

**Compulsory Pettification (ComPet)** was initially a controversial government program that went on to become both wildly successful and popular with the majority of the citizenry. The program calls for a small percentage of the country's twenty-year-old female population to be drafted into what is known as the "pet service." As a state-owned "ComPet," otherwise known as a "pet girl," "puppy girl," or "service animal," these draftees lose their human status for a period of two years. After a term of obedience training at a government center, these service animals are leased to owners for the remainder of their service.

The ComPet program is regulated by the **Federal Bureau of Pettification (FBP)**. The FBP keeps track of the service contracts and provides the initial training of all pet girls. Within the FBP the **Human Pet Protection Service (HPPS)** performs welfare checks on the living conditions of service animals, provides veterinarian care, and ensures that all policies and regulations are followed by pet owners.

The rise of pettification has unfortunately led to a variety of pet girl-related crimes, such as anti-ComPet terrorism, illegal pettification, and black-market human-pet trafficking. With the rise in these incidents, the FBP has piloted a new joint program that pairs police officers with HPPS inspectors.

### **The Story so Far**

If it has been awhile since you've read the previous stories, or you for whatever reason just want to jump in here (it's your choice, I'm certainly not going to argue with you), this is a little section to jog your memory or catch you up to where we are now.

At age twenty, the extra-petite and excessively-pouty **Sue Sharp** received her ComPet draft notice. Fortunately, her family was able to arrange for her to serve as a FBP junior pet welfare inspector in lieu of pet service by calling in many favors and offering an enormous bribe to officials. After a monotonous year of performing welfare checks for service animals, Sue was given the opportunity to become a full-fledged inspector when she was assigned by her chief, **Mr. Cross**, to investigate the disappearance of a puppy girl named **Boji**, who was owned by a wealthy and prominent citizen named **Mark Richter**. As it would happen, the missing puppy girl, whose real name was **Sarah**, had not been abducted, but had escaped with the help of a housemaid named **Megan**. Through a combination of luck and cleverness, Sue led the authorities to them, and her first case ended with a promotion for her, an unspeakable punishment for Megan, and Sarah being returned unhappily to her owner. In the closing lines of the first story, Sue learned that Megan the temporary housemaid did not act alone and was a part of a larger anti-ComPet organization calling itself "**F.E.R.A.L**" (Freedom, Equality, Revolution, and Liberty).

In Sue's next case, "Deep Undercover," she teamed up with a tall, gum-chewing detective from the Central City Police Department named **Robert Jericho**. They were charged with protecting a VIP's beloved, voluptuous puppy girl, **Cheesecake**, from a possible abduction attempt by F.E.R.A.L. With the help of a perky and patronizing groomer named **Donna**, Sue posed as a puppy girl named "Ditzzy" and went undercover at the **Happy Paws Boarding Kennel**, Cheesecake's home while her owner was away on business. During her time undercover, Sue learned that there is a part of her that enjoyed the humiliation and degradation of being a lowly puppy girl. She also acknowledges to herself that she is very much attracted to her new partner. In the end, Sue and Robert were able to foil the kidnapping after they had an encounter with one of the terrorist leaders named **Sapphire**.

In the third case, "The Mutt Maker," Sue and Robert go undercover again, this time posing as a tutor and student to trap a man that would come to be known as the **Mutt Maker**. The Mutt Maker abducted girls from the passenger trains, and through the use of a special chemical delivered via an anal plug, he transformed them into drooling, cock-crazed animals. Before their sting operation began, Sue developed strong suspicions that Robert and the pet groomer, Donna, were sleeping together. She began to realize that she had feelings for her partner that extend beyond mere physical attraction. Eventually, while serving as the bait, Sue was captured by the Mutt Maker. Only receiving half the dose of the chemical, Sue was able to fool her captor into thinking that she was completely docile and used the opportunity to overpower him and call for help. While the so-called Mutt Maker was arrested, the person behind creation of the chemical remained at large.

In the fourth case, "Tit for Tat," Sue and Robert went against orders and pursued F.E.R.A.L agents responsible for killing Robert's old friend in a raid on a FBP veterinarian office, **Dr. Ezzat Andre**. During their unsanctioned pursuit, they take shelter in an unoccupied hunter's cabin. After they split a bottle of liquor, the only provision in the cabin, Sue told Robert her feelings for him. Though Robert had the same feelings, and was intent on acting on them, Sue sharing that she was a virgin killed the mood. Eventually, they caught up with the F.E.R.A.L agents and several ComPets that they liberated in their raid. Robert confronted the leader of the group, their old acquaintance, Sapphire. After a brief struggle, Sapphire jumped from a cliff rather than allowing herself to be arrested. While Robert was busy with her, Sue allowed the liberated ComPets to get away. In the aftermath, Robert was suspended without pay for two months. Sue also lost her pay, but rather than being suspended she was merely demoted.

In the fifth case, "Sisters Reunited," Sue had to serve as a **Postal Pet** around the FBP headquarters while she was temporarily demoted. During that time she was approached by an escaped ComPet named **Juliette Walsh**. Though she'd managed to leave the country, she returned to rescue her sister, **April**, who had gone missing inside the ComPet program. Reluctantly, Sue helped Juliette to find her sister. With the help of Donna, a veterinarian named **Natalie**, and eventually Robert, they managed to find April, and get the sisters smuggled out of

the country. The story ended with Robert finally expressing that he shares Sue's feelings, and the hope that they may have a future of some sort together.

In the sixth case, "The Cult of the Wolf," Sue and Robert were in a bit of a rut due to Sue's hang-ups about physical intimacy. The pair went undercover to infiltrate the Society of Fenrir to determine if the group was practicing illegal pettification. They discovered that the group was in fact practicing illegal pettification, and was also an insane religious cult that sacrificed drugged girls to a large wolf they kept in a cave. During the investigation, Sue had a sort of vision quest induced by drugs that helped her to come to terms with her needs and desires. At the end of the story she told Robert what she really wanted and he obliged by proposing to her.

This brings us to where we are now.

# Tying the Knot

A Sue Sharp Story



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 NimbleTail & Brentwood : Tying the Knot

Sue Sharp Story #7: Tying the Knot

## Part 1: The Mission to Ask Permission

The camera flashes were as disorienting as they were annoying. All the questions and remarks from rabid reporters blended together into discordant noise that made Sue want to cover her ears. If it wasn't for Donna elbowing through the pressing crowd, Sue would never have been able to make it from the car into the wedding venue. The bride clung to the tall, curvaceous blonde's hand and allowed her undersized self to be dragged through the throng.

The night Robert had asked Sue to marry him, she had enthusiastically answered, "Yes!"

On the drive back to the city there was silence in the car, but it was the good kind of silence. It wasn't the kind of empty stillness that made Sue feel as if she had to make small talk, turn on music, or retreat into phone scrolling. She could sit in the passenger seat; stare out the window, warm and content, the soft interior of Robert's coat against her bare skin, while she watched tall, straight pine trees made silver by the moonlight rush by.

Robert broke the lull, asking, "Are you sure you understand what you've agreed to?" He did not take his eyes off the road and kept them fixed on what was ahead.

Sue was still enthusiastic. She wanted to be his bride, and even more so, she wanted to be his puppy girl for the rest of her life. The legalities of it and everything else she had to do to get there didn't matter.

