto her as she stands at the feet of the three

men, suddenly feeling more vulnerable than she had before for some reason. The butterflies in her stomach had returned, the powerful man's eyes were upon her again and she was squirming with the thought of him touching her.

“Well pup, did miss honey tell you about the little treat we had planned for you today? You're going to play with another little pup so that Mr. Harris here can get some nice pictures of you for the program. Plus you've been such a good puppy on your journey you deserve some playtime before your big night! Do you think you can do that for me, Puppy?” His calm voice and firm hand soothed her timid mind as he patted the girl's head a few times and scratched behind her ears, it was exactly what she needed and she basked in his praise for a moment before answering him with a quick bark. “Arf!” Immediately the pups PetSitter would chime in her brain. **“Good Puppy! Puppies always answer with barks and not voices.”**

“Good Girl, Trinket. You're such a well behaved little thing.” He cooed at her, pulling his hand away as he heard a polite knock at the door. She wished his hands on her could have lingered long, she needed more praise. But she reserved herself to whatever this playdate would be, she hadn't really interacted with a lot of pets before more than passing them by. The facility that had processed her had a rule that she was to spend “Play Time” with at least one other pup in the yard at a time but she rarely got to see the same pup more than once so it was hard to care, if it would earn her more of The Chairman's praise she would do it. If she needed to impress anyone on her little journey, it was Abbernathy.

The door swung open again and the pup would catch a few glimpses of the other pup between the pant legs of her two handlers. They were rather rough on her, she thought they kept her leash taught, maybe the girl hadn't learned *heel* yet and still needed to be heavily directed. The slender, black haired Puppy walked with a bit of a hobble she would assume they found more than a little cute, the two caretakers in trainer outfits would walk the new pup up to where the others stood, allowing the pup a better view of her new compatriot. She was around the same size as she was, a black muzzle and accompanying gear and tail accented her hair rather nicely.

It was odd, for a moment she almost didn't think about it, assuming the pups limbs were just bound up with restraints like hers had been that morning. But no, as the little thing crawled her way over to the circle and was presented before them just as she had been moments earlier she could see clear as day that the girl's limbs were indeed not bound, they were missing. Her first take was one of shock, averting her eyes so the other pup didn't see her panicked expression. The second confirming the obvious, she was missing her limbs from the elbow and knee down, the tips of her arms padded with little paw pads much like hers but without the mobility.

Has the girl always been like that? She must have, right? For some reason she didn't believe that. She shot a look up to the chairman again, finding him distracted by some conversation with the other caretakers she didn't care to listen in on. The other pup did seem a bit unruly but, was the FBP capable of punishing someone like that? Her stomach dropped as

she thought about the signing of her contract and collaring, was she subject to the same fate if she screwed up. She didn't want to think about that. Couldn't think about it right now. Regardless, she didn't want to make the other pup feel put off by her, so she stifled her fears for now and tried to force a smile as she looked back over to the new pup.

Their eyes met for a moment, the first time she remembered making eye contact with another puppy in a while. So much was said in those rather intimate moments between two pups, the situation can either go two ways and she had never liked when people disliked her. Either they were going to get along, or they weren't. Her name tag read "Pepper" The other pup's tender green eyes met hers before she could stare any longer, they told such a story without words. She smiled warmly at the pup, a genuine smile, letting the eye contact linger a little longer.

Pepper's watery pupils told the pup everything she needed to know about her troublesome backstory, Pepper wasn't here by choice like she was. Anger, grief, the fire of the disobedience that probably got her where she was today, it was just as clear as the "Experimental" branding the girl had on her breast and arm. It didn't seem much of anything was Pepper's choice these days, she felt a little bad for the girl for having judged her at first. She saw the other pup ease a bit as she smiled at her, she couldn't see because of the quick speed that it all went down but she swore she even saw the girl wink at her in return.

"Trinket, this is Pepper. You two girls are going to be good and play nice for the nice cameraman and I will make sure you both get an extra little treat." Abernathy's voice washed over her again as he peered down at the pair of pups, he winked at her again. She instinctively barked in response to his question, lolling her tongue out of her mouth again dumbly as the other pup chimed in half heartedly a few moments later. Her PetSitter reinforced her behavior. **"Good puppies answer with a bark! Well done!"** Why did she like it so much when he winked at her? Was it because it let her know she was doing good? The man was in his 50s and old enough to be her dad, why did she feel the need to show off for him like a little slut? Her eyes met with the other pups again, a clear disdain for the man present in Pepper's gaze for just a moment, Trinket's smile faded slightly.

