

Puppy Wipes

Flarecat
Summer 2014

The dog awoke with tears in her eyes as the guards turned on the lights in her solitary cell. Her dreams of escaping this strange facility ended with the rude reality of being ordered to present her paws to be cuffed behind her green jumpsuit. She quickly and quietly got her emotions under control, as she didn't want the endless taunts of "puppy girl" to begin again from the mostly Doberman guards.

Strangely though, the guards didn't say much this time. And she was grateful; she hadn't been let out of her cell in days. She wondered why, and as she was led out of her cell a strange new face was there to meet her.

"Congratulations Prisoner F-D-32! It is time for you to begin your treatment this morning," said a female Grey Cat in a white lab coat, checking a clipboard with paperwork on it.

"Treat...ment?" said the Dog, unsure of what was going on.

"I will remind the Prisoner of the rules regarding speech, and also that you won't have much to say about your treatment anyway," said the cat with a smirk. "Come now."

One of the Doberman guards gripped her arm and the procession led on deep through the facility. The dog hadn't seen most of it during her short stay here, but the bleak cellblock where she was confined soon gave way to what looked like a large scientific facility, with people in lab coats and coveralls running through the busy facility. Most unnerving was how each of the workers and scientists grinned when they saw the green jumpsuit and the nervous looking Dog Girl in it.

Soon the Prisoner was led through a checkpoint into what she assumed was a high security area, and into the vestibule in front of what the Dog Girl could only assume was large lab. Here, the procession stopped, and then the horrors began.

The Grey Cat scientist was soon joined by what appeared to be lab techs or nurses in protective lab clothes, including white plastic clothing with yellow rubber gloves.

The Grey Cat suddenly changed her tone sharply. "Remove your clothing. All of it".

The Dog Girl unzipped her green jumpsuit and let it fall to the ground, and when nudged by one of the guards she removed her push-up bra and her panties. One of the lab techs then took the clothes and dumped them in a bin on the wall marked "For Destruction". The Dog Girl gulped.

"Close your eyes and hold your paws above your head. And don't move them unless directed to by one of the staff members."

The Dog Girl did as instructed and was dusted with a powder that made her sneeze and then wiped down with what felt like wet wash wipes. She tensed up and whimpered as they cleaned all of her, including areas traditionally held to be private.

“Good girl, now make what is going to follow easy on you, and do as you’re told without resisting. You’ll be forced to comply regardless if you resist or not”

The guards forced the now sanitary-smelling Dog Girl through the vestibule into a large, tall room. There was a strange contraption that the Dog Girl only obtained a brief glance at until she was directed towards the side of the room. There, she was forced to lie down on a table lined with paper like a doctor’s examination table. The only difference is that there were straps on it that secured the Dog Girl’s upper body.

“Lift up your legs” barked the Grey Cat. Naked and fearing rape, the Dog Girl refused and her legs were forced upward and apart. Her ankles and foot-paws were then secured to stirrups. She closed her eyes and then opened them when she felt her butt being lifted and a soft, cushion-like material was slid under her butt and then taped securely around her waist and crotch.

“What the hell!?” said the Prisoner, as she looked down to see a thick adult diaper being placed on her.

The Grey Cat turned to one of the lab techs and yelled “Expedite the pacifier Paci-Gag”. That lab tech ran and brought a package over to the Grey Cat.

“No, don’t put that in my mouth!” screamed the Prisoner. Her cries were ignored as one tech held her mouth open as the Grey Cat put on rubber gloves and inserted the large, pink, pacifier-shaped Paci-Gag into the Prisoner’s muzzle.

After the Grey Cat had secured the Paci-Gag with a large strap behind the Prisoner’s head, all of the techs stepped back. The cat pulled up a chair next to the Prisoner, and sat down, stroking the side of the Dog Girl’s face.

“There, there little missus” cooed the Grey Cat to the now crying Dog Girl. “We’re going to give you a new life, a happy life, and you’re going to be so happy”.

The Prisoner was too focused on the Scientist to notice the lab tech sneak up and inject her with something that made her woozy and forced her muscles to softly and gently relax.

A lab tech switched places with the cat scientist to monitor the Prisoner while the scientist left to go supervise the preparation of the device in the center of the room.

The Prisoner looked up and slowly began to understand the large machine. At the center of the machine was a large heavy metal chair with padding for the back and seat. On either side of the chair lay big, short metal tubes with holes in the middle of them and what looked like computer screens on the sides. The same sorts of tubes were found where the subject’s feet would be.

The whole assembly was composed of shiny metal accented with creamy white accents and padding. It rose from the floor on a pedestal with a large control panel at the base of the front of it.

The Prisoner couldn't exert the strain needed to peer over to the machine, and she relaxed and rolled her head to the side and started to fall asleep from the drug she had been given. When the guards and techs came over and released her restraints, she had to be carried over to the machine and only started to wake up again once she was sitting in it.

The cat scientist began barking a series of orders that were carried out quickly. First, the Prisoner was strapped down to the chair with a harness that held tight against her body. Her tail was thread through a hole in the back, and allowed to remain free. Then each of her limbs was secured in plush-lined metal tubes that inflated to prevent her from squirming free.