When Sue's parents had bribed officials to get her an exemption from Compulsory Pet (ComPet) Service, she had been required to sign a contract to work for the Human Pet Protection Service (HPPS) for five years. It was longer than the normal two year service animal period, but it seemed preferable at the time. Sue had only served two years, which meant that she couldn't enter another contract, like marriage, without special permission from the Federal Bureau of Pettification (FBP). Fortunately, Robert had family connections that could help.

*Family connections to keep me out of paws, family connections to put me in paws!*

A few weeks after that quiet car ride, Robert and Sue were at the FBP Campus in downtown Central City. Sue chewed nervously on her silver vape pen as she followed Robert through the main training complex. Though they'd stuck to the side hallways, occasionally they passed sullen trainees crawling along on short leashes held by trainers in gray coveralls and caps.

Every time Sue saw a trainee, she was awash in contradictory feelings more than she ever used to be. She was filled with pity when she saw them struggling, panting, and sweating in an effort to keep pace with their trainers while restricted to all fours. Many of them had crisscrossed red marks across their upturned backsides—the consequences of being unwilling or

unable to keep up. She felt disgust for the men, but strangely, if she were completely honest with herself, she felt more contempt for the trainees for submitting to the treatment, even though she knew that they had no choice. Most prominent of all, she felt an unshakable thrill, because she knew that if everything went well in the coming meeting she would soon be crawling at Robert's feet just as the trainees were at their trainers' feet.

*Is it possible to see someone as a role model and lower than dirt at the same time?*

Pausing outside a room labeled "Observation Room #3," Robert smoothed his hair, straightened his tie, and took a deep breath. He gave Sue a side glance.

"Wipe your chin, baby doll."

Sue gave a start. She'd been chewing on her pen absentmindedly and not noticed that she'd started to drool. Though she didn't literally have drool on her chin, she hastily put the vape away and then followed Robert's example by smoothing her hair and straightening her jacket, before following him inside.

Chairman Abernathy, head of the FBP board of directors, was waiting for them. He was pushing sixty, with salt and pepper hair that struck the perfect balance between the salt and the pepper, an unfashionably long beard, and a paunch mostly obscured by a well-tailored suit and creative posture. The one and only time Sue had met him, she'd been under suspension and serving as a postal pet. She'd hoped that Abernathy would seem less-intimidating when she was standing on two legs rather than crawling on four, but she found him just as formidable as ever.

"Robert!" Abernathy smiled warmly and offered his hand. "It's been ages! We've missed you at the club and at all those dinners!"

There was hesitation that Sue rarely saw in Robert. He seemed to be internally wrestling with something for a moment before he took Abernathy's hand and shook it.

"I've been very busy, Chairman," He replied a bit coolly.

"Oh, now, there's no need to be so formal! We're old friends and you're a grown man now, Victor will do just fine."

Sue was encouraged by Abernathy's congeniality, but there was something so surface level about it. Suddenly, she understood why Robert was so guarded.

"Victor." It sounded as if Robert was pronouncing a word in a foreign language he'd never once heard.

"That's better."

While the two men caught up, Sue took in her surroundings. There was a small wet bar in the back corner well-stocked with what looked like expensive liquor. Sue looked for her brand of sangria, but unsurprisingly she didn't see it. There were two comfortable red leather seats with a small, round table between them. The chairs faced a one way mirror that stretched over the top half of the far wall. With excellent temperature control and soft, almost theatre style lighting, the room was a comfortable spot for VIPs and higher ups like Abernathy to be able to observe a training room in style.

The other side of the glass contrasted starkly. The harsh fluorescent lights shone down on a bare concrete room that, from the look of the profusely sweating occupants, clearly had no air conditioning. A pair of trainers walked around carrying a Petsitter remote in one hand and leather crop in the other. They circled a line of exhausted looking ComPet trainees, like a pair of sharks circling a school of tuna. They were shouting, but because the sound proofing was so good, Sue couldn't hear what they were saying. There was an intercom on the table between the chairs, no doubt for listening in on training sessions. Sue felt the urge to press it, but she already had a pretty good idea what kinds of harsh, dehumanizing things they were saying.

Each ComPet was without her c-string and was squatting on widely spread, trembling legs. Each had a red dildo in the style of an oversized dog knot beneath her. When one of the trainers motioned downward with his crop and yelled, the group hastily lowered themselves down on their dildos in unison. Those that failed to slide all the way down, those that failed to come back up were struck with the crop or shocked with the remote until they complied. Despite the treatment each dildo glistened and each ComPet's pussy was visibly leaking. Sue found herself judging them once again for not only submitting to the treatment, but for responding to it. Despite their obvious fatigue and distress each time they slid down and up their eyes crossed and they visibly shivered.

Mesmerized, Sue's eyes scanned down the line, watching pigtailed and breasts, large, small and everywhere in between, bounce with each grueling up and down repetition. Finally, her eyes settled on a particularly striking woman with blonde, almost white hair, in the center of the line. It took Sue several moments to realize she recognized her. It was Freya, the insane priestess of the defunct cult of Fenrir. Sue winced from phantom pain in the spots that Freya had pierced her. All the fear Sue felt the night they were going to offer her as a sacrifice to their forest god came flooding back, but only for a moment. The dangerous predator was on the other side of the glass, like an exhibit in the zoo and no longer a threat to her or anyone. Sue stepped closer to the window. The transformation, especially in such a short amount of time, was astounding! Freya had been an almost angelic beauty with her graceful form and her long flowing platinum locks. But here in the middle of the line of bobbing, whining, puppy girls her appearance and mannerism were all too earthly.

Looking down the line again, Sue recognized a few more faces and realized that the whole litter being trained was made up of the girls who'd formally been in the cult. She saw Willow, the overly friendly girl who'd been dressed up like a doe, and the humpy bunny girl Sue had so desperately wanted to copy during the meal with the cult. It was difficult to recognize them. They'd all looked so distinct before, their animal costumes being unique to their own styles and personalities. As ComPets, though there was slight variety in color of their gear, they were uniform with identical pigtails, paws on their hands and feet, tails, clip-on dog ears, collars, tags, and brands. They all seemed so utterly homogenized.

Finally finished with small talk, Abernathy offered one of the red leather chairs to Robert and then took the other. A moment after sitting, the older man lightly smacked his own forehead. "Oh, Sue-Sue, how could I have forgotten you? After all, this little get together is really about you, isn't it?"

Remembering the importance of the meeting, Sue tore her eyes from the window.

*Yeah, you couldn't remember a chair, but you sure as Hell could remember that stupid nickname!*

"I could have another seat brought in..." he half-heartedly reached to call his secretary. "Or...since you're no stranger to the floors of this building..." He looked at the floor by Robert's chair and smiled slightly. Sue's cheeks flushed as she was forced again to recall crawling around the building carrying the mail while wearing next-to-nothing.

"Mr. Abernathy—" There was an edge to Robert's voice.

"Victor," he reminded with a raised finger.

Robert's jaw tightened. "*Victor*, you can't ask her to..."

Sue placed a gentle hand on Robert's forearm and looked up at him. "It's alright, Robert," she said quietly. Abernathy was the one who held all the cards, and he clearly wanted to see her on her knees. So, she'd get on her knees if it got her what she wanted. Robert seemed annoyed that she'd intervened though, and she wondered if it wouldn't have been better to be silent.