Maybe the wink was because she was supposed to be the one being good for the other pup to mimic, he did seem to talk more to her than to the other pup. Some of her brain fog had cleared a bit from her morning dosage and she could finally think undistracted by every little thing going on in the room, she still hadn't processed a lot of what was going down. One of the first times she ever heard about Compet was when a girl named Megan had been tried on national tv after helping a Terrorist group free some wealthy bearocrats puppy girl, it was a landmark case she remembered hearing about even in her concervative little town. She hoped for a moment that maybe pups like Pepper only ended up where they were because things like that, then again, did that make Pepper some sort of terrorist?

She knew why they wanted pictures of her, but why would they want to show the world pictures of a pup they probably horrifically maimed themselves in this very building for being

unruly? Maybe they thought that having her take pictures with a more unruly pup would be good for making it look like the other pup enjoyed her treatment as much as Trinket did, even though she hadn't known her very long she could already tell she and the other pup were polar opposites. She didn't want to think about the ethics of that right, but it sunk in a little more regardless. She didn't have much time to think about it, a tug on her leash directed her to walk into the bright bright lights of the photography set.

Once her eyes had adjusted to the harsh light she would squint a bit to see what was really around her, a large white sheet had been placed over a significant portion of the room so that it could be used as a background and anything could easily be added in post. A few toys dotted the small matted area, a small stuffed rabbit, a brightly coloured beach ball, a few small chew toys and two FBP branded bowls of kibble that upon further inspection were unfortunately rubber fakes. She hadn't seen them finish with the other pup but her attention would be cut off again as she felt two sets of hands roughly grabbing at her from behind, she yelped loudly from the shock and confusion.

One of the men she had seen helping pepper earlier had subdued her front paws and pinned them behind her back and the other had his hand firmly planted on her jaw while he seemingly pried her eyelid open, it was nothing compared to the light groping she had gotten earlier that day. This was soulless and medical, doing everything in their power to deprive her already limited movement like she were an animal they had captured on some hunt. She whined again, louder this time. The man's careless fingers were searching her eyeball for her contact which it quickly found and removed, leaving her practically blind. Her whimpers only made the second man force his knee between her legs to keep her even more still, why did no one hear her? What was going on she didn't understand?

She wanted to scream, she was so scared, she felt herself quivering in the men's hands as they assaulted her. Then finally she heard the Chairman's words cut through the air, they were like a ray of sunshine in the darkness, never had she wanted to hear someone speak so much. "Boys, boys. She's not some little experimental pet like you're used to down in the dungeons, you're gonna startle the little thing before we even get started. Barry and I will handle her new little gear change, you're dismissed for now." She felt the two men's grips cease as one of them practically shoved her back to the floor, she didn't dare move, she sat there half blind for a moment just to catch her breath as she heard the two men leave with a grumble.

"Drastic increase in heart rate detected, engaging calming functions. Breathe puppy, your owner has been alerted of your situation." She flinched a bit when she felt another hand on her head, but this one quickly made itself known as she heard the chairman's voice again. "There, there pup. I'm sorry they frightened you, those boys down where Pepper is from can be quite rough. I asked them to bring me your new little surprise and not apply them for me. Dr Barry will be much more gentile I promise. I know you're a good girl Sweetie, you didn't do anything bad. I actually have a little present for you." His eyes were upon hers again, even though she was half blind his gaze was still calming. His hand atop her head felt like the

best thing she had ever earned in her life, she nuzzled back against it instinctively as he rested it there.

She choked back frightened tears, not even when she had been processed had anyone grabbed her like that viscosly. It was completely unprovoked, she had her back turned, the pup was on edge now more than ever. She hoped that they were just being particularly rough this time, something inside her made her feel much worse about how she had thought of Pepper moments earlier. Terrorist or not, if this was the treatment she got on a regular basis, maybe a playdate with someone like Trinket was really something she deserved. If she could give the other pup a moment of happiness, she would try. At that moment, she thought maybe they were more alike than she had originally imagined.

