

Under The Skin: A Petplay Story By Trinket.
-Part 2-



Art by: Nimbletail

CONTENT WARNINGS: Forced petplay, Wattersports, Coercion and Blackmail, Entrapment, Human Trafficking, Non-Consensual Drug Use, Psycalogical Torture, And Depictions of Strong Verbal Degradation.

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“EWW THE LITTLE BITCH JUST PISSED ON ME!” The tech that had been holding her snarled. His rough hand found a hold on her collar, jerking her face up off the floor only to thrust it back down into the puddle of her own, still warm piss and pin her to the floor. “Just because you're not housebroken yet doesn't mean you get out of learning your place.” The man's voice was inches from her ear, despite the small layer of protection the hood of the suit provided, the man's commanding tone made her petite frame tremble as he yelled at her. He brought his hand down against her ass hard a few times, spanking her roughly like a disobedient child.

As if on command, the moment her face hit the ground the two metal prongs that had been pressed against her neck from the collar came alive with a horribly painful shock. It shot from her neck all the way through her body to a place deep inside of her, emanating from the tip of the tail plug they had stuffed inside her in synchronicity with the pulse from the collar. She doubled over in pain, collapsing further into the now cold puddle of her own urine face first. She tried to gasp through her mouth, the thick silicon gag giving no leeway for her to breathe through her mouth and forcing her to focus on breathing through her nose if she didn't want to hyperventilate.

The shocks came along with a voice she had never heard before, originating from what she thought was the room around her, but upon second thought seemed to be emanating from inside her own head. The slightly robotic, female voice snapped at her with a vitriolic tone. **“Bad Puppy! Good Puppies go potty outside!”** Her one open eye darted around the room, looking for the source of the voice and finding none. Had she just imagined it? Had it come from the speaker? The Techs hadn't seemed to have heard it.

The hand that had been holding her face to the ground released, but she didn't dare try and raise her head from the ground and earn herself another punishment. The smell of her own urine had long since filled her senses, seeping into the soft material of the suit between her thighs and the majority of the left side of her face and turning them cold and damp as it began to dry. She heard the raucous laughter of the techs now accompanied by the sound of the Lead Vet laughing maniacally through the speakers as she lay there in defeat, still hoping she might wake from the continuing nightmare.

“On your paws idiot. Or were you just gonna lay in a puddle of your own piss forever?” The Techs words stung worse than anything else, washing over her as she slowly raised her head and looked up at them on her hands and knees. The click of a leash meeting the ring at the back of her collar echoed through the room, tightening the thick band of leather around her neck to an uncomfortable level. “God, Are you happy Mutt? Now I have to give you the hose or you'll stink up the whole kennel. No one will want anything to do with you if you wreak of piss. Help me get her on the table.” One of the tech's motioned to the other, the more burly of the two moving quickly to scoop her up in his arms.

As an almost involuntary action, Trinket's limbs flail about as she struggles to keep her footing on the ground. Just as the Tech lifts her a few inches off the ground her flailing causes him to lose his grip, sending her tumbling back to the floor with a thud. She lets out a pained

yelp as her shoulder impacts the hard concrete, knocking the wind out of her only to be made worse by another terrifying shock that bites at the side of her neck with a ferocity she had only just recovered from. The pain was enough to make her collapse onto the ground again pathetically, trying again to gasp for breath and making her situation worse by not regulating her breath through her nose.

Again came the robotic voice, this time cementing in her mind that it sounded almost like she had a 2nd conscious now. ***“Bad Puppy! Good doggies obey their handler.”*** The voice in her head was accompanied by another growl from the tech, the voices overlapping and confusing her with their vicious attacks on her intelligence. “Dumb Little Fucking Bltch!” The tech’s voice boomed, fed up with the girl’s disobedience. “Bet that didn’t feel good did it? You want to hold still or you want a few more FUCKING SHOCKS so you know what they feel like?”

Trinket made no attempt to rise from the ground again, laying there in defeat for a moment in a desperate attempt to catch her breath. Without so much as a squeak both of the men’s hands were upon her, one holding her arms and the other holding her legs as they lifted her off the ground and strapped her limbs into leather restraints at each of the four corners of the stainless steel table. She didn’t bother to fight this time, a few silent tears streaking her face as she cried silently, trying to avoid a third horrifying shock.