Robert sat down and Sue gingerly sank to her knees. It was as exciting to her as it was embarrassing to have the two dignified men watch her flaunt her submission. It occurred to her that she wasn't necessarily sitting carefully because of a lack of athleticism or mobility, or because she was wearing a skirt and didn't want to flash her panties. She took it a bit slow because she didn't want to show how secretly eager she was to do it.

“How graceful she sits!” Abernathy remarked to Robert. “She might as well get used to sitting on the floor, eh?” He chortled. “That is, if I agree to do what you ask.”

Robert waved off a glass of bourbon Abernathy offered him. Sue waited to be offered a drink, but the offer never came.

*Silly Sue-Sue, animals don't get liquor!*

“So, you're open to allowing Sue and I to get married then?” Robert asked.

“Straight to the point, eh, detective?” Abernathy took a sip from the glass and looked thoughtful. “Well, it is a unique situation. Little Sue-Sue is still my—that is—the *department's* property for a little over three more years. I take it you don't want to wait for her that long?”

Robert reached down and took Sue's hand in his. “No, I—we don't want to wait.”

Abernathy pursed his lips and nodded. “That's what your father told me yesterday. Well, you'll be happy to know that the board has come up with a compromise. Sue-Sue's contract will be legally transferred over to you; however, she must live as a full time puppy girl adhering to the ComPet official standards for the remainder of that contract. That includes her being branded and tagged by a licensed person from the FBP. During that time also, she'll be required to occasionally assist us in a sort of PR role. You know, interviews, public appearances, things of that nature.”

Sue squeezed her legs together. Watching the ComPets on their training knots had already gotten her going. Kneeling while the two men talked literally and figuratively above her made the warmth and tingles even worse. She prayed her panties would hold up through the meeting! It was strange to her, however, that the idea of the dehumanizing, physical pain that came with being “registered” was somehow preferable to having to make public appearances.

There was a blur of motion on the other side of the glass that didn't just draw Sue's notice, but Robert's and Abernathy's too. One of the trainers was standing over Freya. All the other trainees were down on their knots, but the former cult leader was hovering above hers, defiantly staring back at him. The trainer yelled something and motioned more forcefully for her to go down, but she held firm.

Abernathy chuckled. “Oh, looks like little Snowflake is living up to her name!”

The trainer pressed down on the remote and the rebellious puppy girl reared up, her padded paws clawing uselessly at her shock collar, and collapsed to the ground in a heap. While the other trainer minded the rest and kept their rhythm going, the trainer standing over Freya—*Snowflake*—pressed his boot to the dazed puppy girl's butt and yanked her tail plug making her yowl. Then he unzipped his coveralls, knelt down, grabbed her hips, spit on her, and

shoved his rod up her no-doubt protesting backdoor. Snowflake's blue eyes popped and she screamed in pain and indignation, looking like a little beast caught in a trap as the trainer humped her savagely. Each thrust broke her down closer and closer to the dirty training room floor.

Abernathy turned and explained to Robert, "You know, there was a big argument on the board about what to do with these 'cultists.' It was my idea to keep them together in one litter. My opponents said that it would be a mistake—that their group solidarity would interfere with the training process. But I knew that their former leader would be the key to their domestication. Look at them." He motioned down the line of nervous, obediently bouncing puppy girls. "Snowflake doesn't know it, but she's still leading them."

Sue squirmed at his words and at the sight of the formally powerful, dangerous woman being sodomized in front of her followers. Sue realized her panties definitely weren't going to hold up!

Abernathy sighed. "I'll have to write up that trainer."

"For not lubing her up first?" Robert asked dryly.

"Exactly! We have to keep telling these young guys that this is not a cheap porno. If he breaks her, she'll get a little vacation in the infirmary. If she spends too much time in recovery, not only will her litter lose her leadership, she'll get held back and won't be able to graduate with them."

The trainer made a dumb face and shuddered. Then he pulled out of Snowflake, replaced the plug, pulled her onto her knees and pressed his soiled cock to her lips. Sue braced as if she were watching a serious drama unfold, wondering if Snowflake would resist.

Snowflake cringed, but she didn't refuse.

The correction had done its work.

When the trainer appeared satisfied with her unenthusiastic tongue bath, he put her back in line with the others. She quickly found the rhythm again and was soon obediently bouncing with the rest.

Sue found herself slightly bouncing on her knees as she watched the puppy girls in the line continue their drill. Robert's voice brought her back to the moment at hand and she became still.

"Is that really necessary?" He asked. "She'll already be serving for longer than most ComPets, why should she have to do anything extra?"

“She is a valuable asset to the FBP! Aren’t you, Sue-Sue?” Abernathy eyes lingered on her for just a touch too long. She wondered if he could tell that she was getting off on the situation, or if he were merely leering at her.

Sue licked her lips and cleared her throat. She really wanted Robert to do the talking. “I guess I am, but...”

“Yes, you’re much more valuable than any common stray from off the street. Think about it, your parents paid a substantial amount of money to keep you out of paws, and now after seeing how wonderful it all is, here you are putting them on voluntarily! You simply cannot buy that kind of publicity. A story like that is sure to increase the number of curious volunteers and calm many anxious draftees. Besides, unlike some of our celebrity influencers like Eve Snowdrop, Sue-Sue has a very cute, but...*attainable* appearance. She’ll show the public that being a puppy girl can be for *any* girl.”

*Attainable...that’s about the nicest way I’ve ever been put down before!*

Robert shook his head. “You can’t turn Sue into some kind of propaganda tool!”

Sue squeezed Robert’s hand and looked up Abernathy. “I’ll do it.” She said quietly.

The door to the wedding venue was closed and locked, but the noise and the camera flashes passed through the glass. Adjusting her skirt and catching her breath, Sue thought about what Robert had asked her, “Are you sure you understand what you’ve agreed to?”

## **Part 2: Pampering and Pondering**

Donna closed the door to the bridal suite. Sue breathed a sigh of relief at the reassuring click of the latch. Though they’d left the mob of reporters and curiosity seekers outside the building, it was nice having just one more barrier between her and them. The bridal suite was larger than the entirety of Sue’s former apartment and it was absolutely luxurious. She knew Robert came from a rich family, but she hadn’t expected anything so extravagant. Besides all the bright furniture that looked too nice to actually sit in, there were four fully stocked vanities on the wall opposite the entrance. There were enough facilities to gussy up a small army of bridesmaids. Sue felt a slight ache in her chest; her whole bridal party was just Donna. Then again, one good friend, she reasoned, was better than a dozen fake ones.

There was a height-adjustable dog grooming table set up by the vanities. Though Sue had never been in a bridal suite before, she assumed that the table was not a normal fixture. With

its angular, stainless steel frame, the pink rubber, no-slip pad, and the various “safety” restraints, it was in stark contrast to everything else in the room.

*It doesn't belong, just like me.*

“No time for daydreaming, hun,” Donna took Sue’s shoulders and guided her into the room. “We have a lot to do!”

Sue nodded slowly. “So...how exactly do we do this?” She asked while looking around and trying not to focus too much on the grooming table.

“It’ll be just like the first time I had you on my table, but with a lot more pampering, how does that sound?”

Sue made a face. “I don’t remember there being a lot of pampering,” she said and then with the barest suggestion of a smile she admitted, “a year ago that would have sounded like Hell, but now...”

Donna smiled back, then trotted over to the bar and poured a pair of mimosas, curiously, from two different pitchers. She offered one to Sue. Rattled from the crowd and her impending nuptials, Sue took a big gulp from the champagne flute. She relished the sweet, fruity flavor for a moment, and then furrowed her brow.

