

Chuck huffed through his nose as he gently tugged against the leash clipped to his collar, continuing to put up at least a little show of defiance as he was walked down the dirt path towards the large building at the end of it. He could definitely put up a more intense fight if he was trying, but it was more for show and the fun of it than anything else. Of course, actually breaking out of the grasp of the powerful dragon-otter holding the other end of the leash might be a different story – the german shepherd might not be small, but he certainly didn't have the frame and build of his half-dragon owner.

And that was proven as Echo tugged right back on the leash, pulling him forward as he stumbled with wide eyes, just catching himself. He heard the drotter let out a chuckle at it, and he gave a slightly dirty look back. They both had fun with the dynamic, most things being quite similar to the tug-of-war over the leash – Chuck giving enough resistance and fight to make it fun, despite Echo being the one ultimately in control of the situation.

Though apparently he'd decided to take things in a different direction. While the german shepherd wasn't sure exactly where they were going, Echo had been talking about 'making some changes' in his cocky, dominant voice recently. And Chuck couldn't deny that the idea of what he might be doing had really been exciting him... he didn't know what he was planning, but when he was brought out to this large building's parking lot with a leash clipped to his collar, he knew it was about to start.

He watched as Echo wordlessly pulled open the door, pulling him inside by the leash as they stepped into what looked like a reception area, though one very heavily themed around dogs. The outside of the building hadn't been decorated with any clear branding or advertisements, but whatever this place was, it was pet related, in the least. The fox lady at the front desk smiled as they entered, the bell above the door tipping her off at their appearance.

"Hi!" she said, looking to Echo as the one to speak to. It was a bit embarrassing to be held on an obvious leash in front of another person, even if they'd been to kink events before, but Chuck wasn't going to show it. He just crossed his arms and looked away as the two of them started talking, though his ears were swiveled to listen to the conversation. "What brings you here today?"

"I've got a reservation set up under the name Echo," the drotter responded, which caught Chuck's attention. Reservation? What about this place required a reservation? The rest of the conversation wasn't all too elucidating as it continued, either. The receptionist responded by quickly making a few clicks on her computer before giving a nod to Echo.

"It looks like I've got you scheduled in right here. So is this Chuck, then?" she asked, the german shepherd giving a quick bare of his teeth at his name being said – apparently Echo had given both of

their names for whatever this was. The drotter nodded with a chuckle, reaching over to ruffle the fur on top of his head, which had him trying to duck out of the way and pull his head away from his hand.

“Yup! He’s a bit of a rascal at times, I thought this would be good for him.” The drotter flashed a sly grin, getting a laugh back from the receptionist, who seemed to enjoy the banter back and forth – both of them talking about him like he couldn’t hear them, like one would a pet they brought to the vet. Given the kinky nature of this place with the leash and all, it wasn’t out of place...

“Then we’ll be more than happy to help out your pup. We already have your consent form listed in the database, we just need your signature here.” A look of slight concern came to Chuck’s face as he watched her pull out a clipboard with a bunch of pages stapled together, which Echo quickly went through, signing without even a glance at their contents. She smiled as she took the papers back and flipped through them, giving Echo a nod. “Then we’ll handle it from here!” She reached out and took the leash from Echo’s hand, and Chuck immediately tugged against it just to test against her grip and make it clear that she wouldn’t be controlling him that easily.

Despite this, her grip held surprisingly strong. She certainly wasn’t big, and didn’t look super powerful, but even as he tugged a bit harder to test, she didn’t let up at all, and just gave him a smile, before turning back to Echo. “You take good care of him, I’ll be back to pick him up in a few days,” Echo said, which sent Chuck’s eyes flying wide open.

“A-a few days??” he asked incredulously, though Echo just flashed a smile and ruffled the fur on his head once more, before making his way out of the building, leaving him there with the receptionist, who tugged back on his leash and began pulling him over to a door leading further in. He resisted for a moment, but gave in after just a few moment of the tug-of-war, following after her hesitantly.

“Good pup,” she said, opening up the door and holding it open for him to step through after, the german shepherd feeling flustered already at her treatment. Sure, it was kinda hot to be treated like this... but he was an alpha dog, not a subby pup. He was supposed to be in charge here. “Don’t worry, your owner left you in good hands, pup. He’ll be back soon, okay?” she said in a sing-song voice, like she was trying to put a worried dog at ease. He just huffed and followed her, his arms still crossed.

