

# Chapter Nineteen

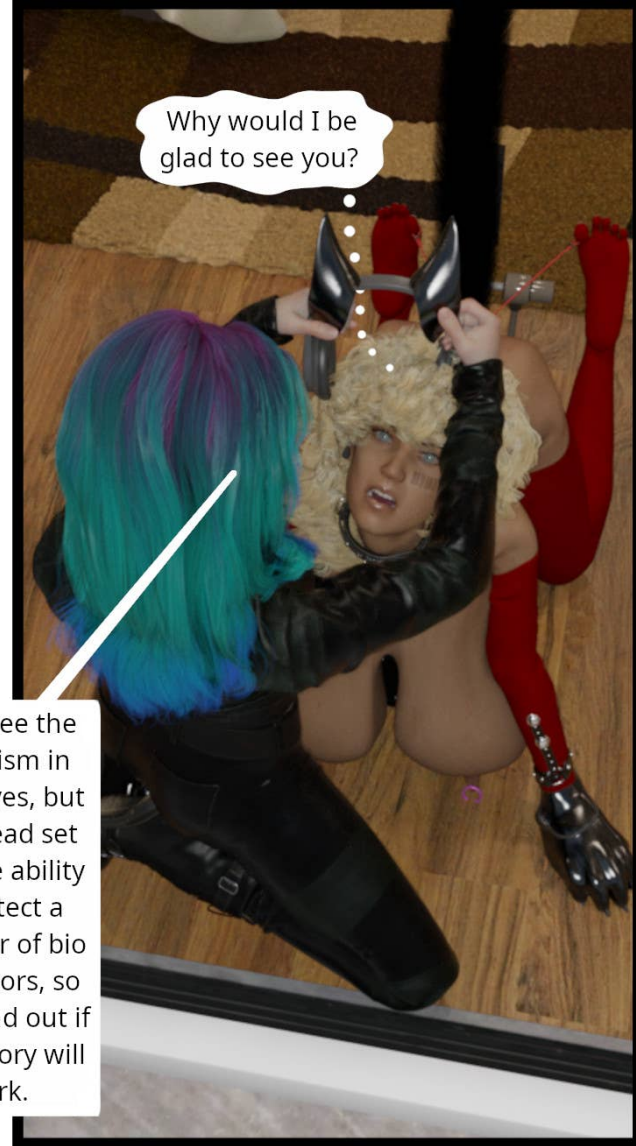


**Waiting** by the **Door**

Today, Elsie, we're going to see just how good a puppy you can really be. I've always wanted a puppy that would wait by the door and be really glad to see me when I come home.



Why would I be glad to see you?

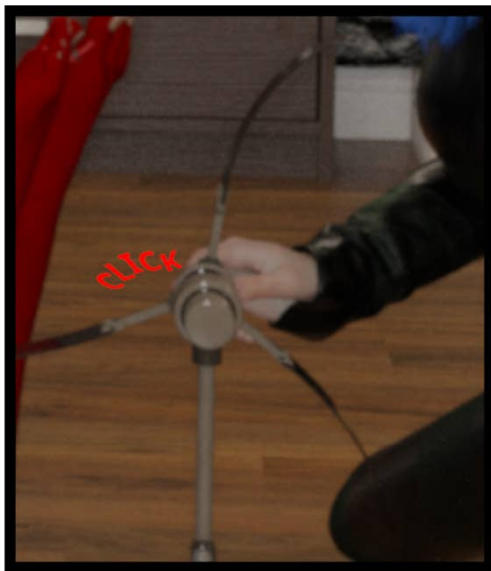


I can see the skepticism in your eyes, but this head set has the ability to detect a number of bio indicators, so we'll find out if my theory will work.

It's based on carrot and stick sort of structure. The carrot, of course, is that when I finally come home, I'll release you.



On the other hand, the stick is that (until I do come home) you'll be stuck in this contraption, waiting for me, hour after hour. Don't worry, the minni paddler isn't designed to spank you constantly. As long as you're eagerly anticipating my return, it won't do anything. But, if you get anxious or restless...



There you go, you cute little bitch. You have everything a good little slut puppy needs. A mistress to wait for and a door to wait by.