“Mine’s kind of weak, how is yours?”

Donna took a sip of her own, looked thoughtful and nodded slightly. “That’s because yours is just juice.”

“What? Why?” Sue felt just a bit more betrayed by the revelation than she thought she ought to.

“Robert didn’t want you drinking before the ceremony. He says he wants you clear headed at the altar.”

Sue frowned, but she supposed he was right. She took out her vape pen. With the way she was feeling she would have probably polished off two full bottles of wine and passed out on the couch, ruining the whole affair.

“Is this why we spent my bachelorette ‘party’ at your apartment instead of going out?” Sue put the pen to her lips.

Donna took another sip and snatched the vape from Sue’s fingers.

“Hey, give that back!” Sue cried.

Donna shook her head and dropped the little silver cylinder into her purse. “I would have totally taken you to a few spots I know, but Robert said no. He also said no vaping today, so I’m confiscating this.”

“Neither of you thought that I should get a say?”

Without hesitating Donna replied, “No, why would we?”

Sue’s mouth dropped open.

“Sue, you trust Robert to know what’s best, right?”

“Well, I guess, but…”

“You need to be comfortable letting him make those kinds of decisions.”

Sue couldn’t really argue with that. She loved the idea of it all so much, but in practice there was a part of her, a large part, in fact, that bristled at having her freedom curtailed by Robert, especially before she’d even said, “I do.”

*Maybe it’s just the nicotine fit talking.*

“Well,” Donna said, polishing off the glass and setting it aside. “Let’s get started. Smile!” Without warning she took out her phone and snapped a picture of Sue. “Robert wanted me to document the whole thing.”

Still blinking from the flash, Sue crossed her arms. “He just wants naked pictures of me!”

“I’m sure he just wants to check my work.”

Sue sneered and reached for the buttons on her blouse and Donna playfully swatted at her hands. “No, no, honey! You’re going to be *pampered*, remember? That means I’ll take care of everything.”

Donna’s voice was always so soothing, even when she was being commanding.

*A spoonful of sugar helps the medicine go down.*

Sue let her arms go slack at her sides. “I—I guess I’ll have to get used to this too…” She laughed nervously.

Donna’s nimble fingers worked the buttons all the way down. “I don’t think so.”

Sue looked at her quizzically.

“You won’t be wearing any clothes to take off in the first place, silly girl!”

Sue shivered as the blouse fell down her willowy shoulders. When she’d gotten dressed that morning, the bride hadn’t paused to think that the clothes she was wearing were going to be her last, at least for a very long time.

“Still hiding in a padded bra?” Donna razzed and gently poked Sue in the breast.

Sue crossed her arms over her chest. “So, what if I am?”

“You do you, girl, but after today everyone is going to know what committee you’re president of!”

Sue lowered her arms and scowled.

“Look at it this way, your boobs look bigger when you’re on all fours and they’re hanging down!” Donna laughed. “Hey, who knows, maybe they’ll get bigger with Robert playing with them all the time!”

Sue puffed out her modest chest and cupped her breasts. “You really think they’ll get bigger?”

Donna’s face fell. “No, that’s just a...wait you don’t really believe that silly myth do you?”

“Of course not, I was just having some fun back that’s all!” Sue answered quickly, perhaps a little too quickly. She’d heard that old wives’ tale so much in high school that she had started to believe it.

The skirt went next. Sliding past Sue’s narrow hips and then her slender legs, it pooled around her ankles.

“You know, Sue, I still think that your hind legs really are your best feature,” Donna remarked, “even if they are kinda twiggy.”

“Gee, thanks!” Sue scoffed, but she secretly loved having her legs referred to as “hind legs.”

Donna slipped Sue’s shoes off and tickled the sole of her foot making the shorter girl gasp and wiggle and nearly lose her balance.

“There’s that smile!”

“I wasn’t smiling!” Sue pouted.

“Could have fooled me!” Donna winked, stood up behind Sue, and unhooked the bride’s bra.

Sue’s hands came up reflexively to cover her breasts.

“Are you seriously still this shy?” Donna teased.

Sue made a face, realizing how ridiculous she was being and let her arms go slack again. “Force of habit...” She mumbled.

“Don’t worry about it, sweetie! It’s adorable when a puppy girl is this bashful!” Donna hooked her fingers in the waistband of Sue’s panties and pulled them down making Sue gasp again. Then she quickly gathered up Sue’s clothes, folded them, and dropped them into a bag.

“There we are, nice and plucked!” Donna laughed, then took Sue’s hand and waved it at the bag. “Wave bye, bye to your clothes, hun!”

Sue stared blankly while Donna moved her hand up and down. She felt relieved in a way, as if a weight she was never meant to carry had been lifted from her. Still, it was a bit scary too, leaving behind her old exterior to adopt a new one and all the changes in lifestyle that would come with it.

Donna snapped another unannounced picture. Sue’s hands jerked to cover her private places, but she was many seconds too late.

“You know you could have at least given me some warning!”

“Why, were you going to do a sexy pose or something?”

“Maybe I would have!”

“Well, fine, go ahead.”

Sue bit her lip. “Uh...”

“Yeah, that’s what I thought. Okay, get on all fours.” Donna pointed at the floor in front of her.

Sue looked at her dumbly.

“All fours!” Donna repeated and gave her a light swat on the behind.

“Oh, right, sorry!” Sue stammered and obeyed rather than bristling at getting a slap on her butt. At Donna’s feet, though her cheeks were burning, Sue felt somehow better about the whole

situation. It was awkward standing naked as a person, but as a lowly, crawling animal that didn't get the privilege of clothes, it was acceptable.

“Good girl!” Donna patted her head. “Now, it's time for your bath. Puppy wants to be nice and clean for Master, doesn't she?”

Sue nodded weakly and allowed herself to be guided by Donna's gentle hand to the pastel pink tub on the far side of the room beyond a white room divider with its tight, elaborate lattice work in the pattern of roses. The porcelain of the tub was cold and hard under Sue's knees and palms.

“Good girl now, put your face down and tail up! Donna needs to check you!”

“Do I have to?”

“What do you think?”

Sue grimaced and did as she was told, only to jolt back up when Donna touched her between her legs. Donna's free hand expertly intercepted Sue's head as it rose up and pressed it back down.

“No one likes a fidgety pup, hun!” Donna declared as her fingers did a thorough inspection of Sue's nether regions. “I see someone hasn't been keeping herself tidy!”

“Well, I'm sorry!” Sue countered, her burning cheek warming the porcelain. “There's been a lot going on!”

“Oh, like what?”

“Uh, like getting married?”

“Uh, but you didn't actually have to do anything. Robert pretty much planned the whole thing himself.”

“Fine,” the bride huffed, “so I was lazy, okay?”

“Don't worry, hun. Donna's going to make it all better!” Donna donned a pair of pink rubber gloves. “Now, before we get our nice warm bath we have to have a visit from the ‘magic cream’ to make all that mean ole crabgrass go away!”

Sue huffed again. She really hated the cream.

“Ah, ah, none of that! Puppy wants to be nice and smooth for Master, doesn't she? Of course she does!”

Sue heard the click of the camera again.

“Donna, no! Delete that one right now!”

“Oh, hush, it’ll be a nice before and after shot!”