A doctor, what the Prisoner in her woozy state thought was a handsome wolf man, took some readings of her vitals and then gave her an injection that brought her to immediate alertness and sharp focus.

"Ready the helmet" said the Grey Cat, who was now standing at the front of the chair, looking up at the Dog Girl restrained in the chair. The Dog Girl only now realized her nakedness, her only covering an adult diaper. She felt so terribly vulnerable and exposed. The Prisoner began to squirm in the chair as the techs lowered an elaborate helmet on top of her head and clicked a chin strap into place.

The Prisoner opened her eyes and was beset with the full reality and truth of what was about to happen to her. Inside the helmet was a video screen that was showing a loading progress bar and some text that said "Puppification Mk 3 – Girl".

The diaper suddenly made sense. They were going to turn her into some kind of drooling, babbling diaper slave girl. And she was helpless, completely helpless to stop it.

The Prisoner squirmed in the restraints, trying desperately to free herself as the loading bar crept closer and closer to 100%. She tried to scream through the Paci-Gag for them to let her go but the Paci-Gag prevented any intelligible speech. Her squirms became more and more desperate, until the loading bar filled and she was greeted with the cruelest introductory video ever designed.

Suddenly, a voice came through the helmet and a video appeared on the screen telling her she's going to be a puppy girl, that her mind was going to be erased, and it would only be re-written to the point she's able to say simple things like "wuff" and "arf". She would be sold to new owners, who would adopt her and train her how they saw fit. And it was going to be such fun, promised the male announcer that she wouldn't even want to resist. "...Because you'll love everything about being a new baby puppy girl. After all, you'll have no choice! Exactly how your new owners would want it."

After the short video, the mind wiping began. She felt a massive bolt of energy make all of her senses burn, and rapidly and repeatedly shifting series of sounds began to drown out all her thoughts. She tried to resist, but the assault on her senses was so overwhelming that eventually she went limp, both physically and mentally.

The tones and blinding light were gradually replaced by a feeling of being emptied. She could feel herself involuntarily giving up her thoughts, of her control over of her body. She struggled again to try and think, to try and resist, but a powerful voice came though softly repeatedly saying: "It's okay. You are no more. Just let go".

And so, powerless to resist, the Prisoner did let go. She let go of her name. She let go of her childhood and of her adulthood. She gave up every memory of boys she's loved, of places she's been, of people she'd touched. All that began pouring down a drain in her mind and into the machine. Her entire sense of self, and everything that made her who she was, was now lost forever.

Beyond the emptiness that had consumed every part of her mind, her body now too lost control. She filled and wet her diaper almost at the same time. She drooled heavily from the Paci-Gag, which no longer had to force her now-slack jawed mouth open. Her breathing relaxed to a peaceful pace, and her heart beat slowed down to a calm speed.

Suddenly, a new thought emptied her mind. It was, to her emptied mind, a wondrous and revolutionary thought.

"Daddy" spoke the soft voice in her ear. "You love Daddy. You adore Daddy. Daddy's face brings you joy. He changes your diapers and gives you baths. Daddy." The machine then repeated this until she understood.

"You're a puppy. A woof. An Arf. You chase things. You like being a puppy. You like being small, being diapered, and being loved by Daddy. You love all these things, because you love being a puppy."

"You're a puppy. You don't know much, so you love to explore. But you always listen. You always listen to Daddy. And you never want to be bad. Being bad means spankings. Being bad means time-outs. You hate those. You want to behave. You want to do what adults tell you. Especially Daddy. "

The voice went on to tell her all the ways she loves being a puppy, and all the ways she loves to be obedient for her Daddy. By the middle of all this she had also began to suckle feverously on her pacifier Paci-Gag. And even more telling of her mind and body's love of her new role was the increasing speed with which her tail wagged.

Soon, the machine had finished installing in the new puppy girl the most basic of an identity as well as total obedience and submission to her new role and owner. The machine then lulled the puppy girl to a deep, peaceful sleep.

Epilogue

The puppy girl stirred awake for the first time in her big crib. She strained to get her eyes open against the bright light of the nursery, and she used the bars of the crib to pull herself upright so that she was kneeling on the soft mattress and her clearly soaked and soggy diaper drooped down between her legs, despite the green onesie she was wearing's attempts to hold it in place.

Rubbing her eyes, she looked up to see a strange grey cat woman in a fancy coat, and a nice tall handsome Wolf man wearing khakis and a dress shirt.

"Is this my babygirl?" asked the Wolf.

"Of course she is!" said the Grey Cat.

The puppy girl was confused... and then it made sense, and she uttered the only word she knew how to say: "Daddy!"

The wolf smiled, lowered the crib bars, and then embraced his new puppy girl in his arms, patting her back and her squishy diaper.

"Yes Babygirl, its Daddy. We're going to have so much fun together! Let's get you home to start training."

The puppy girl, sagging diaper and all, shook her tail at a mile a minute as she took Daddy's paw and walked out of the adoption center with him.