

Chapter

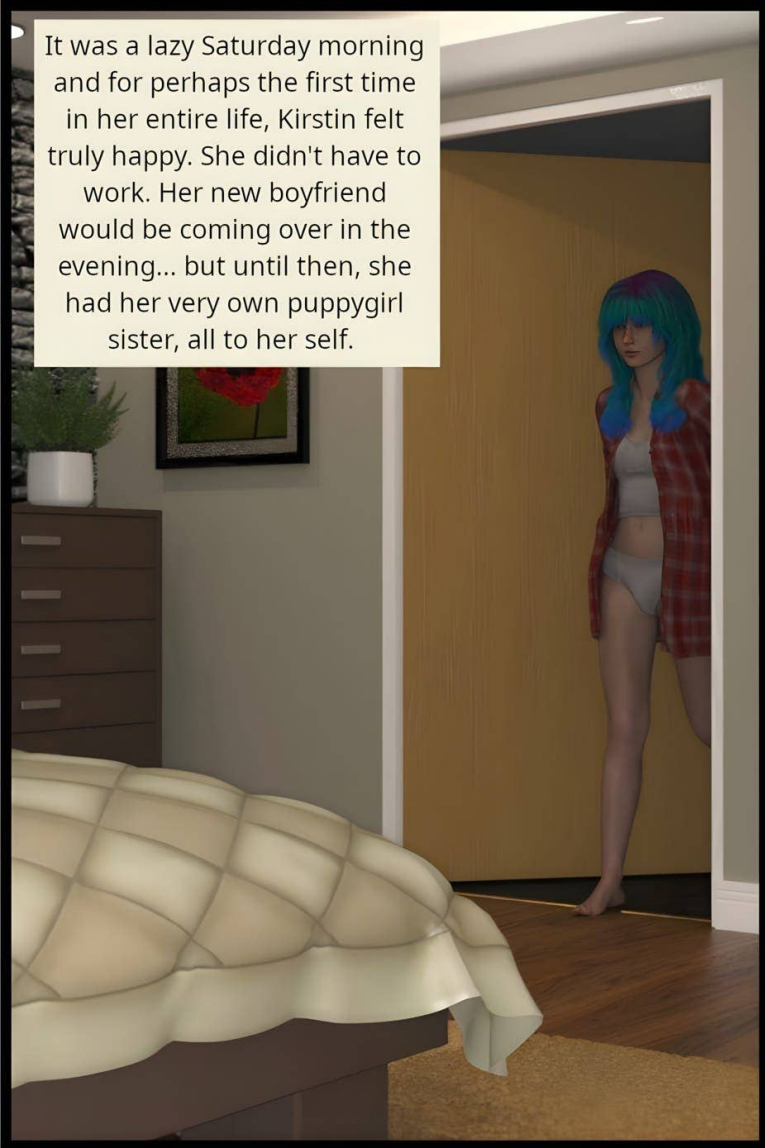
Nine

Puppy

Tricks



It was a lazy Saturday morning and for perhaps the first time in her entire life, Kirstin felt truly happy. She didn't have to work. Her new boyfriend would be coming over in the evening... but until then, she had her very own puppygirl sister, all to her self.



Thank you, God!
Life really doesn't get much better than this!



As Kirstin flopped down on her big comfy bed, she looked through the sliding glass doors to find her very own puppy walking behind the automated walker. She'd been walking for the last several hours. Kirstin had been generous and set the pace for very slow. It would take time for her sister to build up her puppygirl muscles--but the only thing that could do that was to force her to exercise. Kirstin loved to watch her walk. Normally she kept the blinds close while she slept, but last night she'd kept them open so she could watch her sister, just in case she woke to go to the bath room or get something from the fridge to eat. She found it difficult to sleep with her sister walking around outside, in the cool night air. Walking was keeping her warm enough.



Kirstin felt sluggish and lazy... and knowing that (even though it was set on slow) her sister was struggling to keep up with the automated walker, just a few feet away, in her own back yard, made the feelings of pleasant lethargy all the sweeter.



The only thing wrong with this wonderful day is that it can't last forever.... humh... guess it's time to get up and pay some attention to my new pet. Can't expect a stupid puppygirl to learn how to be a puppy on her own.

It was time to train her puppy. She had a whole regiment all worked out. Her sister wouldn't get a moments rest until she'd perfected every puppy trick and learned to act like a puppy even when she wasn't thinking about it. Being a cow was so boring. All she had to do was stand there and let her tits get fat.





Kirstin loved watching her sister being dragged around by the small but rather heavy and powerful automated leash. She'd been walking for several hours, while Kirstin slept, and she was beginning to look like she was feeling the effects of all the exercise--not to mention the lack of sleep. Kirstin, however, was well rested and ready to go. She definitely looked forward to teaching her sister a few new tricks. Every good puppy kew a few good tricks.



Good puppies pant and stick their tongue out when they're happy, or they may bark, occasionally--when they're excited. When they want to show discomfort they may whine...



Okay, Elsie. It's time to show me what a good puppy you are. You look so cute in your puppy suit. And you're getting better with all your training, but you still make too many errors. So it's time for more training. I just want to make you a good puppy... I'll train you until you are, too.

Alright, you cute little Bitch. I'm going to remove your ass hook, so you have a little more manuverability while you learn your puppy tricks. You should feel very lucky to have such a thoughtful little sister as your mistress, Elsie.

No, don't try to pull away, Elsie. Cute little bitches, like you are supposed to enjoy sniffing crotch. So put your nose right up against it. You can even rub it around a little, if you want.



Oh my! I didn't realize your walker was such a little vibrator. I could get used to this.



Okay, Elsie, lets take your collar off. Feel free to make some puppy noises to show me how happy you are.

Woof.


That was pathetic, Elsie. You're using human speak to mimmic dog speak. But you're not a human any more, bitch. You're a stupid little hupet. And you're only proving to me that you still need a lot of hard work.

Bad puppy! You didn't even try to make a real puppy sound. Puppy sounds have to be so natural to you that even when you're startled, you make a puppy sound. By the time I'm through with you, you'll even think in puppy sounds.