The cream burned Sue’s underarms, her legs, her pussy, and anywhere else she had a trace of hair on her body. Sue trembled and wheezed. Donna held her hand sympathetically.

“I know, sweetie, I know!” She cooed. “But remember what I told you before?”

“...I have to make sacrifices for beauty?” Sue groaned.

“That’s right! Good girl for remembering!” Donna stroked Sue’s hair and added. “Who’s a smart puppy?”

“Me?” Sue grimaced.

“That’s right!” Donna ruffled her hair. “You are! You are!”

As much as Sue hated to admit it, Donna’s playfulness did help distract her from the discomfort. Besides that it was kind of fun in a dumb sort of way. Soon enough it was over and Sue found herself denuded of all hair below her neck.

Donna snapped the after picture. “That’s so much better! Who has the prettiest puppy parts in the whole wide world?”

Sue looked down between her legs at her little pink slit. The milky white skin around it was still a bit red from the irritation brought on by the cream. She didn’t see anything particularly remarkable.

“You really think it’s *pretty*?”

“I’ve seen a lot of these, and yours is absolutely the cutest I’ve ever seen. Master is going to love it!”

Sue had a hard time believing that. Though she’d spent a great deal of time rubbing hers, she didn’t spend a lot of time looking at it, and she was baffled why *anyone* would want to look at it.

Donna rolled up a towel and put it under Sue’s knees. “I bet that feels better on puppy’s knees, huh? Okay!” Donna clapped her hands and reached for the faucet. “It’s bath time!”

Sue sighed contentedly as the warm water, bubbles and steam rose around her. She closed her eyes. It was wonderful to finally get some of her promised pampering. Sue relaxed into Donna's pink gloved hands. The slick soap combined with the ribbing on the washing gloves felt absolutely amazing as it glided over her slippery, scant curves.

"Oh, does puppy like that?" Donna's eyes sparkled and she snapped another picture.

Sue wiggled under Donna's touch. At least the bubbles had come up to cover her for the most recent photograph. "It does feel kind of good..."

"Uh-huh, I bet this feels even better." Donna slid her hand up between Sue's thighs.

"Oh God, Donna! St—stop!" Overwhelmed by the pleasing sensations, Sue tried to squeeze her leg together.

"No, no, puppy, keep your legs open for me!" Donna urged and re-spread Sue's legs.

Sue clenched her fists beneath the soapy water and tried to comply.

"Good girl! You're going to have the prettiest, sweetest puppy parts for Master! Yes you are!"

Donna's lithe fingers were doing more than washing. Sue gasped when her maid of honor's middle finger brushed her tender clit and began to make light, slow, but deliberate circles.

Sue started to protest, but then she realized that she didn't want the soft strokes to end. Plus if she did, she'd have to admit how much she really did like the "pampering."

"Donna..." Sue wriggled and tried not to press back and rub herself lewdly against her groomer's hand. "Do you think I'll be able to relax like this, you know... tonight?"

Donna grinned. Her fingers slipped away into the water and the actual bath resumed. "You mean will you act like a little bitch in heat like you're doing right now?"

Sue's cheeks, already red from the heat of the water and her arousal, colored deeper. She found herself trying to follow Donna's elusive, teasing digits into the soapy suds.

"I'm sure you'll be fine. I don't want to spoil things, but really Robert knows his way around a girl's body." Donna's own cheeks flushed a little and she got a faraway look in her eyes for a moment.

Sue should have been irked that Donna had clearly been involved in planning the wedding while she had been kept in the dark. Sue should have been irked that her maid of honor

had slept with the groom in the past, but the bride was too fretful about her own pending encounter.

“Yes, I know...I mean I don’t *know*, but I know he has a lot of experience, but I don’t...what if I’m *bad* at it?”

Donna put her hand on Sue’s shoulder and rubbed it gently. “You’re seriously worried you’ll be bad in bed?”

Sue nodded slowly.

“I really don’t think you have anything to worry about.”

Sue felt hopeful. If there was one person who she trusted on the subject of sex, it was Donna.

“First of all, puppy girls aren’t usually allowed on furniture, so you can’t be bad in bed if you’re not even allowed on a bed!”

Sue frowned.

“Aw, I’m just kidding, hun!” Donna exclaimed. “But seriously, Robert knows you’re a virgin, he’ll take it slow with you.”

“I don’t want him to have to ‘take it slow’!” Sue sat up. “He has been *so* patient with me! I just want to make sure that—that I was worth waiting for. You know?”

“I’m sure you’re worth waiting for. Just listen to Robert, and listen to your body, it knows what to do. You’ll be just fine.”

“You really think so?”

“I know so.”

Feeling a bit more confident, Sue relaxed back into Donna’s hands. The bride smiled to herself, not just because she felt better but because she found it hilarious that the short, casual conversation with Donna was a better sex talk than she’d gotten from her own mother. Sue felt a lump in her throat when she thought about her mother, her father and her younger sister. She closed her eyes in a vain attempt to block out the memory of her recent encounter with her family.

Though Sue's parents had spent a great deal of money and called on a lot of favors to spare her the trauma of ComPet service, they were clearly ashamed to have their daughter working for the FBP. They'd never explicitly said it, but Sue knew their feelings and had stayed away. It was the least she could do after everything they'd done for her. Besides, she had hated herself for participating in the sadistic, perverted system—that was until the system got inside her head and changed her, or perhaps it had simply awakened something that was always there in the darker recesses of her mind, waiting.

It was late Sunday morning. Sue knew her parents would be home having post-Church brunch. They were shocked to see their oldest daughter at the door and with a man no less. Having not seen them in so long, Sue wanted it to be a Hallmark movie reunion where everyone hugged and cried, but not too much. Her parents were clearly pleased that their terminally single, stick-of-a-daughter had finally brought a boy home, but that was only until they learned the nature of the relationship.

They wouldn't be coming to the wedding.

Sue was sad, but not surprised.

*Yes, Robert, I know what I agreed to.*

When the bath was finished, Donna helped Sue back out of the tub and patted her dry with a big, fluffy white towel.

"Alright, puppy, let's get you on the table!"

Sue started to stand up, but Donna gave her a stern look.

"Oh, I have to crawl there?" Sue asked timidly.

"You might as well get used to that too!" Donna replied. "Puppy girls don't walk. They crawl."

Sue felt tingly as she crawled to the grooming table by Donna's heel. The table top was lowered to just a few inches off the ground so a dog—or a puppy girl—could easily climb onto it before being raised up to a comfortable height for the groomer to work. The tingles only got worse after Sue had climbed up onto the pink, rubberized surface and Donna grabbed a padded restraint.

"Donna...is that really necessary?" Sue gulped, but didn't struggle when Donna placed the cuff around her slender wrist. "I'm not going to try to run!" Sue tittered.

Donna stroked Sue's clean, damp hair. "Oh, I know you won't, pup, you're a good girl aren't you? But it's for your safety, can't have you falling off my table!"

"Ha...I—I guess not!"

"Besides..." Donna added with a sly grin, "you and I both know you'll enjoy it more this way!"

Sue couldn't argue, knowing that her slight panting, flushed cheeks, and her warm, probably glistening pussy would reveal any protest to be purely performative. Donna secured Sue's other wrist, then both her ankles, and then brought a belt down from the attached metal arm above the table and placed it around Sue's midsection. With a quick adjustment the slack went out of the belt, forcing Sue to keep her hips up.