“Arf” Trinket mustered weekly, it was enough to please the PetSitter, she was still slightly disoriented. **“Good puppies answer with a bark, Give it more spirit and you might get a treat.”** Her PetSitters passive aggressive tone lingered in her brain as she looked about with her good eye, spotting the portly Dr make his way over to her as the chairman continued to rest his hand atop her head to keep her calm. She heard the Drs congested, garbled voice on its own for the first time. It reminded her of the gobble a turkey had made on a field trip she had taken to a farm as a child, matter of fact, even with her one good eye she saw the old man had a giblet that reminded her of one as well. The two men couldn't have had more than a few years difference in age, but Abbernathy seemed to have taken care of himself much better.

The doctor's hands on her were fat, but not clumsy. She didn't like them as much as she did Abbernathy's but she rested her face gently in his hand as he removed her other contact lens and replaced them with another set, nothing seemed to be different about them but at least she could see. Maybe they did feel a little bigger than normal, or maybe she had just imagined it? She imagined this was what the eye test she had taken before her departure was for. Dr Barry patted her on the head a few times as he finished his work, holding a control remote she assumed to be hers in his off hand.

She winced a bit as she saw him press one of the buttons, but instead of getting the dreaded shock she instead heard the robotic voice again as it made a sort of beeping noise. **“Gear sync initiated, full resync active. Standby.”** At once all of her gear came to life with those pleasurable vibrations every pup surely enjoyed, first her nipples, then her crotch, then ending with something new. For a moment, everything went dark, she didn't know how but it was like someone had turned out the lights in her eyes. She arched her back, the pleasurable vibrations continuing in the darkness as she whimpered pathetically and drooled on herself.

She could still hear, still the man rested his hand on her head, but she could see nothing but a deep black before her. Then as soon as it had come, it would leave again. Returning her vision to her as she heard the voice in her head again. **“Full gear sync complete, all systems functional”** another voice met her ears, this time from the doctor again. “There, what do we think of our new little present? I bet you liked that little reset test at least. No more silly little blindfolds to cover that pretty little face of yours. Now if you get too Overstimulated your handler

can just turn off your vision until you calm down. And, they have the most adorable little print, the chairman picked it out himself.”

The pudgy man held up a small mirror in front of her, it was the first time she had seen herself in a long time. Along with their seeming robotic function the contacts had replaced her pupils with tiny hearts like some lustful little slut in some hentai, only now it was her who would be always looking like she was in love with everything and everyone. It was subtle, but like everything the FBP did she was sure it was only to further humiliate her. They were masters of keeping her in her place and making her convinced she liked it. When she thought they had taken everything from her, they demonstrated time and time again that everything was a privilege that could be taken from her.

She looked so helpless in her little gear. It was only when she caught a glimpse of herself in shiny objects that she remembered how truly pathetic she looked with her little pigtails and ears, no one would look at her and think she was anything but a helpless little pet. Why did this helplessness feel so much more arousing than what she had felt when the trainers had grabbed her? Why did she like her treatment so much when everyone else seemed to hate it? They must just not have gotten to the enjoyable parts yet, you just had to be a good girl and normally they treat you well. Did things work differently here at the big facility?

She couldn't imagine ever doing something bad enough to wind up in Peppers shoes, errr stumps. She never wanted to have to think about that kind of failure again, she would be the best puppy she could to avoid it. She forced a smile at the man as he pulled the mirror away, willing herself to look like she hadn't been deep in thoughts they probably didn't want her to have. For once she wished maybe they would give her more of the medicine, maybe it did help her more than she thought, the antidepressants certainly did.

So much time had passed in what seemed like only a few moments while she was distracted, she lost sight of the other pup long ago but she spotted her again across the room as Dr. Barry straightened her ears and fixed a loose strand of her hair to finish getting her ready for the shoot. She felt a final pat on her head as Dr. Barry pointed to the other pup, commanding her where to go. “Remember to smile pup, be a good influence. Now go play.” His words were accompanied by a light swat on her exposed butt as she made her way over to the other pup, she was sweating a bit still from the adrenaline of the earlier fondling.

She didn't really know what to do at first, she noticed someone had removed the other pup's muzzle. What did they want her to do? She had never been good at playing with other pups, but she would try. Pepper was sniffing at the large beach ball with her nose, rolling it around at the behest of the camera man. Maybe they should at least get a little bit better acquainted first, she moved up to be close to the other pup. Once she was close she would meet the girl's gaze again, trying to look equal parts sympathetic and excited to play with her. To her surprise, she saw the girl's eyes light up and return her smile. She was right, this was probably the nicest thing that had happened to Pepper in a while.