“There. That wasn’t so bad, was it? You clean your act up and I might even give you a little treat. How does that sound, Girl?” The tech’s voice was dripping with a sickly sweet sedition, mocking her by offering her the same sympathy he would any other animal he handled. She didn’t move, keeping her eyes locked on the cold steel of the veterinary table as the men moved around her. “Besides, I hear some pups even like how nice their suits feel once we turn on the petting function.” The pup winces as the tech’s voice comes close to her faux ears again, the easiest way for sound to reach her with the thick hood over her real ears. “All the bitches really like it when I switch their little suits to heat mode, that’s for sure. I’m sure you will too.”

The tech’s hand rested firmly on the back of her head, pinning her face to the cold steel table much less harshly now that she had seemingly calmed down. At this point, it was easier for her to just stay still than it was for her to even think about disobeying. She was trapped in a worsening nightmare, her mind raced, there had to be some way for her to escape. Obviously not right now, she couldn’t even move her arms, but she would need to keep her eyes out for a way to escape or call for help.

“Hold still.” His hand still firmly held her head to the table when, without any further warning, an icy sting met the back of Trinket’s neck. The pain is enough to make her wince, but after the horrible shocks she had been given earlier, it felt almost like mosquito bite if anything. As the icy cold faded an interesting sensation was left in its place, a strange itch she desperately wished she could scratch. As she remained still, doing anything to avoid another shock, the tech’s hand patted the back of her head a few times in a way that was oddly comforting and humiliating at the same time.

“See, all you have to do is be a good little doggy and there's no need for any nasty little repercussions. I knew you would be a quick learner.” The tech's words were still dripping with condescension, no doubt trying to reinforce her good behavior like she had been taught in her behavioral science classes. Everything was all happening so fast that she hadn't had time to react to the last set of stimuli before they were forcing another on her. But it only took her a few moments of processing to understand the horror of what the little sting really was, they had just microchipped her like they would any home pet.

Before she had a chance to react, the tech grabbed her chin, forcing her gaze up to his as he fitted two small glass lenses into the eyeholes of the suit. For a moment, everything went black as the now visor-like lenses completely blinded her by blackening out for a moment, bringing before her eyes a virtual reality like load screen bar that slowly counted from 1-100%. As her last sense is taken from her for a moment, she can't help but whimper into the gag for the 100th time, desperate to gain some sort of sympathy in the eyes of her captors. Clearly the suit they had locked her in was capable of much more than she had anticipated, and was a terrifyingly advanced piece of technology.

The tech speaks again, letting go of her face as her vision returns to normal. “Now, let's get all that gear synced up and I'll take you to meet Helena. I'm sure she will be delighted to hear she has a new bitch to break. She might even introduce you to the other girls and give you a nice bowl of food, if you're lucky.” The tears continue to streak Trinket's latex and leather covered face, silently weeping as she shook with the first true feelings of despair she had ever experienced. What had she ever done in her life to deserve something like this? And she wasn't even the only one they were subjecting to this horror? How many times had they done this? And worse yet, how many times had they gotten away with it? This was the kind of nightmare stuff you only heard about in movies, but now, it was happening to her.

The other tech, who till this point had been out of Trinket's view, spoke again. “Jesus Bill, the little thing looks like she's going to pass out like Whisper. You remember when you suited her and she passed out from the first shock? Damn that was funny.” He chuckles, interrupted immediately by the vet whose name she now knew was Bill as he continued. “You got a sick sense of humor Ken. They are animals, they just need some time to think for it to sink in. Can't blame an animal for being scared the first time you take them to the vet right?” Bill's tone was strangely sympathetic, having changed completely now that she was nothing more than a helpless little animal on his table like all the rest.

Bill pulls the final piece from the small metal table and waves it in her face as he moves behind her, a small c-string like undergarment that he secured to the suit over her previously exposed privates. As he pushes it into place Trinket can feel a small plate like device press against her clit, providing her an odd mixture of comfort from being covered, and terror at what the device could possibly be for. Moments later, she feels similar, pasty like devices, pressed against her nipples to cover them. “Now, for some quick tests.” Bill's voice is accompanied by the small beep that is produced from a control remote in his hand.