Sue wiggled a little in her restraints. She looked over her shoulder at the belt preventing her from lowering her haunches. Then she looked at Donna.

"Is this also for my own safety?"

Donna bopped Sue playfully on the nose. "Yes, and it's also to keep you still while I work. Even the best behaved puppy girls have a tendency to get a bit squirmy after a while. Are you ready to go for a little ride?"

"Uh, sure?"

Donna raised the table to the height of her waist. Sue wobbled and was suddenly grateful she'd been so carefully strapped down.

Donna took another picture.

Sue flushed. At least the bath picture could have been seen as kind of sexy and classy—like an old-fashioned boudoir photo—but on the table she was stark naked and restrained on her hands and knees. Still, it was definitely more-dignified than the before and after set.

Donna plucked the glasses from Sue's face. "We don't want that pretty little face hidden by those geeky glasses! No we don't!" Donna set the frames down on the counter and got out a contact case.

Sue pulled on the restraints and squinted. "Donna, can't you let me do the contacts myself at least? It really messes with me when someone comes at my eyes!"

"Sorry, hun, no." Donna shook her head and tilted the restrained bride's chin upward.

“Because I need to get used to having it done for me!” Sue repeated. “Yeah, I got it.”

It took several tries, but finally, Sue had her familiar extended wear contacts in. Sue furiously blinked as Donna wiped the tears from her cheeks.

“Okay, now that the silly tears are done, the makeup comes next.”

“I’m getting makeup?”

“Yes, special puppy girl makeup,” Donna said as she opened her kit and started putting various things out on the nearby counter. “You’re not getting any lipstick or eye shadow if that’s what you’re thinking.”

Sue sighed.

Donna put her hands on her hips. “Come on, what would a little puppy girl need with such *womanly* things?”

She sighed again. “A puppy girl wouldn’t need them...”

“And who is a puppy girl?”

“I am.”

“I’m glad we agree! Now, remember, just like the last time, keep your face nice and still. We wouldn’t want our special makeup to come out crooked! No we wouldn’t!”

Sue tried not to twitch her nose as Donna painted over it with a small brush. She didn’t need to see what was being done. An image of herself with her nose painted black and dots on her cheeks to resemble cute whiskers was clear in her mind. It made her tremble in her restraints thinking about everyone—specifically Robert—seeing her.

When Donna put the brush aside, Sue looked up at her. “Can I see?”

“Excited to see?”

“No I...”

“You’re excited, but you don’t get to look yet, pup.” Donna snapped another picture. “Next we have to take care of the top half of your ‘coat.’” Donna rubbed Sue’s raven colored locks between her thumb and forefinger. “Ah, it’s just like silk! Looks like you remembered to use the conditioner I gave you. Good girl!”

Donna blow dried Sue's hair and then got to work. Sue never did much with her hair, so the amount of spraying, clipping, and curling seemed excessive.

"I'm just glad that you're not going to give me a haircut like you did the first time..." She giggled nervously. "You're not going to cut off more are you? I don't think I'd look very good in a pixie cut."

"Aw, I think you'd look cute that way; and just think how practical it would be! You'd never have to worry about dragging your hair through the dirt or through your kibble..."

The color must have drained from her face.

"Don't worry, pup, Robert picked out a nice style for you. It's a little old-fashioned in my opinion, but it's going to be *super* cute, I promise!"

"I—I trust you." Sue said shakily. The scary part was that she truly did.

"There now," Donna stepped back and made a picture frame with her hands as she scrutinized Sue's looks for several seconds.

"Can I see now?" Sue asked hopefully.

Donna took another picture. Then said with a wink, "Alright, we wouldn't want to keep our darling little puppy bride in suspense now would we?"

She held up the mirror and Sue gasped at her transformation. Her nose was painted black on the bottom and she had dots spread across her pale cheeks, and the contacts had turned her brown eyes blue. It was all very reminiscent of her first time Sue had donned puppy girl attire. It was her hair, however, that really drew her attention. Sue's hair had grown out somewhat and Donna had used the extra length to style the twin tails into matching bundles of sausage curls tied off with large, white bows at their bases.

Sue shook her head experimentally from side to side. The curls bounced a bit like doggy ears. Sue looked up at Donna skeptically.

"Are you sure about this? It seems a little silly."

Donna smirked. "Honey, you're going to be crawling down the aisle in about an hour, I think you're a little past 'silly.'"

"I guess, but..."

"You don't like my work?"

“No, it’s not that! It’s just…”

“You feel silly?”

Sue nodded.

“A puppy girl *should* feel silly!” Donna bopped her on the nose. “So that just means I’ve done a good job!”

*Yeah, mission accomplished.*

“Now let’s get you in your dress!” Donna announced.

The bride gulped, wondering what Robert had selected for her. If the hair was any indication of what the “dress” would be Sue figured that she was probably cooked.

Donna took a large white box and placed it on the counter, pulled the top off and carefully parted the tissue paper. Sue strained in her cuffs, trying to see the contents. Donna glanced her way and with a smile pushed the box back just a little bit further ensuring that Sue couldn’t even catch a glimpse.

“Let’s start with your fore paws—you’re going to love these!” Donna pulled out a pair of paw mittens. They were cream colored like the ones she’d worn while undercover in her first assignment with Robert. The difference was where the original ones ended at her wrists, these had white sleeves trimmed with ruffled lace that extended to just above the elbows, giving the illusion that she was wearing fingerless opera gloves over her paws.

Straining against the confines of the mittens, Sue felt a surge of helplessness and panic followed by intense warmth in her belly like all the other times she’d been put in paws.

“Aren’t they just adorable?” Donna patted them. “The ones for your hind legs are just as cute!”

Like the front paws, the back paws were cream colored. The sturdy stockings that had gone to her mid-thigh of the same color had been replaced with white ones that were also capped off with frilly lace.

Sue flexed her foot. The warmth inside her grew as she felt the restriction, knowing that now she was trapped on all fours and would have no choice but to crawl like an animal.

“Nice and cozy?” Donna asked.

Sue looked down at her paws, then back up at Donna and nodded.

“Good, now let’s get those little gumdrops covered!” Donna produced a pair of white, heart-shaped pasties trimmed with lace and affixed them over Sue’s pointing, pink nipples. “We wouldn’t want our puppy bride showing off too much now would we?”

“No, we wouldn’t want that...” Sue tried to sound sarcastic, but the words came out more genuine than she intended.

Donna pulled a pair of faux doggy ears in a Pomeranian-style from the box.

“Seriously?” Sue looked at them incredulously. “Robert decided to keep the Pomeranian style?”

“He did,” Donna said as she clipped them securely to the top of Sue’s head.

“But they’re so yappy and annoying!” Sue pouted.

“True, but they’re also fluffy and precious, just like you!” Donna winked at her.

Sue sighed. “I guess I was hoping he’d pick a more, I don’t know, tougher style.”

“Like what?”

“I don’t know, like a Rottweiler or a German shepherd maybe?”

“Oh, honey, you’re *not* a Rottweiler or German shepherd material!”

Sue sat up a bit straighter, “Why not?” Donna gave her a look and Sue shrugged. “Okay, I guess, not, but still...hey, I never asked you, did you have a ‘breed’ when you were in the service?”

“I did!”

“Well, what was your breed then?”

Donna stifled a laugh. “My owner picked a Golden Retriever style.”

Sue didn’t stifle her own laughter.