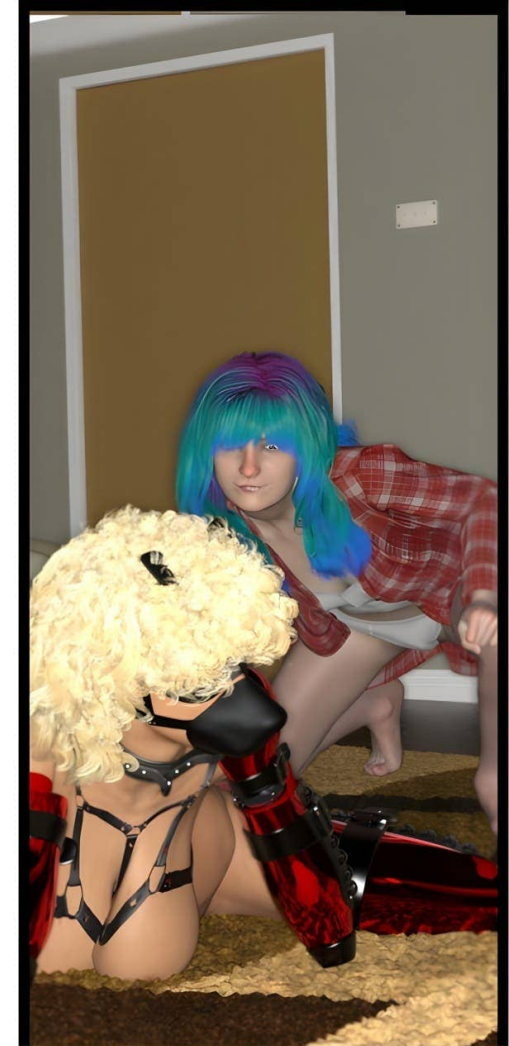
Now, when I tell you to fall down, I expect you to flop onto your back, like this.

Eyah!


Oh no!
Not this again




Well, I suppose I can't expect a dumb animal like you to get it right on... what is this now? The tenth or twentieth try. But then, that's why we keep doing it over and over, isn't it.



Elsie was still feeling rather worn out from her stint on the automated walker, so she, as long as her sister wasn't giving her new orders, she was content to sit on the floor, resting up. But when her sister fell silent and just sat there watching her, after a while it began to make her nervous.



Poor thing. You must be tired. Why don't you just sit there and rest up. You're going to need it anyway, for our next tricks.



You just lay there, like the lazy dog you are. I'm going to go get that new little toy I mentioned buying for you. Something tells me it's going to be your new best friend. You may not like it, but it'll be like one of those friends who latch onto you and won't let you alone. You know, the kind that wakes you up in the middle of the night with a phone call and invites you to drive them to go shopping or to a movie, because you're the one who has access to a car. He, he.

Oh no, Something tells me I'm not going to like this very much.



I'm back... did you miss me? Hope you had time to rest up, because now... something tells me you're going to be hopping. You're new friend is going to help make you a better puppy.



Time to learn some new tricks, little puppy.

Elsie watched her sister approaching with dread, but whether she was still too tired to move ... or just petrified by fear, she couldn't get her muscles to move effectively.



Here we come! Gonna give you a wakeup call.



Ahhh!

It was amazing how much energy that pain against her clit gave Elsie. She wasn't even aware of how she did it, but suddenly she was standing. The crackling sound made her tense, as she prepared herself for another jolt. But thankfully, it never came.

See, Elsie? Your new friend is making you a better puppy already! Although, you did make a very un-puppy-like sound. So you'll have to be punished, but not right now. Just remember that your new friend is always waiting.



Now, Elsie, we're going to start with something simple. But when I give you a command, I expect you to respond promptly and swiftly. There's a difference you know. Promptly means that you don't hesitate. Swiftly means that you perform the task itself quickly.

