

“And up you come, pet. How do you feel?” You opened your eyes. You could feel the pressure of your collar around your throat. Not constricting. Just a reminder.

You opened your mouth to respond, and felt your thoughts blur. Words escaped you, in that instant. “I-arr-arf?”

That was what came out of your mouth, slightly puzzled, still sitting in the chair. Your owner smiled down at you. “That’s a good pet! What a good trick. Do it again, speak!”

Their smile and praise made you feel so good.

You almost immediately opened your mouth again, but held back, for just a second, trying to form words. “Arr- Arf- Awoo-” It wasn’t working.

They were laughing now. “Keep trying. Speak!”

Your mouth opened, and you couldn’t hold back this time.

“Arf! Awoooo!” It felt so good to make the noises. You felt pleasure radiating through your mind. Your thoughts were dissipating.

They smirked, and held out a hand. “That’s right, pet. Now, come here.” They said.

You slid out of the chair. Standing up before them. It felt... Off.

They tutted slightly. “Look at you... Standing up like a person on your hind legs. You can stand normally, puppy.” They pointed downwards.

Instantly, you sank to your hands and knees. This felt good. Right. You looked up at them, and felt a sense of reverence wash over you.

“That’s a good pup.” They said, reaching down, and scratching you behind the ears. They took hold of your leash, attached to your collar, and tugged gently. “Right, let’s go, I need a drink from the kitchen.” And you followed, their obedient pet. Their good puppy.

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