As if instinctively, Trinket sniffed at the other pup politely, something they had told her to do in training in order to get acquainted with other pups more easily. The girl didn't seem to return the gesture, but she didn't seem to mind it either. Pepper was distracted by the beach ball, and Trinket would happily join in her fun moments later. She would bat the ball away from the other pup playfully and move it a few feet away with her increased mobility, the other pup wasn't supper agile so she figured at least rolling a ball back and forth a few times might be a good way to spark a little friendship between the two.

She thought Pepper looked surprised at first, but as soon as she batted the ball back over to her she saw a fire in the other pup's eyes. Pepper was more agile on her little stumps than she had originally thought, springing forward to headbut the ball back over to her side a little with a smile so that Trinket would have to move to hit it again. She heard a few clicks of the camera shutter as the cameraman snapped a few photos, she tried to not notice it and look as natural as possible. She willed a big smile, moving quickly to bat the ball back over to Pepper which she would inevitably send back. They were playing, it was nice. She got a little lost in the moment as she played with the other pup happily for a while. It distracted her from the day, there was still some huge looming "presentation" her caretakers kept mentioning.

They had never told her where it was or what it was really about, she was smart enough to know that was on purpose. She knew one of their tactics was to just not give little puppies like her any important things like that to worry about, that way they were more easily able to live in the moment and forget they used to be human. She was sure all they needed was her compliance anyway, but it still loomed in her mind. Where were they presenting her, and to who? She supposed she might be asking herself that question a lot soon, if they were to continue with using her to demonstrate the effectiveness of the program on pets with mental health issues like her she would likely give demonstrations at any number of places without really knowing or caring where they were.

She was convinced that when she joined she would be staying with the FBP for the entirety of her contract to monitor her mental state, she had diagnosed PTSD and suicidal depression that they promised to help her with, so after the first few months when they wanted to whore her out to some nobody on a contract just like the other pups she was terrified. It felt like the last tiny shred of hope she had for being happy had been taken from her, she wasn't going to get better sucking some fat old man's cock all day. She was still finding it hard to deal with everything and had a bad breakdown, denying her meals for days and receiving a heavy shock from her pet sitter more than once to inform a guard she just wanted to die.

They left her alone in her kennel for two days that time, force feeding her pills and mushy food till her mind felt like it might fall out her ears and she couldn't help but beg for any kindness they would give her. She cried every day and night until finally she had realized that she wasn't happy because she had never known what happiness was, she must have been cursed. All her life she had felt like the world had taken everything from her, her future in academics, her sanity, any hope she had for love, now her name and even her voice, every time she thought she had nothing left to take there was always something new about herself to hate. But when she finally

had nothing, she realized earning even the simple kindness of a trainer's hand on her head felt like something to be proud of. If she didn't know how to be happy, she would learn. They would train her.

As much as it wasn't her choice in the matter, she was quite pleased when she met Chairman Abbernathy for the first time, when she heard he had requested her for a program in Central City she was elated. A few months into her training and medications at that point were making things a lot easier for her to process, she didn't need things like good test scores in university or her name or voice to be happy, all she needed to do was exactly what they said and they would continue to reward her with things that made her feel good. She had finally allowed herself to be free of it all, and all they asked was her compliance. If she could talk to anyone now she might even admit she was wrong and ask for forgiveness, but her last speaking time hadn't been for months now.

The pup was so deep in thought that she would not see the last pass of the beachball come careening at her, the other pup had launched it at her full send and she would not react in time to stop its path directly at her face. She squeaked adorably as it would bounce off of her head lightly and out of the play area much to the amusement of the onlookers and the other pup, it was only a soft plastic but it caught her off guard and she would feel a little silly. She heard the camera shutter again a few times, the cameraman was fast. Abbernathy chuckled at her and she felt herself blush a bit, even the other pup seemed to be stifling a laugh to not get a shock. Instead of worrying about it she would try to focus again, picking another toy for them to play with.