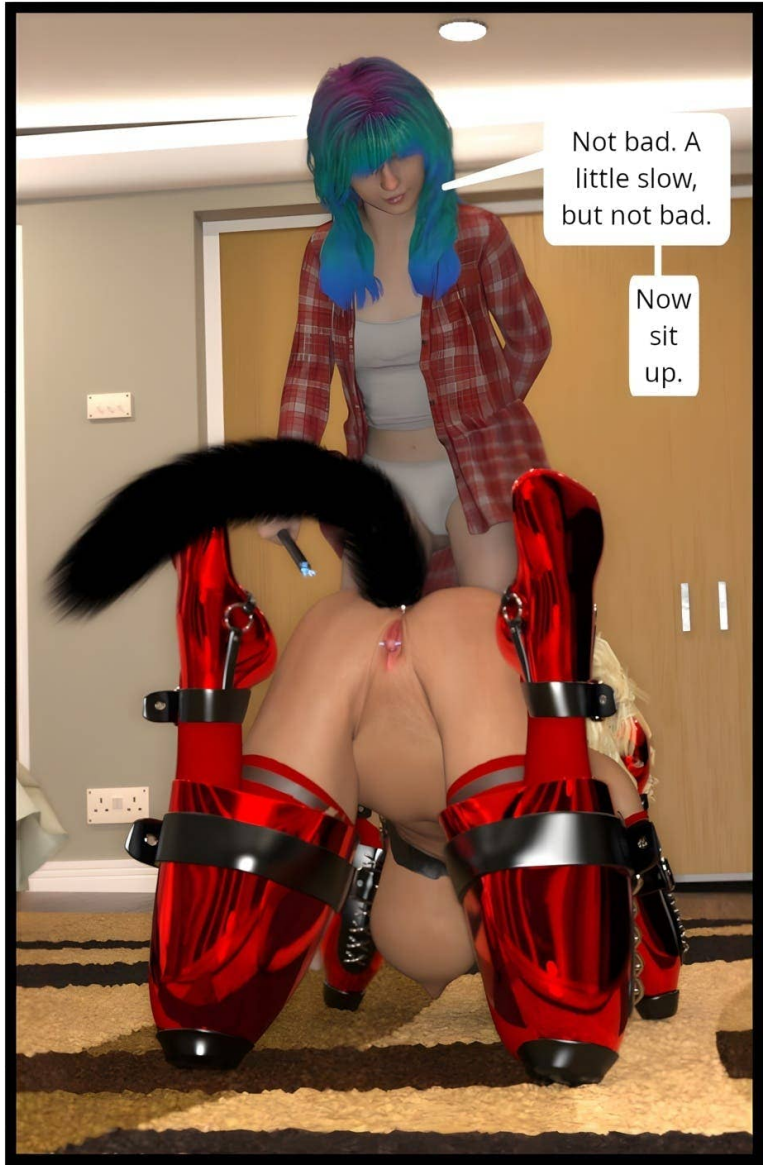


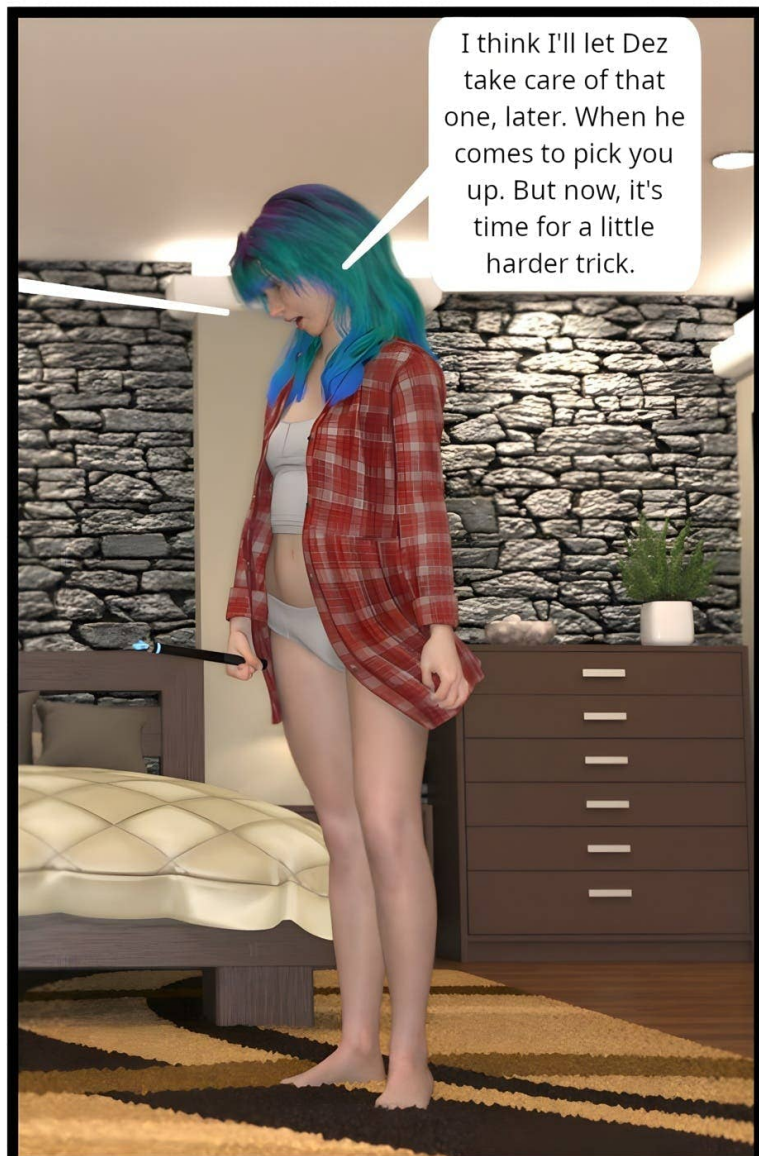
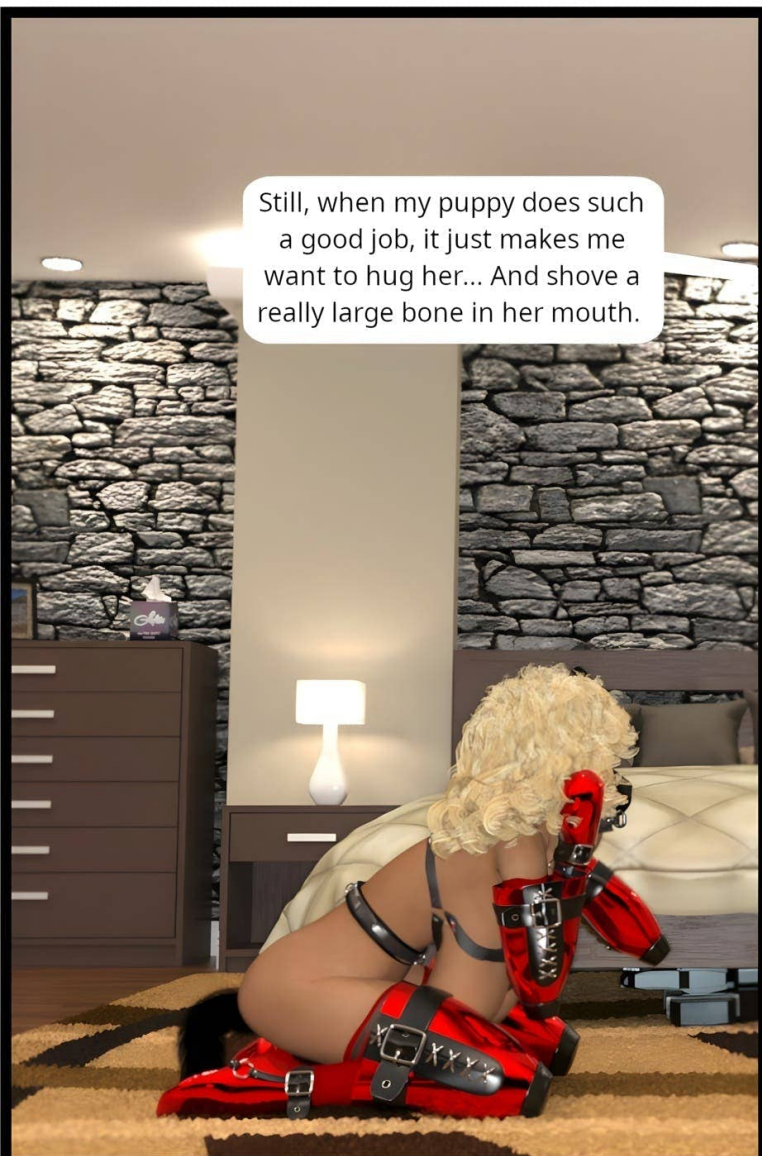