The voice in Trinket's head sprung to life again, robotically echoing a list of computer-like startup code as it appeared in the bottom left corner of the connected display the otherwise invisible lenses created. She could feel the entire suit cling to her skin even more tightly somehow, contracting and spreading a warm sensation across her entire body as the suit's inner lining seemingly tensed up and bound more tightly to her skin so that there was no friction between them.

***“Hu-Trainer PetSitter system syncing.
Software v2.0B.***

Hello Pet. Welcome to PetSitter. Stand by for a systemwide sync and connectivity test.

***Fetching pet microchip id: null
Assigning pet id: 2v00001
Assigned Trainer: Helena (Custody locked)
Behavior Score: null***

Fetching vitals:

- Breed: German Shepherd***
- Height: 5'6***
- Weight: 135lbs***
- Classification: Terrier***
- Heart beat: 110***
- Blood type: A-***
- Vaccination status: Boosters needed***

Fetching Components:

- Control Collar: Synced Successfully (Speech Dissabled)***
- Visor: Synced Successfully***
- StimPet suit liner: Synced Successfully (Movements Restricted)***
 - >Petting Mode: ACTIVE***
- StimPet crotch cover: Syncing***
 - >Heat Mode: INACTIVE***
- SmartTail neural link: Syncing***
- NFC Microchip: Syncing***
 - >GPS: ACTIVE***

Full Sync Complete. Good Puppy!

Stand by, Initiating Connectivity Stim Test.”

As the words that appeared on the screen stopped, again came a loading screen, but the way the rest of the dreaded suit came alive stopped her from really being able to pay attention. Starting with the device that had been pressed against her crotch, and the two small pads on

her nipples, pleasurable vibrations started out slowly and grew to an almost unbearable level of stimulation. Just as she had recovered from the assault on her genitals, all at once the suit covered her body with what felt like 1000s of tiny little suction cups and bristles that all caressed and stimulated her skin everywhere the suit touched, from her head to her toes she shivered with an uncontrollable mixture of pleasure and terror as she is immediately brought to a level of complete overstimulation with no control of her senses.

Inside her mind she screamed, but out of the gag came only pathetic muffled whimpers. She struggles feebly against the restraints again, desperate to free herself from the hellish confinement the suit imprisoned her within. Then as quickly as it had come, the suits torture ceased, leaving her with a thick layer of goosebumps in its place. ***“Full sync complete. Well done Puppy!”*** The voice receded from her head again, allowing her to fill her brain with her own thoughts. The pain in her behind had only grown, her body still painfully adjusting to the foreign invader sunk deep in her ass.

This was madness, pure madness! Within a few measly minutes they had stripped her of everything she held dear, lording all of her previous privileges over her to show her how easily they could be taken. She felt pathetic, disgusting, whimpering and snorting all over herself like any other pathetic animal that might have had the displeasure of crossing paths with Bill or the other psychos that ran this place. Why did their judgment sting with such conviction? Was this all just to teach her a lesson about humility? For some reason she felt like they were far past that now.

The metallic click of the restraints at the corners of the table being released snapped her attention back to her all too vivid reality. She tensed up again with fright, going stiff as the two techs freed her from the restraints and lowered her back to the floor. The tensing of her muscles made her shoulder ache from where she had fallen on the floor, wincing from the pain as some of the adrenaline that had been pumping through her finally wore off. She looked around again, still in a daze as her mind struggled to comprehend all of the things they had done to her.

Another metallic click sounds and Trinket can feel a tug at her collar, the leash attached to the ring at the back of her collar now cutting off her air slightly as it is yanked. She hadn't noticed it until now, but she was shaking, cowering at their feet as she tried to keep stable on her hands and knees. The padding that the suit provided her knees was rather minimal, but it did help. She heard the two men exchange words as she tried to keep from falling over or passing out, though she was too distracted to hear what they were saying. She hadn't noticed until that moment, but when she looked between her legs the tail that had once been fully extended was now curled between her legs, held there somehow whenever she clenched her anal muscles fearfully.