He was led down the hallway past a few doors with nameplates next to them, until reaching one without, which she took him into. He looked around the room with impressed shock as the door was shut behind him, gazing at all of the contents. The room looked like a BDSM heaven, with everything one could ask for. Racks lined the walls with all kinds of implements, from leashes and collars on one to paddles and whips on the next. Multiple setups around the room were available for him to be strapped down to, whether being laid on his back, on his stomach with his arms and legs down towards the floor,

or held up in straps from the ceiling. A few clothing racks on the sides of the room held all kinds of bondage equipment, including harnesses and bitchesuits of all colors, and shelves at the front had plenty more small things strewn across them. One was dedicated to showing off all different kinds of chastity cages, of varying shapes, sizes, and materials, while another held gags, from ball gags to ring gags, and more. One corner looked close to a bathroom with the drain in the floor, though rather than having a toilet, a fire hydrant just stood over the drain grate, making it clear how one was meant to use the area. The opposite corner had a large and admittedly comfortable-looking dog bed, sized for an adult person, with an anchor point on the floor right next to it.

“Now, your trainer will be in soon to get you set up and into your appropriate attire, just acclimate yourself to your new kennel until then.” He turned around as the fox lady gave him a smile and exited through the door, shutting it back behind her. Confused, Chuck reached out for the door to try it, only to find that he couldn’t open it up himself, noting the card scanner just next to it. So... this was where he’d be stuck for the time being, doing... whatever it is that Echo had signed him up for. Hopefully it’d at least be fun...

He wandered around the room for a bit, looking over all of the contents of the room. They were extremely well-stocked in every regard, presumably to cater to the tastes of anyone that was signed up for... whatever it is that they did here. Was this just a petplay retreat or something? Though if that were the case, then Echo would have stayed here to have fun with him. The word ‘trainer’ from the fox stuck in his mind, giving him a few suspicions about what it might be...

Though it wasn’t long before a new person walked into the room, the sound of the door opening catching the german shepherd’s attention. A wolf – grey, shaggy fur across his body, with a tan underbelly. He was big, and looked plenty tough and gruff. And he kept that on full display, wearing nothing but a jockstrap, a harness, and a cap, as well as his ID card on a lanyard around his neck. He gave a big grin as he looked Chuck over, seemingly excited for this.

“So you’re my new pup to train, huh? Your owner decided you needed to be taught to obey, so that’s what we’ll be going over. By the end of this, you’ll be begging to be given orders by your masters, I can assure you of that.” He sounded a mix of confident and excited to begin, waiting to see how Chuck would respond.

“And... what do you mean by that?” he asked, trying to put on a bit of a show of defiance, falling into the scene already. He’d been a bit concerned leading up to everything here and there... but this was his element, after all. Poking holes in a dom’s ego through the back and forth they had, coming out on top in the end... that was what was fun about it all, and he was ready to give this wolf a show.

“Don’t worry, pup. You’ll find out soon enough, I promise. But if I remember correctly, pets aren’t meant to speak, are they?” The wolf advanced, reaching to one of the shelves to his side to grab something without looking, like he’d practiced it a thousand times. The grin on his face grew as he approached, Chuck tilting his head to the side in a cocky display. He glanced down to see what the wolf was holding, but he was concealing most of it, only a leather strap peeking out of his hand.

He learned what it was quickly though – as the wolf got close enough, Chuck’s muzzle was pulled open with speed and strength, something slid inside by the wolf’s quick fingers, straps moving before he could even react. As he tried to wrest his head out of the wolf’s grasp, it was only a moment before he let go, leaving him with the gag stuck in his mouth, straps wrapped vertically around his muzzle and horizontally around his head. The german shepherd took a moment to run his tongue over the intruding object, finding a ring gag to be what was holding his mouth open. Trying to push against it with his tongue to get it out didn’t do much, but as he reached behind his head to search blindly for the buckle holding it in place, he was surprised by a tug to his collar, stumbling forward and trying not to fall.

“Pets don’t have any use for their hands either, especially since they’re so keen to get themselves in trouble trying to take off their gear.” The wolf was practiced in every move, snatching a pair of black mittens off of the shelf and grabbing Chuck’s right arm, slipping it on even as he tried to break his grasp. A click of the buckle and he moved over to the other arm, securing that one as well. Chuck immediately moved to try to pull the buckles off, but they were designed to sit depressed into the metal when closed, leaving him unable to get them off without his fingers, or some kind of implement to pry the clasp out.