Now you just sit there and wait for me. And pretty soon, that spanker will give you something to make you want to see me again. He, he.



Elsie worried about what the 'spanker' would do, but she didn't really think she'd need to be eagerly waiting for her sister to come home. She was miserable already. Her breasts were quickly filling with milk; they were stretched out and pinned to the floor by rings. A metal belt pinched her waist waspish thin, and there wasn't a lot she could do to keep the pressure off her knees, since any movement increased the pressure of the mini bungee cords that were attached to her lower lips. The massive plug in her ass quivered slightly, and she knew it's internal motor was making her long tail move.



As if it intended to illustrate precisely what her sister was talking about, the spanker chose just that moment to spin. It didn't smack her on the crotch, as Elsie had expected, however. Instead, it was just close enough to smack against the tip of her clit--which was pinched and pushed out by the clit ring she'd been forced to wear so often lately.

**OWWWWH**

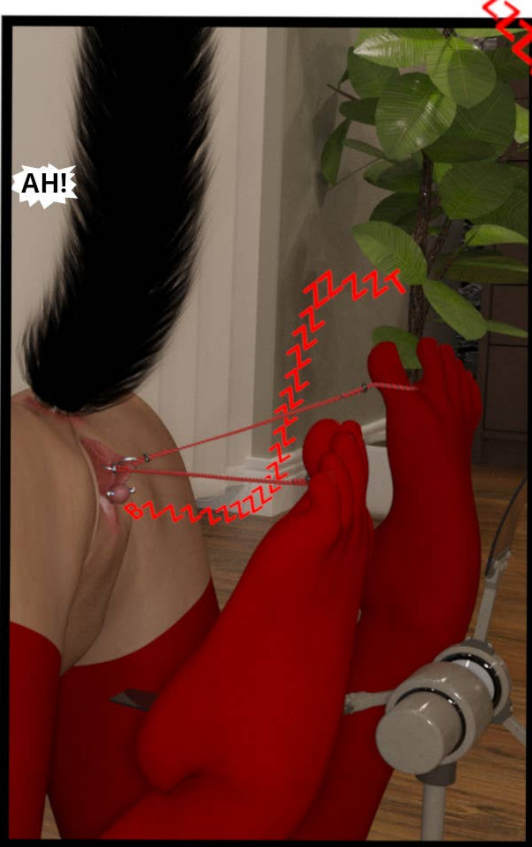
Each time the paddle struck her clit, it seemed to give it a painfully forceful yank, which activated the buzzer on the clit ring, which in turn seemed to intensify and prolong the sting she felt from the paddle.



