

Snippets

The Brentwood Society

<https://www.deviantart.com/thebrentwoodsociety>

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Introduction

The Brentwood Society is a fictional, secret community where the the male citizens rule and the female residents serve.

Pixie the Puppy Girl's Morning Routine

She may have just been a silly teacup puppy girl, but little pixie had a big (big to her anyway) to-do list each morning before her Owner would take her for “walkies.”

The moment she heard the paper strike the door each morning, she scampered out of her basket towards the noise so that she could stick her head through the small doggy door and retrieve the paper (carefully) with her mouth. It was difficult, not only because she was an especially drooly puppy girl, but also because squeezing through the door would remind her had badly she needed to pee.

After delivering the paper to her Owner in the kitchen, she had to sit pretty by her food and water dishes while trying to ignore her growing need to relieve herself. After preparing his own breakfast, he would dish up her water and kibble. She'd try desperately not to listen to the water flowing freely from the faucet as he filled her water dish. By this point she would usually be sweating and starting to tremble.

Though her Owner was inclined to take breakfast slowly, alternating between scanning the paper for articles of interest and taking bites of whatever sumptuous breakfast he had prepared, pixie had no such luxury. She buried her little snout in the food dish and kept it there until she had gobbled up every last gravely, foul-tasting morsel. Each motion would be becoming painful for her as she would switch to the water dish and start lapping as she squeezed her thighs together as her trembling increased.

When she'd finished eating and drinking she was expected to sit pretty by her bowls and wait while her Owner took his time. Sometimes he'd loudly sip his coffee and she'd wonder if he was doing it on purpose to tease her.

Finally, when he'd finished too he would command her to fetch her leash and she'd go as quickly as she could – her will nearly at its end – but her ordeal was not yet over. After he clipped the leash on her collar she had to crawl back to her dishes to show him that she'd been a “good puppy” and “cleaned her plate.” Then and only then he would blessedly take her leash and lead her to the door.

Each time, Pixie wondered if she would make it to the grass...

Puppy Girl Alarm Clock

Yuriko Koike's whole life was dictated by the clock and the calendar. As a senior at one of Japan's top high schools she was busy from sun up to sun down with school, extra curricular activities, and additional tutoring to ensure that she'd transition to a top university at the start of the next term.

In addition to being one of the best students at her very competitive school, her head was filled with political ambitions. She dreamed one day of being a representative, or even Prime Minister.

Like many in her position, however. She burned out from the stress. Fortunately, she was saved from all those scary responsibilities that no girl should ever have heaped upon her. A nice man from Brentwood "adopted" her and brought her home with him when he returned after completing his business. Seeing her fragile mental and physical state, the man decided to make her his house pet.

Though like most imports she was reluctant at first, little Yuriko – now re-named Mochi – has taken to her role after a few months of obedience school. Her old work ethic and natural determination has returned, but this time it has been directed in a proper, natural direction. Even better, Mochi's life is no longer controlled by the clock and the calendar. In fact, she has become the alarm clock for her Owner. Every morning she'd wake up with the sun, scamper up on her Owner's bed and lick him awake.

A Quiet Moment

Being a puppy girl in Brentwood was very hard for little Mochi. Before being “rescued” she was Yuriko Koike, a bright honor student turned pathetic burnout. After the modifications they’d performed at the Happy Paws Obedience School on her in order to “disable” her, she couldn’t use her hands, stand, speak (other than making “charming” puppy sounds like barking and whining), and she drooled uncontrollably (from both ends).

She wasn’t in control of any aspect of her life. Master decided when she slept, when she played, when she ate, when she drank, what she ate and drank, and even when she got to “go potty.”

Every walk through the pet park was agony for her as she was naturally quite modest and hated having to “greet” and be “greeted” by other puppy girls. When she bled, Master would look at her with disgust and kennel her outside, rain or shine, cold or hot, until she was finished being “gross.” If she disobeyed, even a little, or if she did act enough like a proper pup, she was beaten with a rolled up newspaper and told that she was a “bad dog.”

Still, there were those quiet times at home when she had her pretty face buried in her bowl and Master would gently pet her and tell her she was a “good little puppy” and that he was proud of how she did that day. The kibble in her food dish tasted and smelled awful, and the water in her other dish hadn’t been replaced in a while so it was stale and starting to taste of her own sweat and saliva, but it didn’t matter when Master was praising her.

Trampie's Dinner

Trampie's owner strictly controlled what she ate. Every day she got one cup of dry kibble at breakfast and a second one at dinner plus whatever dog treats she could earn by doing her tricks enthusiastically and flawlessly. There was also a "no table scraps" rule. So, she was always hungry and at the same time she was also bored with eating the same foul-tasting gravel day after day after day.

One evening her owner set her dish in front of her like always before sitting down to a sumptuous dinner. This time, however, instead of the usual kibble she saw "fancy" wet dog food. Her heart leapt at the sight of something new. She was about to dive face first into the bowl when she hesitated as memories and thoughts she tried to repress resurfaced.

This wasn't right. She was supposed to be dressed and sitting at the table, not naked, collared and on all fours. She was supposed to be eating human food off a plate with a knife and fork, not burying her face in a dog bowl and lapping up slop!

Her tummy rumbled loudly. The moment passed. She plunged into the bowl and began eagerly sucking down the greasy mess like a pig while doing the best to ignore the smell and taste. All the while her "tail" was high in the air wagging back and forth happily.

Waiting

“Oh—oh, God!” Chelsea, the pretty platinum blonde cried as she hugged her smaller cellmate. “I don’t want to be a puppy girl! I—I—I wanna go home!” She sobbed.

Laura tried to hold back her own tears as she comforted the other girl, but she couldn’t keep the quaver out of her squeaky voice, “Maybe they were just trying to scare us! Maybe...” Laura was an awful liar, so she stopped. Having the benefit of growing up in the Brentwood Society, she knew what happened to girls sold or imported to the infamous Happy Paws Obedience School. She wasn’t sure if Chelsea was better off coming from the outside and not knowing what horrible things awaited both of them.

Chelsea continued to cry into her cellmate’s dirty, matted hair. She tried in vain to push the horrible things that man had said out of her frantic mind. He had casually spoken about how both of them would be “modified” permanently for new lives as a “puppy girls.” It wasn’t as if his tone was cruel even, he just listed them off as if he were describing procedures that would be done at a health spa.

“Oh, the first thing they’ll do is deaden your hands so they’ll be like dog paws...” he had begun, glancing at them out of the corner of his eye to see their reactions. “You won’t even be able to turn a door handle when they’re done with you!” He chuckled as both girls stared back at him, Chelsea in shock and Laura, while not surprised, equally horrified.

“They’ll operate on your inner ear next. You’ll be so off balance you’ll have crawl on your paws and knees everywhere you go after that.” He paused. Chelsea was just starting to cry as Laura’s pretty face darkened.

“They’ll cut your vocal cords next—well, not totally. They’ll do it just enough to stop you from ever speaking like a person again. Don’t worry, girls, with a little training you’ll be able to make all the appropriate doggy noises.”

He glanced down at tablet he had been holding for the first time. “Oh, looks like they’ve got you both marked for some optional mods. Lucky you!” He pointed at Chelsea, “It looks like you’re getting some pretty new eyes! Hopefully they won’t blind you!” Then he pointed at Laura, “It looks like your new owner wants you extra drooly on both ends. I’m sure that’ll be fun getting used to.” He looked down at the tablet again and started off down the corridor. “Well, see you both in an hour.”