Okay, turn around.



Not bad. A little slow, but not bad.

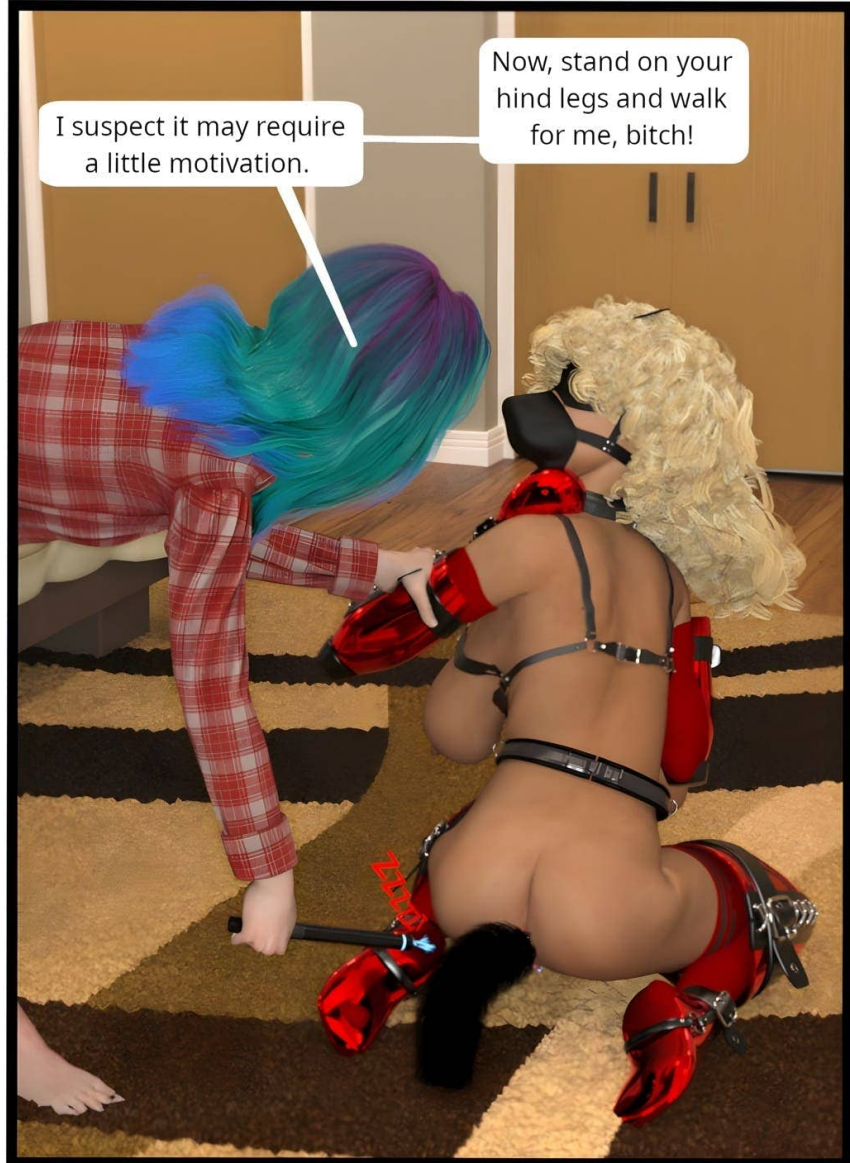
Now sit up.

