

Standing in front of the door, you took a deep breath, trying to build up the courage to knock. The butterflies in your stomach were at war with your anticipation, your ears twitching at the top of your head and your tail flicking back and forth. A nervous, blushing pikachu, trying to bring themselves to just knock at the door that stood in front of them. Taking another deep breath, you decided that if you didn't do this now, you might stand paralyzed outside of their house for the rest of time, and with one last push, you brought yourself to knock at the door.

You heard a muffled "Just a moment!" from somewhere inside, a sultry voice that immediately caught your attention. Just the voice you were looking for, the one you couldn't wait to let into your head... And as your fantasies already started to get to work, you suddenly saw the door open up in front of you, snapping you out of your daydreams and back to the reality that stood there.

A ninetales stood on the other side of the doorway, their tails spread out in a beautiful pattern behind themselves, and a simple shirt and skirt combination over their fur. A kind grin covered their maw as they looked down at you, a slight hint of devilishness visible in their eyes. You could already feel a bit of electricity sparking from your cheeks just at the sight of them, the blush on your face very clearly visible. Your tail sheepishly swayed behind you as you squeaked out a "H-hi..."

"Well, hello there, sweetie! It's wonderful to see you again. Do come in," they responded, and your paws autonomously carried you into their home. You were already more than ready to listen to anything they had to say, and they could easily tell as you heard a deep giggle from them, the door shutting behind you.

"Good. Now, go ahead and get comfortable for me, no need for any of those silly outdoors things anymore," they said, and you squeaked out in bashfulness, looking back up at them.

"R-right here? B-but..." you said, nervously glancing at the windows on either side of the door, biting your lip. Your tail more than gave away how you felt, though, swaying back and forth rapidly.

"You heard me, little 'chu." Their voice was kind but commanding, and without any more delay, you started stripping down for them. You tossed your shirt onto the floor just in front of you, unbuckling your pants and letting them fall down too. With your outer garments now gone, you were left standing sheepishly in the entrance of their home in just one thing – the bright white diapers you always wore underneath your clothes.

You held your paws together as you saw their eyes glance over your form, lingering on the poofy undergarments now on full display. You'd been wearing diapers at their request since you'd started

seeing each other, or more accurately since you'd started your "sessions" with them. It started with just wearing them during the sessions, and then they told you to start wearing them to bed, and then to wear them throughout the day. Now it was just a normal part of your outfit, padded 24/7, thanks to their encouragement. Not to mention that your sessions were starting to make wearing them... more of a requirement than a choice. The front of your diaper was a little yellow, and you couldn't even remember wetting it.

It was so perfect.

"Good 'chu. Now, follow me into the lounge. It's time to get you nice and relaxed." Their commanding tone carried you forward, following behind the ninetales as they walked a familiar path further into their home. You'd come through here many times before, but every time it was just as embarrassing as the last. Your normal walk had turned more into a waddle as the diapers you wore got larger over the time, while the ninetales's sultry saunter only seemed to be getting more confident and alluring with each session you had with them. Their tails spun around in such beautiful patterns that you couldn't help but watch and stare as you were brought wherever they wanted to take you. They may as well have had you on a leash.

As you entered into the lounge, you were greeted by the familiar dimly lit room, the plush furniture all standing in the same places as they always did. One of their tails lifted up to pat the comfortable couch twice, all the invitation you needed to hop up onto it and lay back, looking over at their armchair as they climbed into it. You were giddy with anticipation, barely able to sit still as you looked forward to your favorite part of every week.

"Now now, you're going to need to calm down if you expect me to put you under, 'chu," they said, and you took a deep breath, trying to will yourself to calm down. As your eyes opened again, however, you instantly fixated on the ninetales in their chair, watching their tails curl and wave back and forth behind themselves. Your anchor point, right there. Your eyes gazed at them as they slowly moved back and forth, back and forth, and your body started to go through the motions.

You felt your shoulders relax, the tension slipping out of them as you let out a breath. The flow of relaxation gently rolled down your body like a wave, your arms and paws falling limply to your side as you breathed in deep, and let out another breath.

You felt the relaxation move down towards your legs as they fell still, all of the muscles along the way from your hips to the ends of your paws giving one last gentle stretch before all of the tension was let out. The only small amount of tension left in your body was your neck as you held your head up, gazing

at the swirling, swaying tails of the ninetales across the room. You saw their maw open, and they spoke two simple words.

“And... drop.”

Your neck fell gently limp and relaxed, laying against the couch behind you, your eyes falling shut. Your breathing steadied, and all of the last few bits of tension in your body evaporated. Breathe in. Breathe out.

“That’s right, just breathe. In. And out. Let my voice wash over you like the waves, in rhythm with each and every breath. In. And out.”

You let each and every word of theirs fill your body from head to toe, resonating inside of you. It was all you could feel, the words and your steady breaths were all that existed. Master was in control.

“Good job falling into trance, you’re getting better and better at it. You know to drop when I say drop.”

The waves continued, rolling across your body with each breath. Up. And down. In. And out.

“Steady. Breathe. Once more, in... and out. Good. Now, drop.”