The collar around her next tightened again, the leash now dragging her forward toward the security door adjacent to the one they had come in through. Each Time she moved, she crawled on her hands and knees painfully, resting all her weight on her knees in a terribly uncomfortable shuffle across the floor. She felt the tightness around her throat cease for a moment as Bill knelt down to look her in the eyes, startling her again that she had done something wrong. “Up off

your knees, Pup. You're gonna blow your knees out before you're half done if you keep walking like that." Bill said, in an almost sympathetic tone.

Bills hands moved to her knees, gesturing them up off the floor and steadying her as she began to rest all her weight between the palms of her hands, and the balls of her feet. It was a taxing position on her body to hold, but it did keep her knees off the ground and she did gain a bit more control of her dexterity as she balanced her weight better. Nonetheless, she felt utterly humiliated, as the new, more dog-like position forced her to raise her ass and privates farther into the air. Putting them on display for anyone to see if they weren't covered by the crotch covering.

Bill's voice met her ears again. "Gooooood Grrrrr!" His tone is intensely patronizing as he pats the top of her head a few times, the petting somehow just as reliving as it is humiliating. "See, there you go. Doesn't that feel better?" Their eyes meet again as he pats her a few more times, eliciting a pleasurable sensation on her skin anywhere he touches her. It felt like the same sensation that had overwhelmed her moments earlier, only much less intense, for some reason, now it felt almost heavenly. She couldn't hide the look of misplaced satisfaction in her eyes, the way the suit's petting feature felt confused her heavily. Equally as much a look of terror, her gaze was a search for some form of reassurance, after having been shocked a few times, the relief from the petting felt almost earned.

There wasn't much sympathy in Bill's eyes, but there was some. And that was something to work with. As he pulled her onward through the door she struggled to keep her knees off the ground, already to a point of exhaustion. Her shoulder still ached from the fall, she still struggled to breathe through the muzzle and the urine that had dried on the side of her face smelt terrible and had begun to irritate the soft skin of her face. Yet, the tug of the leash dragged her onward endlessly, down a few long hallways and through another set of security doors.

Trinket tried to make a mental map of the complex as they led her deeper and deeper into it, losing track of how many twists and turns there were to remember. The complex seemed needlessly maze-like, no doubt on purpose to confuse her. The helplessness set in again as she realized how many layers of steel and concrete there were between her and her escape. One last door surprised her, when a breath of fresh, non conditioned air swept over her as they led her into a big fenced in yard. The sun had already begun to dip below the horizon, casting eerie shadows onto the oversized play structures and pet toys that dotted the yard. The time was passing faster than she had originally thought.

Amid the colorful assortment of distractions in the yard, she spied the small group of figures she was being led toward. Sitting on their hands and knees, or she supposed paws, around a tall female figure, were 3 other puppy-suit clad women in various dog printed designs. The tall, lab coat wearing woman looked back and forth between her clipboard and the three helpless women before her. Her badge read the name "Helena" and her long, messy brown hair and tapping of her red soled high heels in the dirt impatiently told Trinket everything she needed to know. This woman was in charge, and she took pleasure in doing so.

The first, a rather tall and well busted puppygirl sat somewhere in her mid 30s and actually did not have her face covered with the tight mask they had bound the other three including Trinket herself in. In fact, the girl's long blonde pigtails accented a set of bright blue eyes that peered up at the lab coat wearing woman in the center dumbly, tongue lolled from her mouth to give an air of almost vapid stupidity to her otherwise beautiful features. The unmasked girl wore a similar suit to the one she wore but with much longer, more realistic fur, printed in the coat pattern of a golden retriever. The bone shaped nametag that dangled from her collar read the name, Peaches.

The second girl, who looked much less excited about her predicament, had her face fully covered with the same thick mask and muzzle gag they had confined her too. The meek pup, smaller than she was, couldn't have been more than 5' tall and 100lbs. She couldn't make out the eyes behind the visor she wore, but the little pup was clad in a humiliating, fluffy white pomeranian poodle type pattern that she did not envy the small girl for having to wear. The terribly tacky collar she wore seemed to be much thicker than the rest, spelling out the name Whisper in gaudy pink and white rhinestones. Whisper seemed shy, almost hiding behind Peaches like a scarred child would, resting against her older comrade timidly.