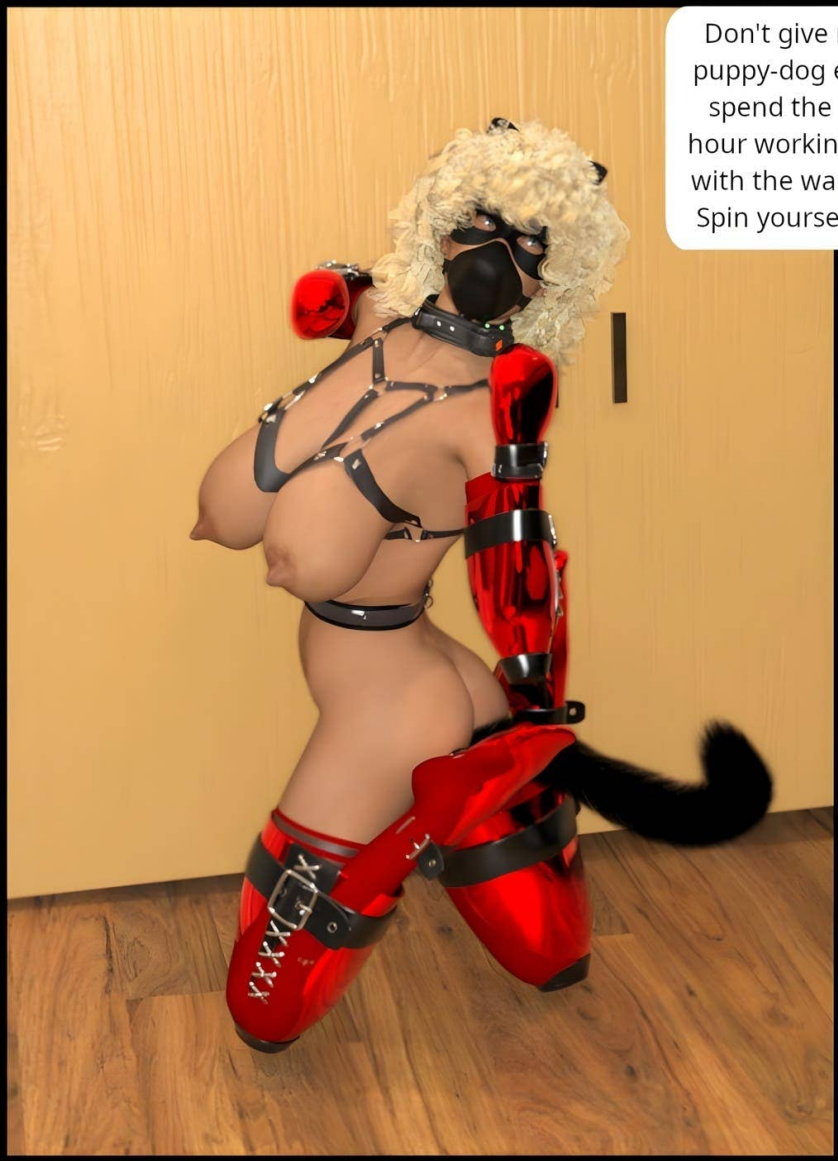




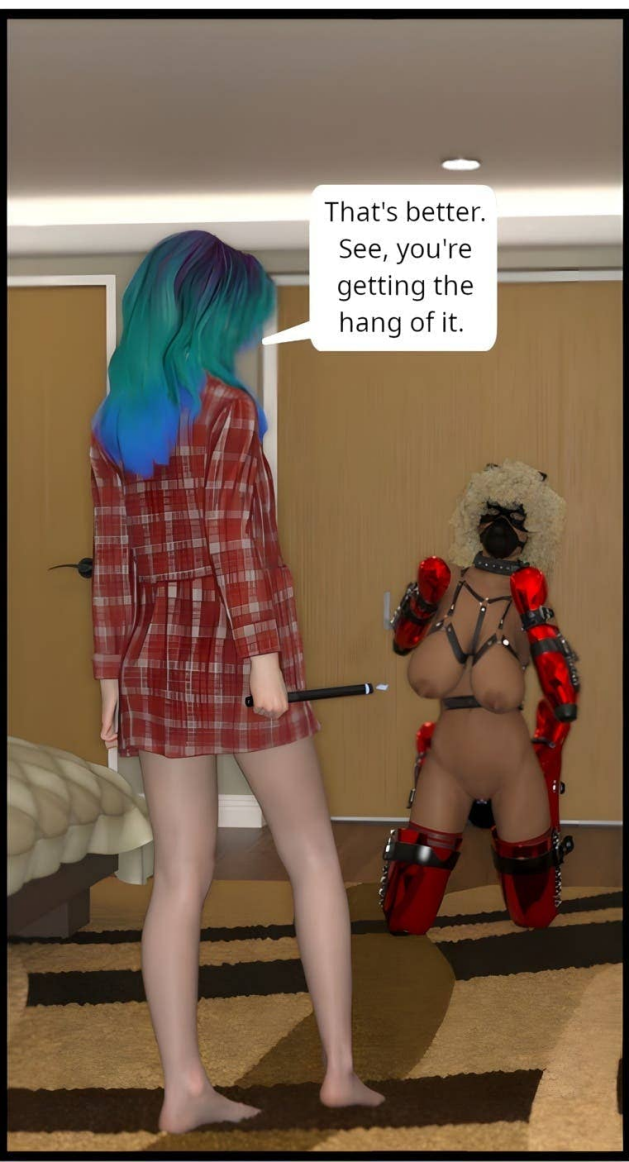
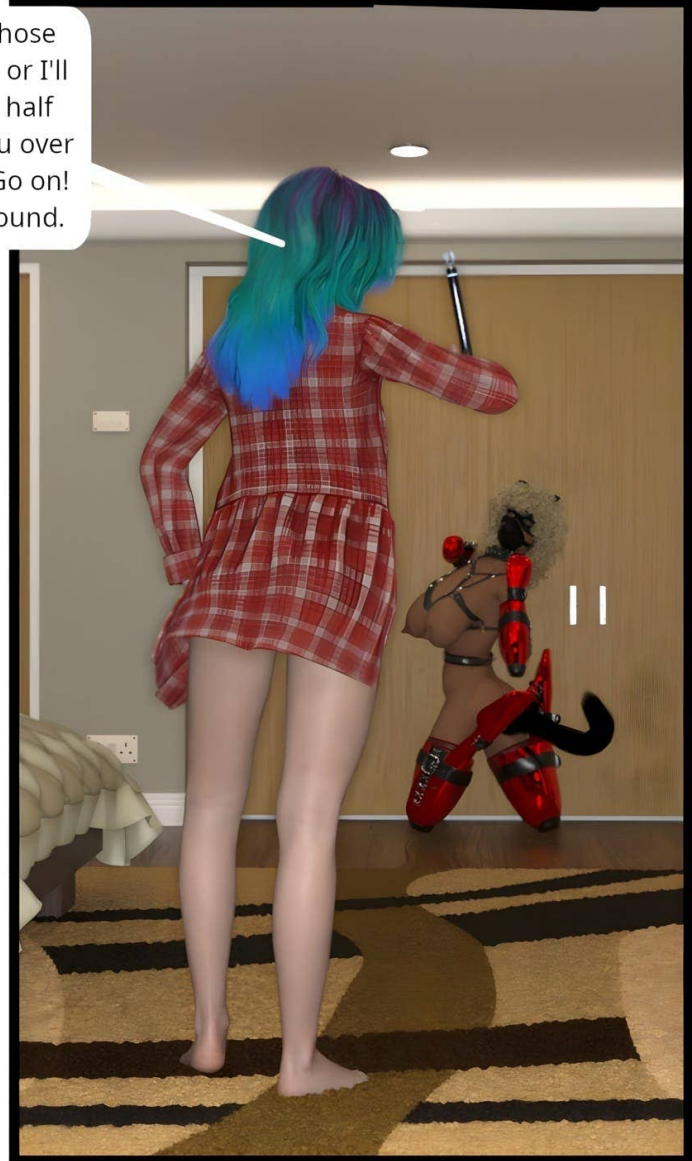
Elsie was already feeling like she was nearly exhausted from being walked all night, but the "zapper" didn't sound like it would be much fun, so she gathered her energies and put everything she had into twisting her body. It was important to build up enough momentum so that she could rock up on to her feet. With her arms and legs folded up tight and her breasts plumped up with milk, it was not an easy trick to master, as she'd leared after many tries.







Don't give me those puppy-dog eyes, or I'll spend the next half hour working you over with the wand. Go on! Spin yourself around.



That's better. See, you're getting the hang of it.



Good girl! As your reward, you can sniff my crotch for a few minutes, if you want to... no? It's either the crotch and rest for a few minutes or back to learning tricks.



What? Does my uppity little Doggy think my crotch isn't good enough for her? Maybe we should play with the zapper instead?

Well, you did do a better job walking this time, so... maybe I'll give you a beak. I'll only give you one easy trick, however, because good doggies like sniffing crotch.



Alright then, shake my hand. Good Doggy!



Now for a hard trick. I want you to climb up onto the foot of my bed, where you'll be sleeping tonight, if you succeed. If not, you'll spend the night supported by a crotchrope, keeping you on your toes, so to speak.

I know it's a bit of a challenge, but as you've discovered, my little friend here is a great motivator. So let's just see how long it takes a dumb bitch like you to figure it out.

Uhhhhh



Good doggy... you didn't growl at me this time. Good doggies don't growl at their mistress.

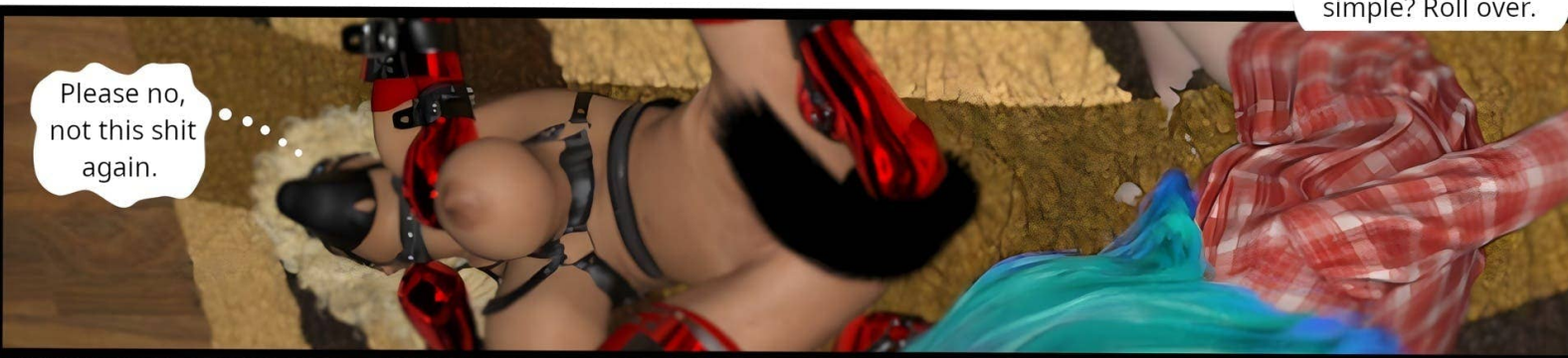
Now, I really don't want to remove your face mask right now, so we'll just have to work on your barking tomorrow... but there are plenty of puppy tricks that don't require you to use your mouth.

Not that you need any training in that area, according to Jeth. He says you're a natural with that nasty little puppy mouth of yours.



Guys, huh? All they think about is sex, I think. But don't worry, I'll train your other body parts to be just as talented. Now, since you're slightly smarter than the average bitch, why don't we start with something simple? Roll over.

Please no, not this shit again.



Come on, my pretty little bitch! You can do it. Don't give me those sad little puppy eyes. They won't work on me.

I could go get my zapper. It's a fun little toy that I purchased since the last time we were together... just to show you how much I think about you when you're not around.