“Much better, now you won’t be getting in trouble... at least not in that way. But we’ve still got plenty to do before your training can start. Clothes off.” The wolf’s commanding voice washed over the german shepherd, who felt... almost a feeling of submission for a moment, before he caught himself. His trainer didn’t seem to care, though, reaching down to pull his shirt off for him, since he wasn’t exactly able to with the mittens on. Chuck struggled a bit, and some more when he moved to his pants, but mostly just for show – he still let the wolf undress him. Though the tent in his underwear gave away how he was actually feeling about the situation. He heard the wolf chuckle as he slid off his underwear as well, letting his cock free to stand at attention.

Chuck suddenly let out a surprised half-moan as he felt the wolf’s pawpads on his cock, gently giving it a few strokes. “Someone must really enjoy being put in his place, huh? I’ll make sure it feels **even better** for you, but first, I think we’ve gotta take care of this thing.” Chuck wasn’t complaining about the idea of taking care of his hard-on, he needed to relieve some tension, and was more than happy for his stay to start off with a handjob. Though apparently his trainer had other ideas about what to do with it, walking over to a small door in the wall, opening it up to reveal what looked like a small fridge or freezer built into the wall. He pulled something out and shut the door, yanking Chuck’s leash to pull him closer and immediately holding the ice pack against his cock and balls.

The german shepherd let out a yelp of surprise as he tried to pull away, but the grip on his leash was tight, and the wolf was stronger than he was. It felt extremely cold, and on such a sensitive part of his body, he was running on instinct at the extreme discomfort as he tried to flail and pull away, but there wasn't much he could do at all. Regardless of what he wanted, his body reacted to the cold, his dick shrinking back down into his sheath, which was just what the wolf wanted.

Tossing the ice pack back into the fridge, he tugged Chuck over to the shelves at the front of the room, the german shepherd whimpering at what he'd just experienced, only somewhat paying attention to his trainer's actions. His attention was drawn as the wolf suddenly kneeled down on the ground, taking Chuck's package into one hand and sliding it through the ring in his other. With ease, he followed it up by slipping a small cup-like metal piece into the wolf's sheath, attaching it to the top of the ring and locking them together. "And now you won't need to worry about your own pleasure anymore. You'll find it much more fulfilling to focus on your master's pleasure, anyways..."

Still pulling against the leash, Chuck suddenly stumbled backwards as the wolf let go of the other end of it, falling backwards onto the ground. The wolf was already at the racks of bondage gear, picking out a matching black harness with more than a few extra straps on it and moving back over to him. Before he could get up, the harness was tugged down onto him, feeling the straps pull to be snug against his body, before the various dangling pieces were pulled onto his limbs. A set of straps wrapped around his wrists, fitting into the latches on the mitts, attached to the main harness on his chest without enough slack for him to fully extend his arms, at most giving him enough room to crawl with them, or hold them up in a begging pose. Similar straps on his legs kept them closer to his body, leaving them unable to extend for him to stand, making sure he was stuck on hands and knees. At least some soft kneepads were slipped onto him to keep it from being painful. Another connected his collar to the base of his tail, preventing him from lowering it to cover himself up.

With each new strap attached, each new piece of gear applied, he was pushed further and further under the wolf's control, leaving him more and more helpless. Reduced to all fours, a gag preventing him from doing much more than whine and whimper, acts of defiance becoming less and less possible. The wolf stood up and stepped back to admire his handiwork, smirking at the pet on the ground in front of him. "Now that you're all ready, I think it's time we start your training. Sit."

The command felt heavy as it settled over Chuck – the full weight of the situation he was in had started to get to him, and he was already falling pretty hard into petspace... would it really be so bad to go along with it and have some fun? He reluctantly changed his position from crawling to a sitting pose, struggling a bit with his bound limbs. His arms were left up against his chest in a begging position, which seemed to earn a smile from the wolf. He watched as the trainer reached up to his lanyard, grabbing what looked like a clicker from behind it. As he took it in his hand and pressed one of the buttons on the top, it made

a loud click sound as expected, though Chuck's eyes went wide as the cage around his dick started vibrating at the same time, immediately letting out a whimper at the powerful feeling. He could feel it strain inside his sheath, unable to grow out like he wanted, frustratingly stuck inside by the metal that was applying the pleasure in the first place.