The last girl, who made eye contact with her as Bill finally led them to a stop in front of the intimidating woman in high heels, seemed to be around the same size as her, only much more emaciated. The third girl's suit was more terrifying than even whispers, much more tight and restricting as it bent each of her limbs at the joint and sealed her hands and feet tightly against her body so that she was completely confined to crawling on her elbows and knees. The lengths these psychos went to just to dehumanize their captives seemed to be nightmarishly unending, dropping to another level of depravity every moment she tried to acclimate herself to the last.

The last girl's collar tag read CoCo, and the dark brown chocolate lab colored pattern of her suit reinforced her chocolatey image. The way CoCo struggled to keep her balance with her limited mobility, and the fiery glare in her eye told her everything she needed to know about her. CoCo was a trouble maker, and had been punished with the humiliating bitchsuit for her non compliance. It terrified her for a moment with the thought that there were far worse punishments to be earned than the nasty little shocks the collars delivered, clearly CoCo had found that out the hard way.

The whimpering little pup had the same snout like muzzle as she and Whisper, and wreaked even from a far of sex and old cum. The area between the girl's legs was on full display to the world, not covered by one of the little flaps like the rest, and her privates and inner thighs dripped with a mixture of what could only be assumed to be a large amount of nearly dried semen and her own leakings. Worse than the sex, the girl smelled like a wet dog, and was clearly being punished with a lack of a proper cleaning in addition to the many other things. As their eye contact finally broke again, her vision was snapped back to the two staff standing before her.

The two had already begun talking before she turned back in, but with how little sound made it through the holes in the faux ears she couldn't really hear them unless she turned her head up at them and focused hard. She found the woman, who she had confirmed via her nametag was the Helena they had been talking about earlier, looking down at her with a scornful glare. For a moment, she thought she almost saw a look of pity on Bill's face, but she couldn't be certain. The woman's stern glare broke for a moment as her eyes darted back to Bill.

Trinket watched as Bill handed the end of her leash over to Helena, who immediately drastically shortened the amount of leash between her hand and trinket's collar by yanking her into submission at her side. The collar tightened to an almost completely asphyxiating degree, forcing her to balance in a crouched seating position with her front paws barely touching the floor. Immediately, the pup's hands lurched from the floor toward the back of her neck desperate to gain some air grabbing at the leash, but the moment they left the ground the weight of her own body further tightened the collar, making her fall face first into the dirt of the play area with a pathetic whimper as the woman released her viscous grip.

Helena's voice lashed at her as she tried to rise again, hoisted from the ground by the leash tightening once more as the woman's commanding and viscous tone hit her ears. "Little pisser can't even sit right! How's the dirt taste, Bitch? Oh wait your mouth is a little full isn't it. Now, **SIT**" She giggles devilishly, yanking the girl back from the dirt by the leash. "Now you'll need the hose for sure. It'll be a nice cold bath you can remember the next time you want to go pissing all over yourself and the floor. I'm not as tolerant as Bill about cleaning up your little messes so don't even try it or I'll plug those other little holes of yours for a week, Got it? Bark once if you understand."

When she was finally able to stabilize herself in the same, crouched **SIT** position, she found she couldn't turn her head to look at Helena in the face. No doubt on purpose, the woman's commands came down on her like from a practically unseen source, all she really saw of the woman was her high heels and the black stockings she wore under her pencil skirt. The more time she spent on all fours being treated like an animal, the more she saw just how intense their tactics were. It reminded her of a paragraph in a medical book she had read about avoiding eye contact with animals to not induce fear, and to show dominance. It was all so painfully obvious to her.

From behind the gag the pup tried to bark for the woman, but she didn't know how she was supposed to do that with such a big gag in her mouth. Much to her surprise, when she tried to vocalize the noise, an odd bark-like growl did escape her. For some reason, realizing she could bark to communicate was somehow more humiliating than having her voice taken from her all together. Being praised for it was just overkill. "Good, now that that's settled. **Heel.**" Helena snarkily replied.