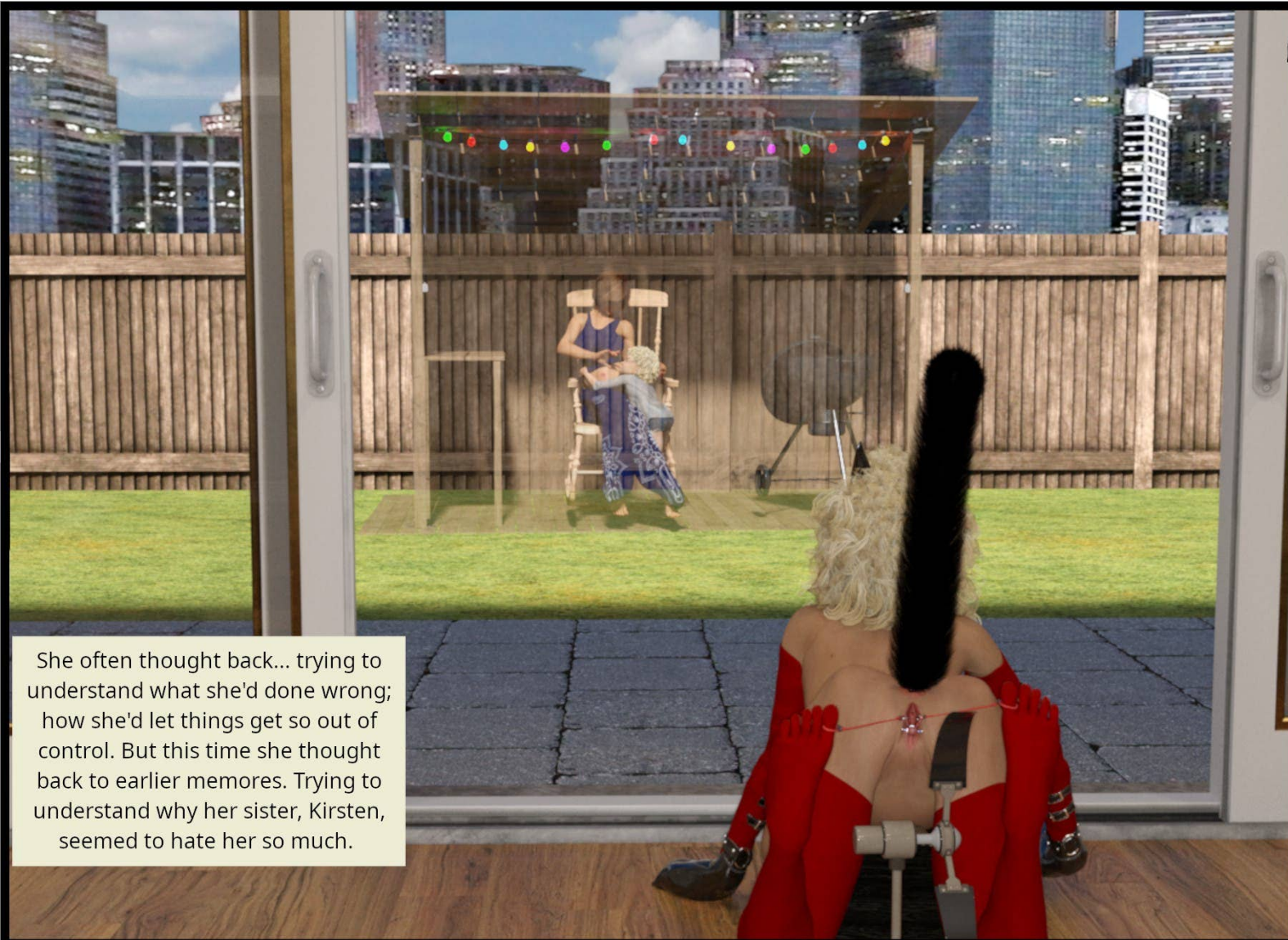
**AHHHHH!**



**UNGH!**

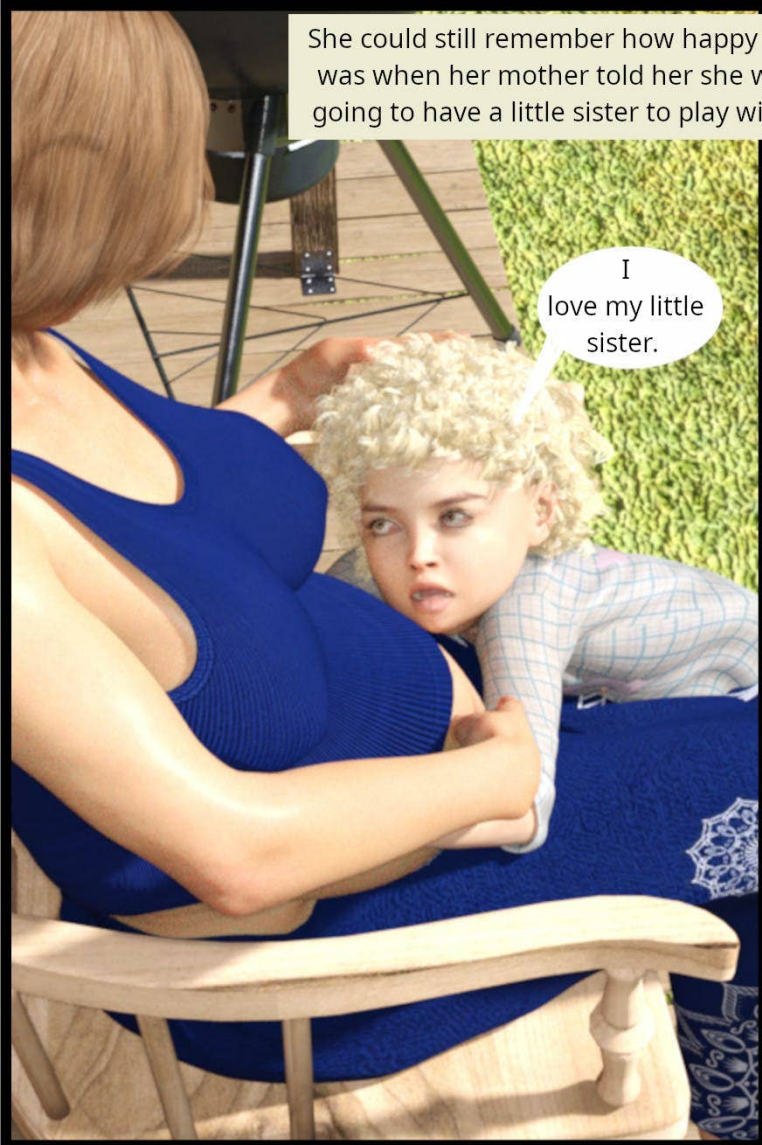


Elsie remembered her sister saying that the spanker was connected to the ear-muff things that were part of the puppy ears she was wearing. And they were somehow attuned to her emotional state--which wasn't very good at the moment. To stop the spanker, she had to think about something else... so she tried to focus on memories of her former life.



She often thought back... trying to understand what she'd done wrong; how she'd let things get so out of control. But this time she thought back to earlier memores. Trying to understand why her sister, Kirsten, seemed to hate her so much.

She could still remember how happy she was when her mother told her she was going to have a little sister to play with.



I love my little sister.

That's wonderful, Sweetie. But just remember, she'll be very small and helpless, at first. That's how she can fit inside my belly--just like you did, once. So you'll have to be very careful around her, and wait patiently. But, if you prove that you can be very careful, I'll let you hold her; and you maybe you can even help me take care of her. Babies need a lot of taking care of, just like your doll--only you can't drop a real baby when you're tired of holding it. Do you understand?



Yes, mommy. I remember



Yes, mommy. I'll be the very best baby-helper ever.

You do?

Her mother probably expected her to grow bored with a real-life baby and the rather limited sort of things a four-year-old can do to **help**, but her fascination with her baby sister never waned. In fact, she was so careful and dedicated to her sister that when she was around she changed her sister's diaper more often than her mother did.



You're a good girl, Julie Mays.



Being a good big sister is a big responsibility. If you're really going to help mommy, you have to take this seriously. Even little things, like cleaning your room are important. A baby can put some small toy in her mouth and choke on it. So, you have keep an eye on everything.

Yes, mommy, I will.



As she grew older, Elsie continued to feel very maternal towards her little sister, and she would spend most of her time looking after her.

Then they were younger, she and her sister were very close and they spent a lot of time playing together



Are you hungry? Here you go. I made it myself.



The memories tended to be a little painful now.



But there was a time when she would have sworn that things were very good. between them.



A time when Kirsten may even have actually loved her too.

