

# **Intro to the Biddable Bitch - Puppy Girl Academy**

The Brentwood Society

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# Intro to the Biddable Bitch - Puppy Girl Academy

The whimsically named, “Biddable Bitch - Puppy Girl Academy” is one of the Brentwood Society’s premiere female obedience schools. As their motto states: “We take females of all walks of life and teach them to walk on all fours.” Whether a female had been raised as a puppy her whole life inside the society or came from the outside, the Biddable Bitch could tame and train her to her owner’s specifications.

Arthur Jones, a tall, dynamic man of fifty owned the academy. He took great joy in personally giving tours of his facilities to new citizens of the Brentwood Society. Today he stood in an observation room with a new resident, a Mr. Smith, behind a two way mirror observing an import female that had been with them for several weeks.

“You see how she smiles, while being on the verge of tears?” Jones explained. “This is because we train our puppies to be perky, playful, and always a delight.”

“Is she...” Smith started, his eyes focused more on her hanging tits than her distressed face, “Certainly she’s not one from the outside.” Try as Smith might, he couldn’t imagine a woman—a female acting this way in the world outside.

Jones laughed, “She is indeed from the outside!” He raised the black tablet he was holding, tapped the screen several times and then showed it to Smith.

Smith gasped as he looked at the picture on file for the female on the other side of the glass, and then gasped again as he read the opening text to her file. He almost didn’t recognize her with her blonde hair up in a severe bun, tasteful makeup, a pair of stylish glasses, and a business suit that probably cost thousands of dollars. The original image of her was such a stark

contrast from the leashed, caged, animal, with its hair put in ridiculous pigtails, its face smeared with makeup a bimbo would find too garish; and all while it struggled not to cry as its mouth was forced back down onto a dildo by a nearby trainer. Smith glanced up as he heard her gag on the long rubber phallus, but somehow managed to look back down at the text accompanying her photo.

The first thing he noticed was her original name - Ivy Donovan. Next to it he saw in red, “Re-designated” followed by the name, “Muffie” which he read aloud.

Jones chimed in, “We find it’s helpful to rename import females to help cement in their simple, hormone-driven minds, that their old life is over and a new and more appropriate life is about to begin.”

Smith nodded and continued reading as Ivy—that is, Muffie choked again on the dildo in the background. He saw that she had been an executive at a large company, and that one of her male co-workers had payed to have her abducted and brought here soon after he had gained residence in the society. Smith stopped reading as he came to a section titled “Modifications”. Again, he spoke the word aloud.

Jones patted him on the shoulder and smiled, “It might sound cruel if you haven’t grown up around it, but modifications are very common in the society for a variety of reasons. Some obedience schools prefer coercion or bondage devices such as ring gags and paw-mittens to encourage puppy-like behavior.

These methods are preferable if you want your female to someday graduate from puppy status or wish to switch her roles in your house regularly. Biddable Bitch, however, trains puppies for life, so we only employ modification.

Besides...we find that modification creates the best puppies because they know that they will never be anything but that for the rest of their lives!”

Smith nodded and read that Muffie had received the “standard” modifications.

While she retained feeling in her hands, they could no longer move and hung in front of her when she raised them like useless, floppy paws. Her

inner ear had been tampered with to disturb her balance. She simply could no longer rise above her knees without becoming dizzy. Her vocal cords had been damaged in such a way that should could still make noise, but no longer form words. With training, she could use her ruined voice to make noises resembling those of a dog. Smith handed the tablet back to Jones and looked back through the glass.

The trainer had his hand on the back of Muffie's head, his strong fingers gripping her hair. Her pink painted lips were against the base of the dildo. She was choking and frantically struggling to raise her head, but the trainer's grip remained firm and her throat remained full. Her tearful eyes darted around the room desperately, as if searching for help. Smith watched her intently.

Jones broke into his thoughts, "As a new comer, is this a bit too much to take in?" he asked.

Smith, not taking his eyes off the struggling, choking puppy-girl, scratched his chin and smiled, "Oh no, not at all...I was just thinking how much I'd like to see my ex-girlfriend on the other side of that glass..."

Without missing a beat Jones said, "Well, now, Mr. Smith, that can be arranged."