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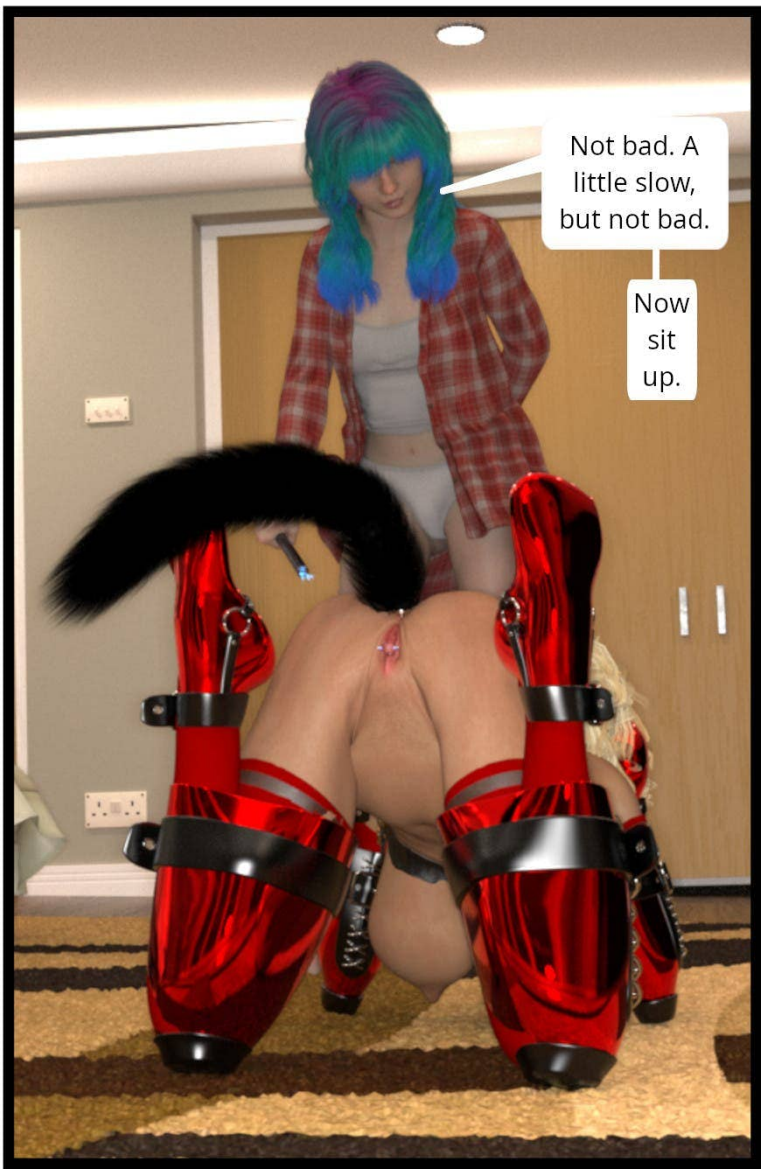


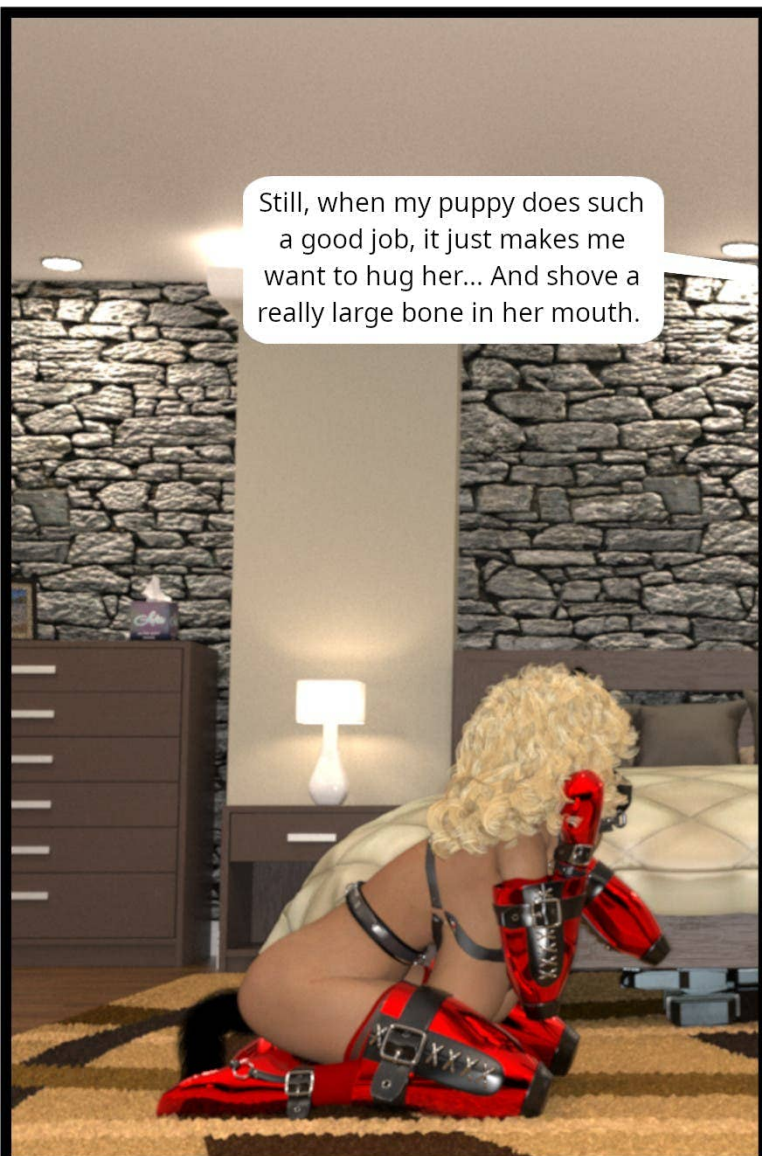
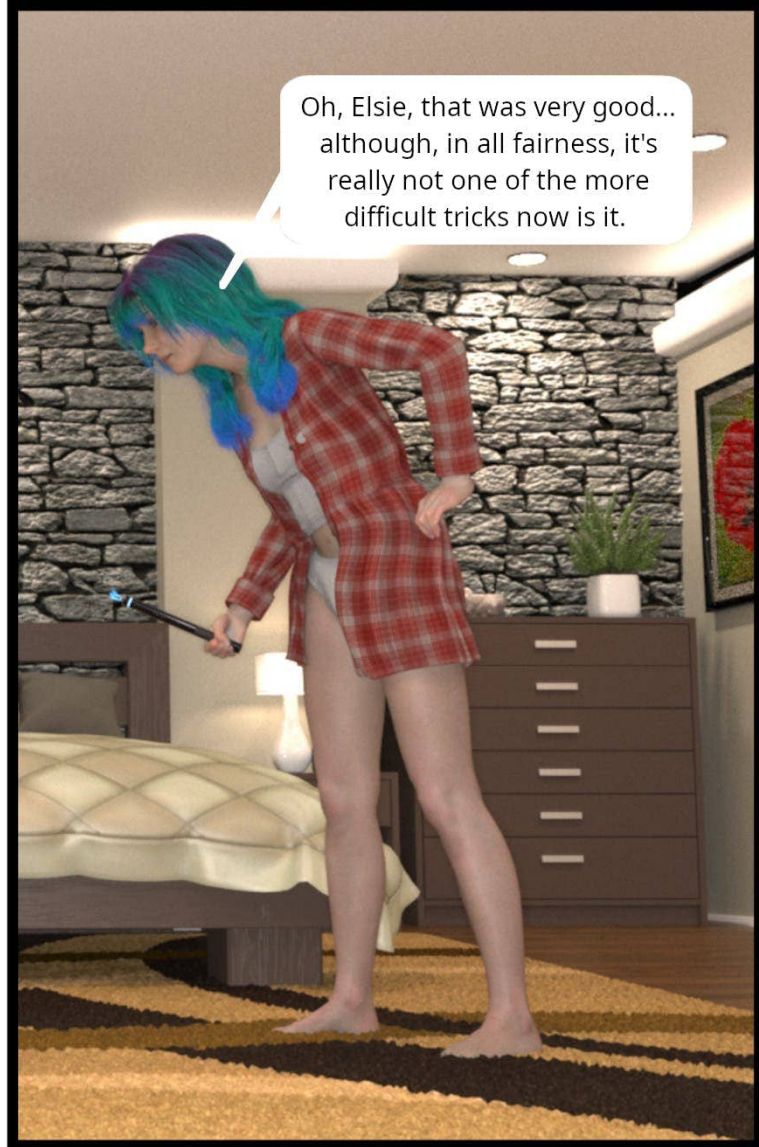
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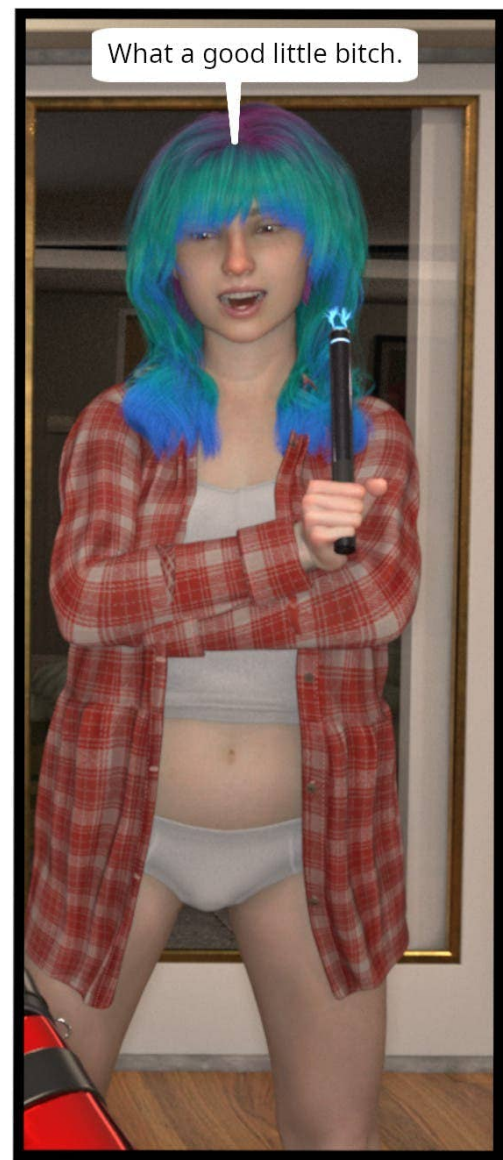