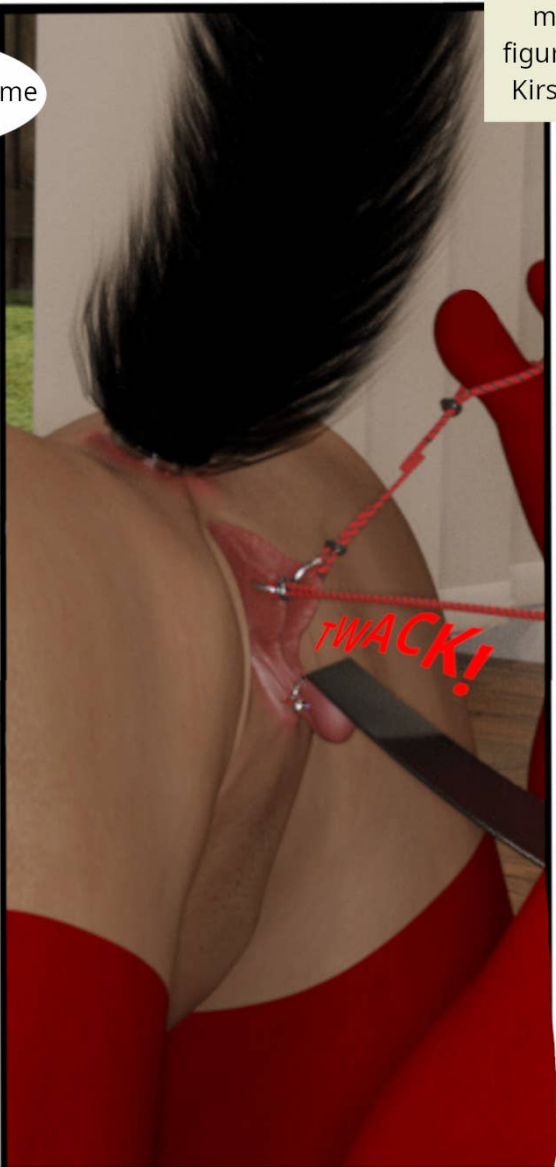


As they grew older, their relationship slowly became more and more strained. Kirsten seemed to resent when she tried to look out for her.



She hadn't known what to do, and the more she tried to figure it out, the more Kirsten pulled away.

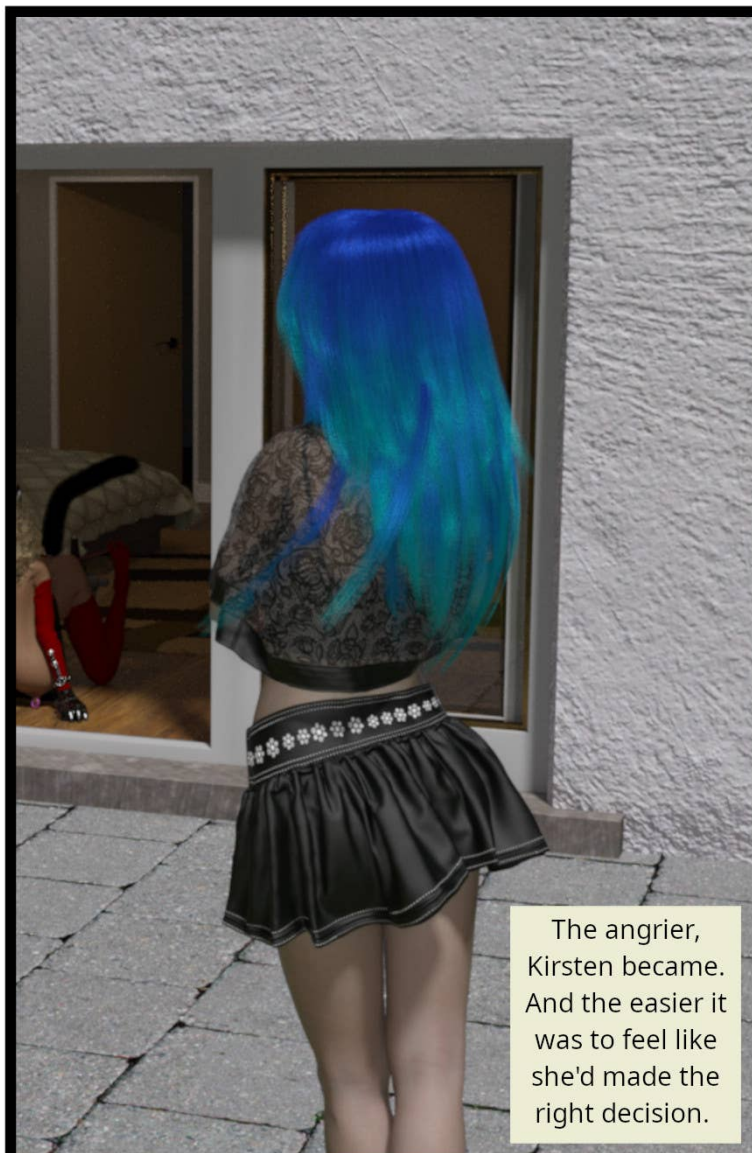
You're not my mother! You can't tell me what to do.



At the same time that Kirsten was pushing her away, she was at that age when she was beginning to find her own friends and do her own thing. No one wanted the angry little sister around.



The more she pulled away and gave Kirsten her own space.



The angrier, Kirsten became. And the easier it was to feel like she'd made the right decision.