

# **Nadine's Mistake**

The Brentwood Society

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Nadine was a young, wealthy heiress. She traveled the world and enjoyed every pleasure it had offer—especially if it was expensive. Ironically, despite having a mountain of cash, she rarely paid for anything. She left that to men, young and old, who admired her. Nadine was beautiful, fashionable, and rich, so she had many of admirers and wasn't shy about spreading her legs for them either! She didn't do it out of love or gratitude, but instead did it to feed her own selfish and insatiable appetite for pleasure.

She had enjoyed this carefree and oversexed lifestyle for several years. That is, until she met Donovan Atwood, a man of Brentwood. He had spent a small fortune to entertain her in Italy with the idea that he might marry her and bring her back to the community to keep her as a spoiled, pampered wife for the rest of her life.

When Donovan proposed to her on his yacht, she laughed in his face and told him something to the effect of, "You really should be more careful with your money!"

Donovan didn't allow his rage to show. Instead he calmly sat back down and ordered another bottle of champagne from his waiter. Nadine didn't notice the look that passed between the two of them. Donovan admitted to being bested by Nadine and offered her another drink. Nadine accepted, surprised that Donovan hadn't been a big baby about the whole thing and she said as much.

A short time later, Nadine was face down in her dinner—drugged. She would not be fully conscious again for quite some time. By the end of her long period of unconsciousness, she'd been shipped back to Brentwood and given the standard puppy modifications of the Happy Paws Obedience School.

Once the surgeons were finished with her, Nadine had far more limited capabilities. She retained feeling in her hands, but she could longer move

them, making them just like charming puppy paws. Her inner ear had been tampered with to disturb her balance, which fixed her so she could no longer rise above her knees without becoming dizzy. Her vocal cords had been damaged so that she could still make noise, but no longer form proper words.

With training, however, she would be able to use her ruined voice to make noises resembling those of a dog.

Once she'd healed from her surgeries, Nadine was brought to Donovan's home to be housebroken and trained personally by him. After her initial introduction to puppy training (crawling, panting, begging, etc) Nadine—who he renamed Trampy, was ready for more advanced lessons.

Recently, in the backyard each evening, they'd been working on the “present” and “flirt” commands, in which Donovan would first call out “Present, Trampy!” In response she would scramble (because she'd be punished for appearing anything less than eager) to position her rear end toward him, then she would put her face to the ground and raise her haunches so he could see her slick, gaping orifices.

By this point, her cheeks would be burning with humiliation, but her degradation would only get worse. Then Donovan would call out, “Flirt, Trampy!” To which she would respond by rapidly wagging her butt back and forth, and looking at him over her shoulder with wide, eager looking eyes, all while panting, barking, and whining.

If he were pleased with her performance, he would give her a dog treat, and a pat on the head coupled with a “Good, girl!” If he was not, she would have to repeat the exercise until he was satisfied. Many times she would be required to repeat the demeaning exercise ten, fifteen, even twenty times when Donovan was feeling particularly exacting and sadistic.

Whether or not her performance met his expectations, all of her presenting and flirting would be for nothing. Donovan had a Brentwood wife to use for sex. Trampy was only there for his passing amusement. Under constant supervision during the day and locked in chastity when she was put away in her kennel for the night, poor Trampy would never again be allowed the privilege of sex—much less an orgasm.