As the leash lessened slightly she caught one last look from Bill as he crossed the yard and headed back toward the building, this time she was certain it was pity for having left her with the viscous woman that was plastered on his face. Was Helena really so terrible that she frightened

even a grown man like Bill? Who was she? Just another employee or someone more important?

She didn't have much time to think, as the tug of her collar dragged her from her sitting position to a slow crawl at Helena's heel, the woman's hand held the leash at just the right angle so the pup was forced to keep the very specific pace at the woman's side or lose the ability to breathe. Helena continued to speak down to her as the leash dragged Trinket closer and closer to a small cinderblock shed, on the side of which hangs a garden hose. "That's it, keep up. You'll have lots of time to practice this one so I won't kill you by making you get your training in during my morning walk like I did CoCo. You don't want to end up like her do you?" The pup didn't really know how to answer, but she knew the question was rhetorical.

The other three pups in the yard had disappeared from Trinket's view when she had fallen in the dirt and disoriented herself, but as Helena stopped them in front of the shed with the hose she noticed that all three of them had followed and were now sitting patiently to the side watching her. All three of the pups looked to her as if they were testing her reaction, but for some reason CoCo's look was as if she were about to enjoy Trinket's suffering. She made eye contact with Peaches for the first time, the girl's vacant eyes now on full display for her to gaze into.

For the brief few seconds she and Peaches made eye contact before the frigid water from the hose hit her Trinket found an almost caring sympathy in the larger pup's eyes. It was a comforting look, a look like Peaches herself had been in the same position she was in now at one point or another, and that everything would be okay. It was such a simple comradeship that she hadn't realized just how much she needed. After what felt like hours of torture, she almost shed a tear over being given the most basic compassion by someone in a similar situation to hers. But it was ripped from her just as fast as it had come.

She tried to gasp, but only managed to further choke herself on the gag in her throat. Desperately, she tried to keep her balance as the water rushed over her. Even through the suit, she felt the icy cold water hit her skin, instantly soaking her to the bone. Though the suit was made out of a strange latex like substance, it seemed to do nothing to block the flow of water as she felt the icy feeling penetrate it fully and reach her skin underneath without much resistance, it left an odd sticky feeling between her skin and the suit as she felt the hose spray her from head to toe a few times.

As the water continued to wash over her it made her nipples grow to an almost unbearable stiffness under the heart shaped pads that covered them. She shivered to stay warm, and winced in pain again as her body clenched tightly around the thick tail plug that was still buried deep in her ass. Her body wanted nothing more than to curl up on the ground in a little ball to conserve as much heat as possible, but Helena's unyielding grip on the leash kept her steady on her feet if she wanted to breathe. As the bone chilling water hit her face she felt it wash the tears and urine that had gathered on her cheeks, somewhat of a relief from the ammonia that had begun to get a little irritating.

Finally, the water stopped, and Trinket felt the exterior of the suit begin to dry in the air rather quickly as the majority of the left over water ran down her legs and pooled beneath her. When she finally unclenched her eyelids to look around she found the same sadistic look of pleasure in CoCo's eyes she had found before, only now she seemed to be much more satisfied that she wasn't the center of the punishment for once. Trinket found herself almost feeling bad for the little brown pup, deep down she knew CoCo would probably love any type of bath she could get, cold or otherwise.

"Shake it all off pup, it's getting late. You already missed dinner so you're going to have to wait till the morning. But the four of you can have some kennel time together to get acquainted in the meantime." Helena's voice snapped her back to a listening position as Trinket raised her head to look up at the woman again. She caught another split second view of the woman's face as the leash now began to pull her forward again, Helena was very attractive and clearly wearing a full face of makeup that accentuated her features.

"Come on Puppies, **Heel!**" Trinket watched as when commanded, the other three pups followed along as closely as they could to the woman's heel as she led the four of them toward a different wing of the building than they had been in before. Up until this point she could still more or less tell herself which direction she had come from, but with all of the things that had just happened she couldn't tell up from down. All she could do was try her best to keep pace with the woman's heel and avoid the judgemental eyes of the other pup. Surely she had seen the worst of things right? Right!?