“Oh, you think that’s funny, huh?” Donna quipped and brought out a familiar fluffy tail.

Sue tensed at the plug at the end of it. It was the familiar “runt-sized” plug made to accommodate her runt-sized back door, but that didn’t make it less intimidating.

Donna palmed the plug. “I know you hate this part, pup, but the sooner you put your face down and butt up, the quicker we can move on!”

Sue did as she was told. She grimaced when Donna “greased” her hole. It may have felt gross, but she appreciated how thoroughly her maid of honor was being. She knew it would still be awful, but at least she knew Donna wouldn’t hurt her, at least not permanently anyway.

Sue whined and sat up the moment she felt the hard, unyielding silicone against her twitching little rosebud.

“No, no, puppy!” Donna pushed Sue’s head back down to the table and began pressing the plug forward.

Sue grimaced and inhaled sharply. Donna gently reminded her to breathe and relax as the painful stretching truly began.

“Please, Donna, I can’t do this, I…”

“Shh…yes, you can, puppy. Just be brave for me like last time. Shh…that’s right…”

The plug slid into place and Sue clenched around it reflexively.

“There we go!” Donna said, giving the tail a gentle tug to make sure the plug was in place.

Sue moaned weakly, sniffled and blinked back tears.

“Oh, I know, puppy, but it’s worth just a little pain to have such a pretty tail!”

Donna took a white ribbon from the box and tied it in a large bow at the base of the tail. “A very pretty bow for a very pretty tail!” Donna exclaimed.

Sue looked over her shoulder and wagged her butt timidly. “Doesn’t the bow make my butt look kind of big?”

“Maybe it makes it look a little bigger, but in the case of an itty-bitty thing like you I think that’s a good thing.” It was often hard to know if Donna was complimenting while insulting or insulting while complimenting.

Donna took a cream colored c-string trimmed in white lace from the box. She scrawled something on the inside of it with a marker.

“What are you writing in there? I want to see!” Sue craned her neck.

Donna seemed to consider her request for a moment. “Hmm…no, I think you’ll just have to wonder!”

Sue frowned and Donna attached the c-string to the base of the tail plug.

“There,” Donna said with a little pat, making the rigid material of the c-string press against Sue’s crotch, and making the bride tense. “This next part will be new to you.” Donna pulled a white, lace trimmed corset from the box and flipped it back and forth in front of Sue’s eyes. “It’ll cinch in that little waist and give you some more shape.”

“Am I going to be able to breathe in that thing?”

Donna placed the unyielding garment just under Sue’s breasts. It extended down to the bride’s hips, encasing her midsection. With the front hooks secured, Donna began to tug the laces in the back. Sue grunted as the air was pulled out of her.

“Of course you’ll be able to breathe, pup. You’ll just have to be kind of careful about it.”

Sue wasn’t sure she liked the accessory. As it tightened around her, she couldn’t decide if it was better or worse than the plug.

*“Why does a girl have to be so silly to catch a husband?”* Sue sighed inwardly. *Scarlet O’Hara I ain’t!*

“Come on, think skinny thoughts!” Donna urged as the corset grew compressed around Sue more and more.

With a final grunt from Sue, Donna seemed satisfied and tied off the chords.

“Can’t you loosen it a little?” Sue begged breathlessly. “I’m seriously afraid I might faint!”

Donna patted her on the head. “Just keep calm, pup, and take little breaths. If you do actually faint, that’s what the smelling salts are for!”

Sue wasn’t sure if Donna was joking, but she was too focused on getting used to her smaller lung capacity to ask.

“Now for the special parts...something old, something new, something borrowed, and something blue!”

Sue felt the lump in her throat return. “But I don’t have anything old...” She’d always planned to wear her late grandmother’s diamond earring on her wedding day, but that was no longer an option.

Donna presented a small silver and ivory cameo brooch.

“Where did you get that?” Sue asked.

“Robert gave it to me. It’s a family heirloom I guess.” Donna pinned it to the corset right beneath Sue’s breasts. “So, there’s your old and it counts for something borrowed too. The outfit counts for new, so, all we have left is the blue.” Donna opened another box and presented a blue and white flower crown and a garter to match.

It was the first thing Sue saw that she didn’t have mixed feelings about. She felt herself tear up. “Oh, Donna, those are beautiful!”

Donna laughed. “I told Robert that he picked well!”

“He really picked all this stuff by himself?”

“Well, most of it. You shouldn’t be surprised, I mean, he was trained to be a ComPet handler and he does come from a big FBP family.”

“I know, but still...he just kept his experience hidden so well. I was so worried that *I* was the fucked-up pervert! But it turns out...”

“He’s just as bad?” Donna’s eyes sparkled.

*I guess she would know.*

Donna lowered the table, released Sue from the restraints, and then held up a mirror. Sue’s mixed feelings returned. The sight of her clashed so much with her entrenched little-girl fantasy about what she would look like on her wedding day. She looked ridiculous! Yet as she cocked her head to the side making her sausage curls bounce and put her butt to towards the mirror for a test wag of her tail, she felt—perhaps not sexy—but desirable in a weird sort of way.

Sue stared at herself in the mirror for what felt like a long time. Then in the reflection she noticed Donna was undressing behind her. Sue turned and looked at her. “What are you doing?”

“Well, I’m not going to the ceremony in my groomer’s smock and jeans!”

The way Donna so casually stripped in front Sue made the bride feel even more like she was just a house pet—not that Donna had been exactly bashful before. During their brief time as roommates, Sue had become extremely familiar with the sight of Donna’s body. They were exact opposites in appearance and attitude about showing skin. Donna was blonde, tall, tanned, and stacked. Sue was short, pale, noirette. Donna didn’t seem to have a trace of modesty, while Sue was far shyer. Sue suspected that Donna’s stint in the ComPet service probably drove all that out

of her, but she also assumed that having a body like Donna's would make it naturally easier to show off.

"Hey!" Sue pointed at Donna's crotch, specifically at the neatly trimmed landing strip of dark blonde hair. "It looks like *somebody* else isn't keeping herself 'tidy'!"

Donna looked down at herself. "Oh, this? I thought I might just try something new. Weddings are a great place to hook up."

Sue looked at her incredulously. "What happened to all that talk about nasty crabgrass?"

Donna opened another box and started laying out her bridesmaid attire. "That was about *you*, not me." She smiled.

"What's the difference?"

"The difference is that *you* are a silly little puppy girl, *I* am a woman. You don't get the privilege of having hair down there, I do!"

Donna shimmied into her pink bride's maid dress. Sue looked away and huffed. She pawed at the cameo pinned to her corset wishing that she could examine it a bit more closely. It being an heirloom, she briefly wondered if Robert's mother had given it to him to give to her, but that seemed improbable. The visit with Robert's parents had actually come before the visit with her own. It didn't go particularly well either, but it wasn't a complete disaster.

Sue was intimidated by the big house and expensive furnishings. Robert held her hand.

"My parents will love you!" He said.

They clearly didn't.

Looking at Robert Jericho Sr. felt a bit like looking into Robert's future. She was pleased to see that Robert would probably age very well! The similarities ended there, however. Robert Sr. greeted his son with an almost formal handshake. Robert's mother, Queenie, knelt by Robert Sr.'s feet. She was in fairly typical puppy girl attire, but her collar glittered with what Sue suspected could be real diamonds.