"There's a good mutt. You'll learn how good it feels to obey soon enough. Now let's get you a treat..." The wolf walked up, hooking a finger into his jockstrap and easily pulling it down in one movement, his massive cock flopping out. The scent immediately hit Chuck's nose from even feet away, the musk making all of his senses feel so much more sensitive. He could almost feel himself starting to drool already as the smell flowed through his mind, eyes locked on the massive cock as his trainer stepped forward, gently placing the tip of it against his tongue.

As the wolf's cock slid into his muzzle inch by inch, Chuck felt his mind start to haze over; the taste of his cock and the splashes of pre across his tongue with each thrust, the feeling of the vibrating cage ebbing and flowing between intense edging and light teasing, the heady musk clouding his senses with each and every inhale through his nose... the sensations were so much, so overwhelming, so *intense*... it all felt like a blur, the training he was subjected to feeling like a whirlwind or blurry shapes.

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A plug slowly being pushed into his ass, the cold lube eliciting a whimper from him. He wanted to struggle against the feeling, to push back, but at the same time, it felt so good... both the actual physical feeling, and the feeling of... laying on his dog bed as he was told, letting his trainer push in the massive plug. He let out a moan as it sank the rest of the way in, the flared base of the plug tapped a few times by the wolf's finger, before the vibration turned on, pressing against his prostate and eliciting an even bigger reaction.

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His mouth held open without a gag, cum coating his tongue and covering his muzzle, the smell and taste of the cum overwhelming his senses. Sitting up in a begging pose, letting out whimpers for permission to swallow, wanting desperately to please his master, even as he stared up with puppy-dog eyes at the camera, taking photos of him in such a state. Being told to swallow and doing so immediately, the buzzing in his cage starting right back up and sending his thoughts scattering.

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Being told to lay down in his dog bed for the night, barely registering the words from his trainer that he'd be back the next day for even more. The plug still inside of him, it suddenly started up as he tried to lay

down, gently rising to a peak before falling back down to a tease for a bit, never enough to actually make him cum. He felt desperate, needy, like he was in heat, even though his fractured sense of time told him that things had only just started. Being edged constantly for the past hours and hours of training was wearing him down, and he found himself instinctively trying to hump against the plush bed, the tickle of the fabric against his balls and the outside of his sheath not nearly enough to push him over the edge. Eventually passing out in a horny haze, leaving a puddle of pre on his bed.

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Led by his leash over to the hydrant and told to raise his leg and go, told that pets don't have the privilege of using actual toilets. He raised up his leg as he was told and was eventually able to let out a stream, his ears perking up at the click as his cage started vibrating while he was trying to piss, his mind cracking more and more with each time he was pulled to the edge again, hearing the wolf chuckle behind him and barely registering it.

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Strapped down to the table with his arms and legs strapped to its legs, feeling the sting as a paddle was brought down onto his ass with intense force, a yelp tearing itself from his throat. He'd hesitated for a moment when told given a command to suck off his master, and he needed to be punished for it. The vibrating plug continued to push him up and down in waves of please that mixed with the pain as another crack of the paddle against his ass made his body involuntarily trying to tug at the straps holding him down. He couldn't count how many he'd had, and had no idea when would be enough.

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Feeling his cage vibrate intensely as he pistoned his hips forward and back, fucking the pup underneath him with the strap-on affixed over his chastity. He heard the bitch whimper and moan every time he pushed the dildo down to the knot, knowing that he was dripping desperately from his own cage underneath the two of them. He let out a growl, hearing his master tell him to go faster and immediately picking up the pace, rewarded with the clicker and another jolt of pleasure as his cage pulsed even harder.

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Laid down to sleep once more, whimpering and rolling around in his bed as his cage almost constantly dripped pre, the buzzing of his plug continuing to rest against his prostate keeping him from being able to think at all. He'd been swapped to an even bigger plug at some point, but he couldn't even remember when, everything reduced to the here and now, stuck in a blur. His ass was sore from the pounding he'd gotten in return at some point, but he relished the feeling. Everything was sex, everything was pleasure, and he obeyed. Obeying was pleasure. He just had to obey, to obey, to obey...

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“Sit.” He immediately snapped to a sitting position, wide eyes looking up at the wolf. “Beg.” His arms already in position, he flopped his wrists down and let out adorable whimpers. “Speak.” He let out a few barks, not even thinking to say any actual words – Chuck didn’t need those anymore. Pets barked and whimpered and pets obeyed. He felt his dick strain and drip a stream of pre as he followed commands, each one of them sending a spike of pleasure through his mind for being a good dog. He was a good dog.