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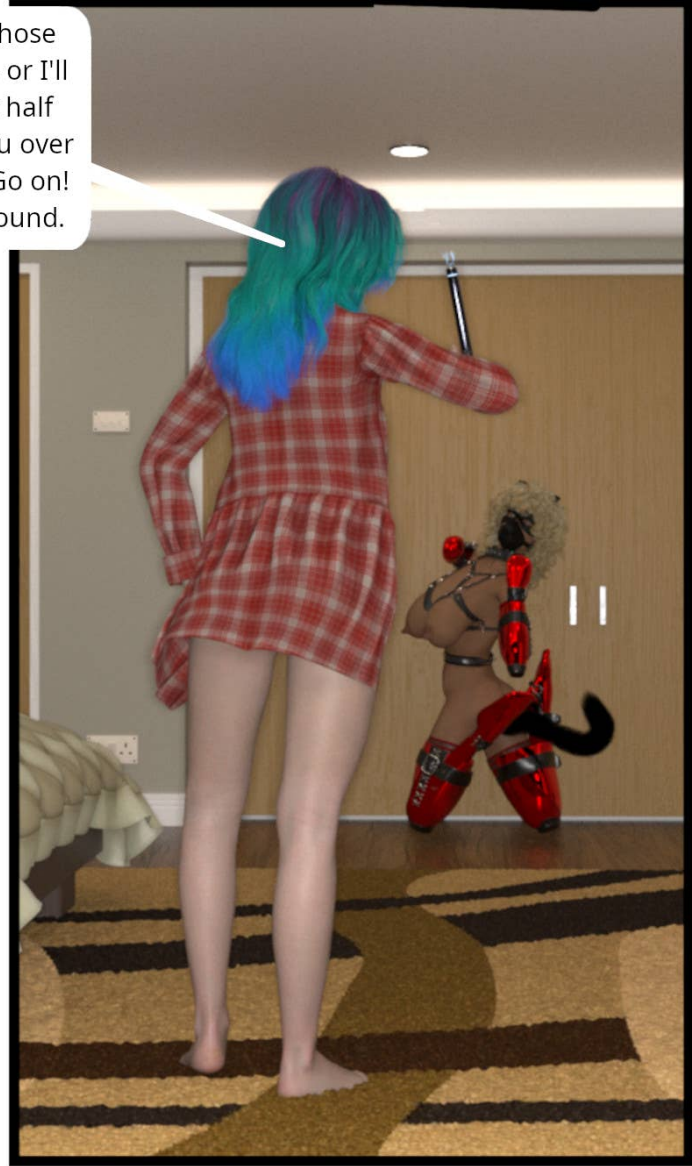
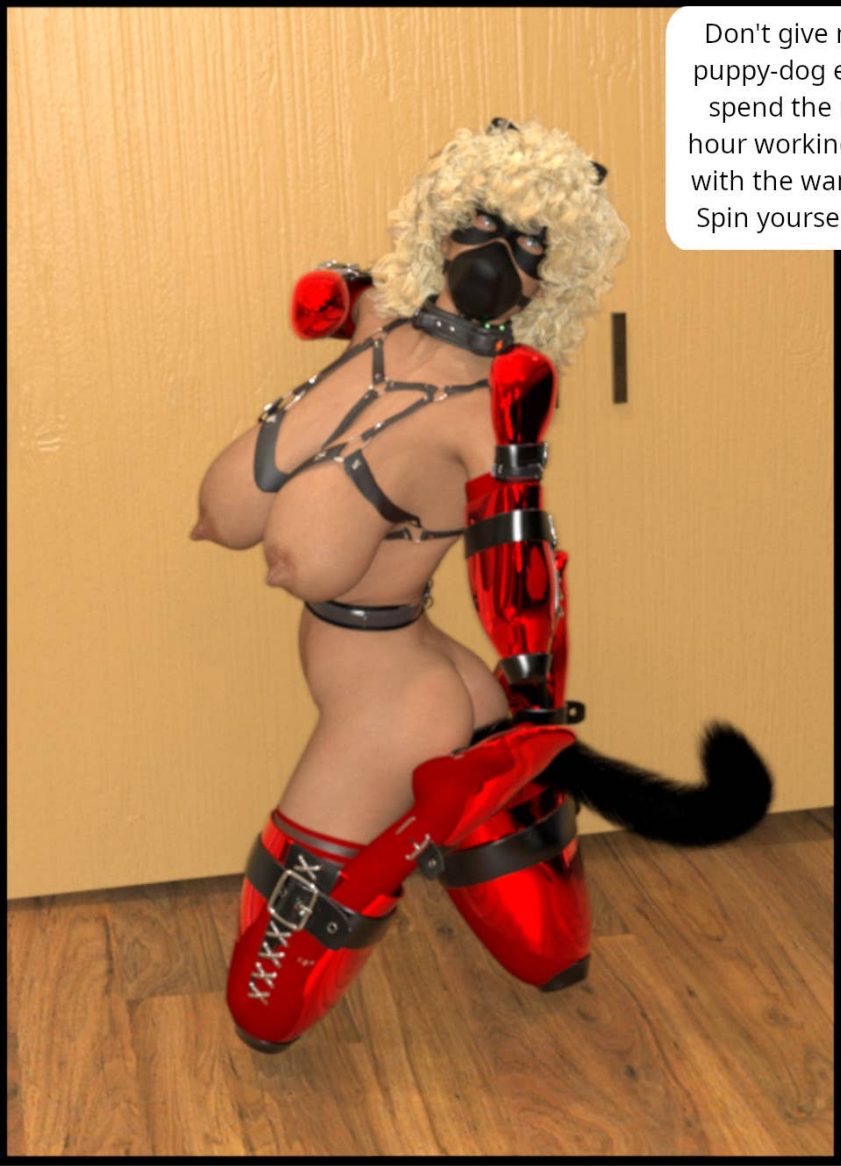
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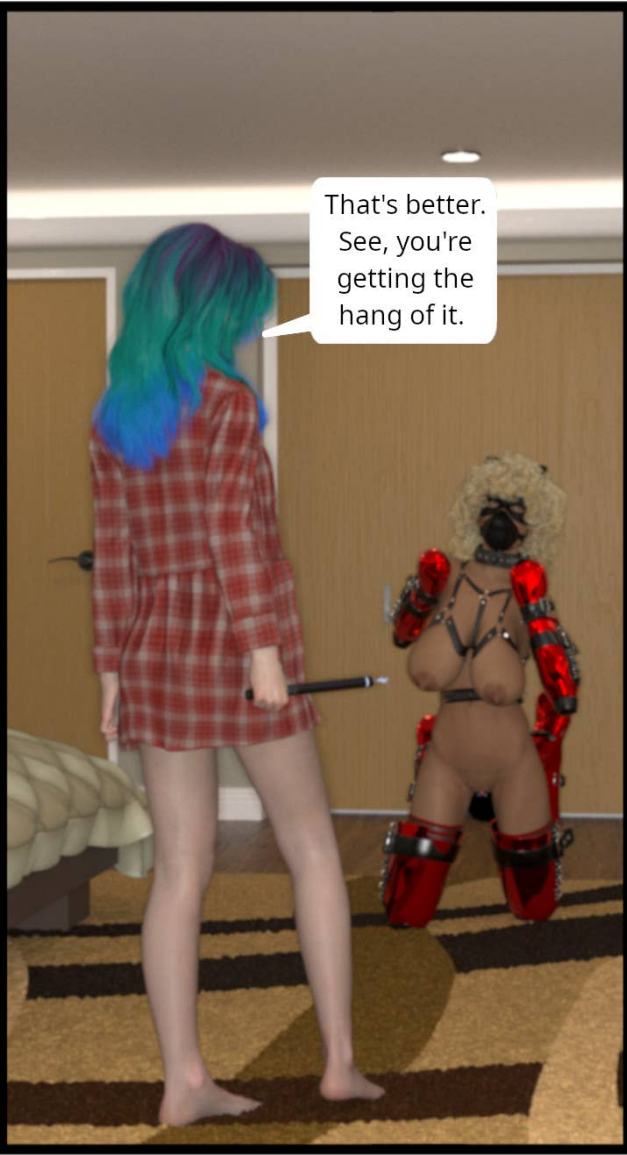