It went on like that for a while, one of them picked something to play with and the other joined in. After a bit it turned into more specific posing, likely the shots they were here to get. One shot was of the pups pretending to eat from the food bowls and smiling happily, one was of her and Pepper pulling on either end of a rope with their teeth, another where they each posed with a treat on the top of their nose that they got to eat after! For a few moments she even forgot that she was doing the photos, she was just happily playing with another pup. It felt good, she was actually having fun playing with another pup. Even if she was a terrorist or something.

By the end of it she thought the other pup and her might have actually grown a little closer, they both swapped a disappointed glance when they heard them start to wrap things up. Pepper looked especially sad now, Trinket wasn't stupid she knew that where the other pup was going after this would not be as nice as where she was, she nuzzled her forehead against Peppers a few times affectionately as a sort of attempt at consolation. She wanted her new friend to know that she at least had fun, maybe if Pepper was good they would get to do this again sometime. For some reason she was doubtful, but there was no reason Pepper shouldn't know that she liked her, she saw the good in her even if the FBP did not. She got a weak smile in return from the other pup at least, laden with the same sorrow she had seen the pups eyes when they first met, a smile would have to do for now.

They made her stay longer for a bunch of personal photos, she didn't mind but she was a little sad that it seemed all the fun would be over soon. Sure enough while she was finishing up they had already re muzzled Pepper and were ready to drag her out the door, the stupid camera man leashed her and brought her the opposite direction to hand it to Abbernathy, she wanted to get his attention and stop them so the pair could have a proper goodbye but they were too fast. After the groping they had given her earlier, she certainly wasn't envious of how the pup was being handled, or inclined to stop them. Did they have to be so mean though? She hoped maybe Pepper had learned something from their little encounter, but she was doubtful of that too.

The chairman was still deep in some conversation with Dr Barry about something she didn't quite understand, but Trinket would sit at his feet politely anyway not wanting to move. She knew they liked it when she stayed close and he still had her leash, much to her surprise as she inched ever closer to his pant leg absentmindedly she felt his hand rest atop her head. It was such a small gesture, but things like that were really important to her these days. It was still amazing to her how good it felt for being so simple, the hand atop her head was a comfort and warmth she longed for now like nothing else. She was getting lost in puppy thoughts again, she had almost forgotten there was anything else in the room.

As Peppers caretakers roughly escorted her out the door Trinket would be greeted with another unfamiliar sight, another black haired pup would enter shortly after Pepper would leave, using the last seconds of the doors opening to squeeze in with no help from the other trainers. She barely made it through the door but once she was inside she got a better look of her, she wasn't sporting normal pet gear and looked like some sort of service pet. She heard the pup too now, the jingling of the bells on her gear were clearly to alert others she was coming. Was she delivering something? A sign on her harness clearly read 'Please don't pet me, I'm working' and was adorned with a few other 'Postal Pet' and 'NO Touching' patches on either side.

The small framed pup was smaller than she was, and that was saying something. Her narrow features and small breasts were accentuated by the rhythmic jingling of the bells that accompanied her almost robotic crawling, they locked eyes for a moment as she caught her breath just inside the door. It was odd but the other pup had the exact expression that she herself had when she first saw Pepper, clearly she had never seen anything like the pups missing limbs either. She wasn't even close enough for her to have read the other pups name tag yet, but they shared a mutual look of understanding. As fast as she had stopped the little thing would start again, clearing the room and making her way to where she sat at Abbernathy's feet in only a few moments. Bells jingling all the way.

Once she was in front of her she could see more clearly what the other pup was here for, instead of a pet sitter between her legs this pup seemed to have some sort of odd metal device that held something inside her little puppy parts and tail. It looked like it hurt, but a second glance told her the other pup's well stuffed puppy parts were dripping with her own lust. She saw now that the girls tag didn't have a name, just numbers, the mystery would continue for

now. The other pup was clearly on a mission, turning her ass toward the Chairman shamelessly and presenting herself like she was a little bitch in heat.

The little pup swung her hips and tail back and forth to purposefully ring the bells in order to get the men's attention, the burning crimson on the other pup's behind and face made Trinket blush a little. The postal pup clearly had a terrible job already. Why did something in the girl's expression and eagerness to present make her think for a moment that she might like the presentation part of her job? You could almost smell the arousal dripping from the little pup as she buried her face in her front paws to hide her shame. Abernathy couldn't miss her coming from a mile away and would quell his conversation with Dr. Barry to look down upon the pair of pups, he smiled devilishly at the sight beneath him, clearly amused by the other pups display.