“Good dog.” The wolf’s words confirmed it, his head swimming with pleasure even before he heard the clicker and felt the vibrations of his cage. Needy, pent-up, edged for days... he couldn’t even remember how many days it had been. He couldn’t remember how many times he’d laid down to sleep in the dog bed, only that it was coated in dried pre. He couldn’t remember how many meals of cum he’d been fed, whether swallowing it directly from the cock of his trainer, or having his food slathered in it, but he knew he loved the taste. He was a good dog.

“Your owner will be coming to pick you up today, mutt. You better be on your best behavior from now on, or we’ll need to give you some more courses.” Owner? Owner was coming back? Chuck’s tail wagged intensely as he panted, tongue out, eyes lit up at the idea of seeing his owner again. He’d missed him so much! He wanted to show him what a good dog he was!

“Down. Let’s take you out to see him.” Chuck dropped back down onto all fours and followed his trainer as his leash was tugged, not even thinking about the possibility of tugging back. He always followed when he was told to follow, or even just when his leash was tugged. It was a command, and good dogs always obeyed. He crawled behind the wolf as he was taken down the hallway that he hadn’t seen in days, though all of that felt so hazy, so far away, like it had happened in a different life entirely.

As the wolf pushed open the doors, Chuck followed him through, seeing the dropper leaning against the counter, talking to the receptionist behind it with a smile. The German shepherd’s eyes lit up at the sight of him, his tail picking up the pace as he panted, tongue held out of his muzzle with a big smile. There he was! His owner! His master! He was so happy to see him again!

The dropper seemed plenty happy to see him too, striding over to the two of them and giving a cocky smile to the dog on the ground, who couldn’t even register the smugness in his attitude. Echo turned to the wolf and the two of them started having a conversation, something about how much he’d improved in such a short time, but Chuck wasn’t paying much attention to it – it didn’t matter what they were talking about, he just had to keep his ears perked in case he was given an order.

He saw the wolf take the clicker off of his lanyard and hand it over to Echo, who immediately experimented with the buttons, sending a jolt of pleasure through Chuck's cage that made him whimper needily, quickly shutting it off. The other one made his plug start to vibrate which got a very similar reaction, the mutt looking up at his master with desperate, pleading eyes.

"Go ahead and try out a few commands. He knows some simple tricks that you can test out, but he'll listen to anything. As long as it's not too complicated, of course." Echo nodded to the wolf at the idea, excited to try out his new pet. "Sit." With a simple command, Chuck snapped into his sitting pose, panting happily as he felt that pleasure run through him, even without any vibrations.

"Speak, boy." He let out a series of happy barks, wanting nothing more than to make his master happy by following his orders, and it felt so *good* to do. His cock was straining and pushing against the cage as he obeyed, his hips rocking gently up in the air, feeling so wonderful for being a good dog. His mind was filled with nothing but thoughts of obeying, and of the pleasure of obeying.

"Hm, seems like he's had a lot of improvement since I dropped him off. I'm impressed you broke him down so easily!" Echo said, getting a laugh from the wolf next to him.

"Oh, he's a natural pet, it's like he was meant to be in this role." The wolf seemed happy at having a satisfied customer, giving Echo a smile. "If you ever have any issues with him, just bring him right back here and we can break him down all over again, even further if we need to. But I think you've got an obedient pet on your hands, now."

Echo looked down at his pet, who looked back up at him with wide, happy eyes, his arms up and begging, his tongue out and panting, eagerly awaiting his next command. "Yeah, I think he'll be just fine." The dropper reached a hand down to ruffle Chuck's head fur, giving him a quick "Good dog," that sent wave after wave of intense pleasure cascading over the mutt's mind. The spike of pleasure crashed all throughout his system, his eyes rolling back a bit as he let out an intense whimper of pleasure and need, that simple act finally enough to push him over the edge.

Chuck felt his orgasm flowing through his body, whimpering desperately as his cage twitched over and over, cum finally dribbling out of the holes in the front drop by drop, a puddle forming on the floor between his legs. He didn't break his sitting and begging pose as the orgasm rocked his body, the intense feeling sending the few thoughts he had left scattering away as he came from just the feeling of obedience.

He looked up and saw as the wolf handed over his cage key through the haze clouding his vision, but as Echo looked down and watched him orgasm from a pat on the head and being called a good dog, he just snapped the key, deciding he wouldn't be needing it. After all, he could always pick up some strap-ons for his cage that would be better than what was underneath anyways.

Chuck didn't mind in the slightest. He was a good dog.