With another command, you fell further, deeper, the waves that once lapped the surface now covering your whole body, the gentle tide rolling with each and every breath. Master’s voice seemed to echo around you, filling your ears as you breathed.

“Further and further. Deeper and deeper. Keep breathing, keep listening. And... drop.”

A third command, falling further, sinking deeper, deeper and deeper with each breath, with each word, always deeper.

“You’re very deep now, pet. Very deep. And very obedient.”

You were. Very obedient, an obedient pet for master. Always for Master. So deep.

“Now, Master is going to count up to five, and you will open your eyes, but remain deep within trance.”

“One.”

“Two.”

“Three.”

“Four.”

“Five.”

Your eyes opened up, looking directly ahead and into Master’s. They stood just in front of the couch where you sat, their gleaming red eyes seeming to pulsate and glow as you looked into them. In your peripheral vision, you could see that they’d removed their own clothes as well, but you couldn’t bring yourself to look away from their eyes.

“Down, pet,” they said, and with that command you immediately hopped off of the couch, falling to all fours, looking up at them. They smiled at you as you instantly followed their command.

“Good. Now, it’s time for your training. First, heel.” As they spoke the command, they started to walk out of the room, and you immediately followed behind them, obediently keeping stride. Your diaper bulged between your legs, poofy and movement-restricting, your hips swinging around as you were forced to walk on four legs with it.

All the while as you walked, you looked directly ahead – directly at Master. Their raised tails more than revealed the dick between their legs, with their clothes no longer there to hide it. You instinctively started to want it, which your conscious mind would know was the exact reason why “heel” was the first command Master wanted to train. But your obedience kept you perfectly walking behind them, not breaking stride.

Master took you around in a short loop across the entrance of the house before ending back in the lounge, stopping with you back in front of the couch. As Master turned back around to look at you, sitting in front of you, it was difficult to keep your eyes staring at theirs and not let them wander down to the throbbing shaft on full display between their legs, but you stayed strong, keeping eye contact.

“Good ‘chu. Next, beg.” A new command from them and you immediately snapped into pose, raising your body up while sitting, your paws drooping down in front of your chest. You let out a few squeaks as you did, cute sounds of obedience.

“Good! Now, wet.”

As Master’s command ran through your mind, you squeaked out once more, this time in surprise, as you felt the front of your diaper start to grow warm and wet. You saw them look down at it with a smile, watching it grow more and more yellow, entirely out of your control. As the stream tapered off, you let out a gentle sigh of relief, still stuck in a begging pose.

“That’s a very good pet!” they said, enthusiastically, and you couldn’t help but squeak at the praise for using your diapers on command, each statement of praise flooding your body with pleasure for your obedience.

“Now, does pet want a treat?” the ninetales said, and you immediately let out an excited squeak, knowing exactly what your treat would be for being a good pet.

“Good. Down and forward, pet.” As soon as the words started to leave their mouth, you were already moving into position, dropping out of the begging pose and back onto all fours, crawling forward. Their shaft stood in front of you, its smell filling your nostrils just like their voice filled your ears and mind, making you even cloudier than you were before. You pressed your snout up against it, breathing in deep as it twitched against your nose. Your tongue escaped your muzzle to lap at it a few times, the taste so incredible, so amazing, just what you desperately needed.

“Go ahead, pet. Good puppies get treats.”

Immediately you opened up your muzzle and took as much of it in as possible, your tongue running against the underside as you bobbed up and down. You could taste their precum on your tongue, and you were greedy for more, and so you went deeper. Each bob of your head took you farther onto their

shaft, and a grunt and a moan from the ninetales only encouraged you further. You needed your treat, you wanted it so, so, so bad. More than anything else, you just... needed this.

You felt the pure bliss of the submissive headspace wash over you once more, the conscious mind still fully aware and participating, but letting your pet space take over and enjoy. It was perfect, the best part of each and every week, getting to spend a wonderful evening with Master. But puppies didn't need to worry about all of those complex things. Just obey and enjoy treat.

And so you bobbed further and further onto their dick, feeling the tip of it tickle the back of your throat at times, your gag reflex having been turned off by their hypnosis weeks ago. You greedily sucked at it, the pre against your tongue encouraging you further onto it. You could feel them starting to hump back as well, their movements erratic, and their grunts of pleasure guttural and needy. They were getting close, and you wanted nothing more than to push them closer and closer.

"N-ngh, here... here comes your treat, pup!" they shouted out, and humped hard against you, their dick filling your maw as you pressed against it, holding your breath as you felt their dick spasm in your mouth, load after load of cum pouring down your throat. You drank it all down, head filled with pure euphoria, and as they started to pull it out, more cum splashed onto your tongue, the taste of it occupying your entire mind. You swallowed down each and every drop that you could, not even cognizant of the mess that had been made all over the fur on your face.

As you slowly breathed in and out in pure ecstasy, entirely unaware of your surroundings, you eventually heard Master's voice break through once more.

"Good pup. Now, let's get you back onto the couch and reinforce your triggers, hm?"

You couldn't ask for anything better.