His rough voice cut the air as he checked his watch, clapping his hands sarcastically a few times before he spoke. "My, my. I thought the time had gotten away from me but it does seem that our little delivery is here a whole 6 minutes early. Well Done pup, you must know all the shortcuts around here or something. What's your secret for being so... Sharp?" His voice was laden with sarcasm and pointed at the other pup with a fervor, she had no idea why but it felt almost like some sort of joke she wasn't in on, by the look in her eyes it didn't seem the other pup was in on it either.

The Chairman chuckled to himself as he reached down to flip the little latch on the girl's containment device, slowly removing the mail knot with a gentle hand much to the relief of the little delivery pup. The raven haired girl let out an audible sigh once the thing was removed and she seemed to catch her breath, Trinket spotted a thin sheen of sweat that had formed on the girl's pale skin. There was no doubt in her mind the other pup had liked that interaction very much, her little puppy parts were leaking their fun all over the floor in the device's absence.

She and the other girl exchanged another glance, both of their faces must have been the same shade of red because something had seemed to amuse the chairman. He set the container down and returned his hand to Trinket's head, patting her a few more times and scratching behind her faux ears. He was looking down at her with his soulful blue eyes, smiling warmly to comfort her. His voice was warm. "Don't think I've forgotten about you, you've been such a good puppy for me today Trinket, don't think I haven't forgotten your reward."

He returned his gaze to the block haired pup. "What a good little Postal Pup you are, so eager to do your job. Is someone hungry for a treat? Might even be able to give you some time at the water feeder if you're a good girl." The chairman's words were still laced with that odd tone, she hoped someone would fill her in on what she was missing. The other pup would turn around to look up at the man with a forced smile, her eyes were still a little watery and the blush showed on her pale skin. She barked once for yes. "Very well, you've earned it. Cant have one of our own go starving now can we? Why is it always the best little pups that get the shortest sentences?" He says, chuckling again and procuring a small bone shaped treat from his pocket to hold out for the little pup.

The other pup looked mortified, but she also looked hungry. The bone wasn't much but he was acting like it was, was her feeding dependent on her performance? How cruel, she was meeting so many seemingly rambunctious pups today. The little pup ate up the bone no less, staring up at the chairman with a look of pure terror. She thought they might all be on the same page now, Abbernathy knew who this pet was, but she had no idea he knew her. Was she a former employee here? Was this how they discipline their staff? No matter what the girl had the same brandings she did, those would never go away. Their way of dealing with things was often harsh.

The chairman's voice cut in again. "There there pup. No need to get all flustered, even though it is adorable. I have known everyone in this building for 30 years, even if they don't know me. I've read thousands of little case files, some of them catch my eye more than others. I was wondering if I would catch our little runaway during her time in delivery. It's unfortunate this had to be our first ever meeting though, I think you're one of the only HPPS workers I haven't had the pleasure of meeting. We can start over again when you're back on two legs." He winks at the little pup, patting her on the head a few times for posterity. She seemed to calm down a bit, It was she just good at hiding her anger.

"Trinket, this is inspector Sue Sharp of the HPPS. That's the little office that deals with making sure pets are being taken care of outside of our direct supervision. It seems she's run into a little trouble lately but you two might actually cross paths some day so this is an interesting little coincidence, call it luck that we can all be together I suppose." He winks at Sue, laying on the patronizing thick. "Miss Sharp, this is Trinket. She's one of our new transfers from the northern branch to the voluntary admissions program, she's here to show everyone how the program has helped improve her life. You might be seeing a lot of her around the office soon."

"Don't think just because I'm being nice I'll let you get away without properly introducing yourselves, proper puppy greetings are important. You two know the drill." He makes eye contact with both of the pups before giving Trinket a small pat on her back to coax her from the spot at his heel she had been glued to, she complied willingly to show her complacency, still wanting to impress The Chairman to earn his praise. She made her way over and the two girls exchanged the signature lick on the cheek, the obvious scent of heat and sweat prevalent on the postal pup even as she approached. The other pup didn't seem to enjoy the interaction very much, her face was a little red.