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For a moment Elsie stood frozen. She knew her lower half was heavier than her top half-even with her heavier breasts, which would just get in the way if she tried to go head first. She couldn't think of any way to get herself on the bed. There weren't any chairs in the room, or she might use it as a midpoint.

I've give you a few tickle-free moments to figure out how you're going to do it, now it's motivation time!

Try as she might, Elsie couldn't think of any way to get herself onto the bed... and with her sister threatening her with the prod, once again the world just felt crazy. It was not an uncommon feeling. Everything was backwards.



Elsie wasn't sure what to do until she heard the crackle from the electrical prod. Everything was backwards, and that was exactly what she need to do. She'd put her legs onto the mattress first, and push heself up with her arms. With any luck, she could use the wooden bed frame, once she'd pushed up as far as she could using the floor. Then, with a little tactcial bouncing.

Ha, ha! Clever little bitch. But you better hope it works, because if it do-esn't you'll be nice and exposed for my ticklestick.



Hum... You're clever little trick has given me a new idea. I don't want you to climb onto the bed any more. I want you to use the bed to push yourself up onto a handstand, so you can walk around the room on your front paws.



I've been wondering something for a while now. The BMD dairy bases it's philosophy on the idea that pain causes their milk to taste different... So I've been wondering what it would do to your clit. Your pussy isn't the first I've eaten you know. I had a girlfriend before I became Daz's girlfriend. But I've never eaten her out when she was experiencing pain. He, he! Since that little ring around your clit is motion activated, you'll feel it every time I give you a lick. I may feel it in my tongue too, although they say it's like using a tazer. It doesn't travel into anyone whose touching the victim. But most people aren't wet, are they. And they're not sticking their tongue into the jolt area. So we'll see. If it does jolt me, I'll have to punish you in a different way... but I'm curious to see if you taste a little different, with all the attention your clit has gotten lately.



Umm, I think they're right. Illck, Illck! It does seem to have a slightly stronger flavor. Illck, Illck! Not enough to make it taste bad, but definitely different. Almost like the bitterness of humiliation and defeat is leaking right out of you.

Illck, Illck. I think I'm going to give you a nice long tongue bath... Illck, Illck! And when I'm done, I'm going to give the rest of your body an equally vigorous little sponge bath... Illck, Illck! To removed your make up. Illck, Illck! Can't send you back to the dairy without your tattoos being visible again. Illck, Illck! But, if you don't start convincing me that you've thoroughly enjoying my tongue bath, I'm going to scrub the makeup off without using the solvent. So you better start practicing your happy little puppy noises.