Trinket shot the other pup a kind glance, trying to move as slowly as possible to not scare the other pup and act as understanding as possible. She found herself doing that a lot lately, did it feel good to help other pups be comfortable? It did seem far more pups than she thought were here because they had done something wrong or committed some crime, clearly many of the pets the FBP looked after were not in her same voluntary mindset. They moved to the second part of the greeting and the two pups would begin to sniff at each others hind quarters in the demeaning display, the postal pets puppy parts were dripping with her rampant heat and there was no doubt in her mind that whatever the case the other pup was terribly aroused by her situation.

Had Sue gotten herself put into her role voluntarily after all? The little pup certainly looked quite bashful but there was something about her that she thought maybe only another pup like her would have sensed, Sue had the same look Trinket often gave to handlers when she wanted some special attention. Their eyes met again and Sue gave her the look you give when the desperation of being a helpless animal sets in and the pleasure of the toys they stuff in you becomes a sort of reward in itself, it was oddly comforting to know they were at least on some sort of common ground with that one. Every pup deserves a little relief here and there right? She wondered if she smelled the same to others when she got all flustered, that was an embarrassing thought she already knew the answer to.

The chairman sighs half heartedly, clearly enjoying his control over every situation. "I'll tell you what, since you were so early and you still have a few minutes, I'll let you have a little break time and a drink before I put your little delivery back in its place. Trinket, why don't you show her how to use one of the KNOT dispensers. Chop chop though, postal pets need to be on time or she won't get her next treat. Most aren't as nice as me." He motions toward the shiny metal mechanism that hung from the wall at pet height, there were two of them each with an identical set of buttons at paw height and a long knotted rubber phallus that drooped with its own weight. Trinket had used one before, but by the look on the other pup's face she was sure Sue had never seen anything like it.

With all of the eyes in the room on her again Trinket would crawl her way over to one of the machines, crouching on her hind legs to get a better angle at the feeding shaft. Her restraints were still quite limiting but she had gotten used to the little hind leg squat for pottie time and moments like this, she had never really done it with others watching though, it was quite embarrassing now that she thought about it. She took the head of the thing into her mouth and placed her hands on the two paw sized buttons, working her way up to the knot on the thing rather easily with only a few attempts of slicking it with her spit.

With one final thrust she would wrap her mouth around the knot and press her nose to the third button on the machine, instantly rewarded as she pulled away and the machine dispensed a few spurts of cold fresh water down her throat and into her welcoming mouth. Her pet sitter rewarded her accordingly with its comforting robotic voice. "**Good puppy. Good puppies work for their food.**" She opened her eyes to the sound of the chairman's clapping, her eyes finding the horrified expression on the other pup's face before darting back to the man's tender eyes.

"Well done Trinket, such a good little puppy working for her refreshments. Just like little miss Sharp here works for those little treats. Don't think I don't see that little look pup, if you want a drink you'd better do like Trinket and press all three buttons." Distracted, another few flashes from the camera would catch her off guard, it took her a moment to realize this picture wasn't of her, it was of the other pup. "Smile you two" the cameraman's gruff voice commanded. Then another of the two pups next to each other came just as quick as the last, she didn't really

have time to smile very well but had managed a smirk. Both men chuckled, the sue didn't seem pleased.

“Aww, no pouting pup. Just a little something to remember the moment and go along with the others in your file. Trinket if you're a good girl I'll have a copy of it hung up in your kennel next to the one of you and pepper.” He gets distracted by the cameraman trying to get his attention. “All done Chuck? I... or rather our pup friend here, will get that little drive sent up to market for you no sweat, you're all set to take off for the weekend.” The portly camera man handed him the camera's SD card before returning to packing his things, the chairman would pop the seal of the pups mail KNOT and place the small drive inside.

It was kinda funny how small the thing was compared to the side of the device, trinket thought he could probably have fit 5 or 6 more and had enough room for a note. She felt a little bad for the pups, even if she did like it, they clearly had her in that position to demean her. While he was distracted she watched the other pup look desperately to the feeder, it was clear the pud didn't think she could do it well enough to get any water from the machine. She watched as the girls pursed her lips and pitifully slid them only a few inches down the shaft before recoiling with disgust, holding back a gag. Their eyes met again, Sue looked so desperate. She wanted to do something to help her.

Trinket made sure the coast was clear, Abbernathy had returned to his conversation with Dr. Barry and was still distracted. She wrinkled her nose trying to think of something, suddenly it dawned on her. The things were only so difficult to operate because you had to keep both of your paws on the bottom buttons, but maybe she could press the last button for the pup to help her out. They would have to be quick about it, both of them would surely get a shock if they were seen but something within her compelled Trinket to act. She winked as she motioned for Sue to get back into position and the pup would once again wrap her thin lips around the large shaft. She took one last look to make sure no one was watching and used her paw to tap the small button at the end of the device with lightning speed.

It worked, and Sue's very thankful look afterward told her that she had finally won the other pups' trust. The little pup gulped down the few spurts of water the machine dispensed, and the other pup would quickly press the button to help her. They went back and forth a few times until the little pup's face shone with a much brighter smile, a genuine smile laden with thanks. Sometimes genuine little kindnesses like these were all it took to make someone feel that much better, hopefully the other pup would at least remember those who had helped her on her journey. She felt she had made a much bigger impact on Sue than she had Pepper, she would work harder next time to make sure every interaction she had went this nicely.

The two were still smiling at each other when the man's voice chimed in again, clearly another nice moment was about to be cut short. “Well would you look at that, I didn't think you had it in you Sharp. Such good little puppies I've got on my hands today.” He crosses the room, patting Sue on the head a few times as he waved the mail knot back and forth in front of her with a grin. “Come now girl, don't want you to miss your next delivery and miss your evening

meal. You know the drill.” The other pup reluctantly presented herself to The Chairman again and he carefully replaced the know into the girl's vacant hole, sealing her up with only a few whimpers in protest. The blush on the pup's faces had returned, the chairman laughed again as he finished latching the device closed.

With everything secure The Chairman would plant a firm swat on Sue's bare ass, enough to make her feel the sting as he leaned down to whisper something to her that Trinket could barely hear. “There's no way you got that little mouth of yours all the way up that shaft, but ill let it slide this time. I very much look forward to our next meeting Miss Sharp, hopefully it's under better conditions next time for your sake. Stay out of trouble and we won't ever have to meet again.” He pats Sue on the head as she and Trinket share a few final glances, the two would brush up against each other for comfort one last time as Sue made her way to the door. Dr. Barry let her back out into the hall, and the jingle of the girl's bells faded away with any animosity she had toward the girl. She hoped they would meet again.

Alone once again she felt an odd sort of companionship with both of the pups she had met, she wanted only the best things for both of them. The chairman's voice echoed again, this time it fell over her like a ray of warmth, he knelt down and cupped her face in his hands so they could make eye contact again. “You've been such a good girl for me today Trinket, don't think I've forgotten I promised you a little present. I'm a man of my word. And if you continue to be good for me puppy there will be plenty more playtime in your future.” He pulled the small remote for her collar from his jacket pocket, clicking its reward function twice to set it to the medium setting as she felt all of her toys come to life with that heavenly vibration.

She tried to arch her back and drive her face down to the ground to present herself to him better, but his iron grip held her gaze to his. One of his rough hands gripped the hair at the back of her head and yanked it back playfully, the other wrapped itself around her throat and squeezed lightly. “No puppy, look at me. I want you to know who's giving you this reward.” The pleasure was so intense, every second without proper relief was agonizing and every second brought her closer and closer to the edge. Her gaze was full of lust, she lolled her tongue out of her mouth desperately as she failed at stopping herself from drooling all over herself. She couldn't control herself, she was lost in his hands, desperate for any attention she could get. Her gear is still buzzing away ceaselessly.

“Perhaps you should thank me by returning the favor, don't think I don't see you making those little puppy dog eyes at me. Does it turn you on that I could have you used like Pepper or little Miss Sharp, puppy? No. I think you just like being a good little puppy for everyone to see don't you Trinket? The sooner you admit that to yourself the sooner you'll be closer to that happiness you want so much. It's in your nature to want to be happy as a little pet because it's what you are, a helpless little animal. You'll be relieved to know you're going to be a very good puppy by the time I'm done with you, Welcome Home Pup.”

The Chairman lets go of his grip to unbuckle his belt and produce his surprisingly sizable cock, waving it about a few times as its attractive must wash over her from where she knelt on

the floor. "Here's your treat Puppy." he swooned. She knew what to do, for once she knew what SHE wanted to do. She came three times in the short time it took her to pleasure the man, she thought they might have been some of the best she'd ever had. It was a good reward, for once she knew she had done well.