Queenie had been one of the first ComPet draftees, just as Robert Sr. had been one of the first trainers. They'd met on the training floor, though neither of them remembered exactly when. Just before Christmas, Queenie graduated from obedience school. The trainers were gifted a ComPet lease as a holiday bonus. Robert Sr. got Queenie and they got along "famously." So much so that when her service ended, Queenie agreed to become his full-time

puppy girl. When the kids were born, she took a break and lived as a human until Robert and his sister were adults, after which she resumed her life as a house pet.

Having learned all this before, Sue thought that maybe they would be supportive, but they weren't. Throughout the whole visit, Robert Sr. kept making snide remarks about Sue's size, lack of "breeding" and her untrained status. While she couldn't voice her displeasure, Queenie made her opinion known by adding to her master's remarks with a curled lip here, a narrowing of eyes there.

It came to a head when Robert finally lost his patience. Sue only really saw him lose his composure one time—the time he took her over his knee and spanked her for being an obnoxious roommate—but seeing him let loose on his father was different.

His father seemed taken aback. His mother had stopped panting, but only for a moment. Then she looked unconcerned, perhaps even a bit tired, as if such spats between the two men were fairly common.

Finally, Robert Sr. said, "I don't agree with you, son, but I respect you standing up for your choices."

They hadn't gotten his blessing that day, but they'd been given the go ahead and that was enough for both of them.

### **Part 3: Master and Pet**

"Now remember, honey, no talking during the ceremony!" Donna repeated for the third time. Even though such a wedding had never been performed formally, it was apparently traditionally bad luck if the bride spoke. If it was such a big deal, Sue wondered why the Petsitter system hadn't been included with her unusual wedding attire. She supposed that it might be a test of some sort. Though Robert clearly had a dominant streak, he had made it clear on more than one occasion that she had to go into this whole arrangement of her own free will.

Donna looped a silver chain around Sue's neck and brought the bride to her heel. Sue shifted uncomfortably on her hands and knees. Her heart was hammering in her chest and she felt all tingly, but no longer in a sexy way. Nauseous and faint, she nodded and Donna opened the door. The maid of honor lightly tugged on the chain to urge the bride onward. Sue's arms and legs felt like lead, but the pressure against her throat gave the intended result. She let herself be guided to the doors that led to the chapel. On the other side of the door she could hear the steady murmur of the guests. Sue tried to remember to take shallow breaths so that neither her nerves nor the corset would make her pass out. So preoccupied with her breathing, she crashed into a big wall of fur. It was Robert's English Mastiff, Zeus. Sue snickered. The big dog was actually wearing a tuxedo.

“Mr. Zeus is pulling triple duty today.” Donna explained. “He’s the best man, the ring bearer and he’s walking the bride down the aisle!”

Sue curled her lip. “That flea-bag is walking me down the aisle?”

Zeus huffed and stood up. Though Sue had always seen Zeus as a huge animal, when she was down on all fours he positively towered over her. Sue’s tail-hole clenched around the plug making the attached tail sink between her legs.

Donna patted both Sue and Zeus on their heads, then she placed the leash handle in Zeus’s powerful jaws.

“Now, Mr. Zeus,” Donna wagged her finger playfully at the mastiff. “She’s trouble, so watch her close. I’ll go tell them everything is ready!”

“Donna!” Sue called after her in a strangled voice, but the maid of honor was already gone.

Zeus held the leash end firmly, giving his charge little room to move. Very much aware of her helplessness, Sue smiled weakly at Zeus and put up her pawed hands in a disarming gesture. “Look, uh, I’m sorry about calling you a flea-bag...and about forgetting to feed you all those times...and those times I tossed jelly beans at you while you were napping.”

As if he could actually understand her rambling apology, Zeus gave her a side-eyed glare and a low growl before giving the pretty, silver chain a little tug, choking Sue back into silence. Apparently he’d also gotten the memo about it being bad luck for her to talk.

The wedding march started and Zeus perked up. The large dog must have been drilled to respond to the music. He gave Sue a touch more-slack on the chain and herded her with his snout to face the door at his side. The doors parted a moment later and Sue squinted against the bright light streaming from the chapel.

Earlier that morning, Sue had resolved that she wouldn’t look at anyone on her trip down the aisle.

*Don't you look to the right, don't you look to the left! But keep in the middle of the road.*

Robert was at the end of the aisle waiting for her. Though he always looked put together, he looked especially so in a classic black tuxedo and white shirt.

*Oh, God he even makes a bowtie look good! Could he get away with a bolo tie? That's probably pushing it...*

Donna was opposite of him in her chic pink dress, somehow looking even more-gorgeous in front of a crowd.

*She couldn't upstage me more if she were wearing white!*

Sue felt a moment of panic. Had the last few months been real? Was she actually crawling down the aisle right then? Was Robert about to marry Donna? Try as Sue might, she'd never really understood what Robert saw in her when he could bed girls like Donna.

*Then again, he couldn't manage to bed me without marrying me.*

Shaking off the momentary delusion, Sue took her first steps down the center of the aisle. Try as she might, she couldn't maintain the tunnel vision she was counting on. Both sides of the sanctuary were absolutely packed. Knowing that so many eyes were on her made her self-conscious, and she finally understood why the "blushing-bride" was such a cliché.

Zeus must have been unhappy with her pace. He gave a little tug to speed her up. The crowd chuckled when she stumbled forward.

Sue felt the blush darken and spread further over her milky white skin.

*Great, the one time I don't look like a pasty shut-in I have to look like an overripe tomato grew arms and legs!*

Sue's eyes darted to either side of the aisle and she realized that the old trick of "picture them in their underwear" wasn't going to fly—at least not with the majority of the female guests. The men sat in the church pews, well-dressed. Just like the groom, they looked cool and dignified in their formal wear. Many of these men held leashes. Her eyes traced down the lines of nylon, leather, or chain until they set on the women in attendance. About half of them had the telltale look of ComPets: a girl of around twenty-one, rosy, tear streamed cheeks, worried eyes juxtaposed with a big, open mouthed smile and lolling tongue, hunched shoulders, and nervous movements. The other half of the puppy girls in contrast she saw seemed genuinely happy to be there and ranged in ages from perhaps their early twenties to late middle age!

Suddenly overwhelmed with it all, Sue froze.

"Uh-oh, *somebody* has cold paws!" She heard some woman in the crowd remark to another guest. There were more chuckles.

Zeus tugged, Sue choked, but she found it impossible to move forward. Looking ahead, she locked eyes with Robert. His reassuring gaze thawed her limbs, and she found she could move again. Zeus dragged her to the altar and plopped her at Robert's feet as if he were

dropping a well-chewed toy after a round of fetch. Robert knelt down in front of her to take the short choke chain from around her neck.

“Good girl. I knew you could make it. I’ll just take this off…” He hesitated and then looked at her with the mock sincerity that she sometimes enjoyed. “Are you going to be a good girl and stay put for me?”

“Well?” Robert asked quietly.

Sue shifted. Remembering her instructions, she replied with a quiet, “Woof…”

“That’s my girl!” Robert removed the chain, pocketed it, and then stood back up.

Sue shivered from Robert’s praise, but she stopped when she noticed three large men, also in tuxedos, standing behind him. She didn’t recognize any of them, and not one of them could rock a bowtie anywhere near as well as Robert.

The man that Robert had gotten to officiate was the Reverend Jack Stanley. With his good looks and powerful voice, the man positively oozed charisma. Most prominent religious figures and their respective churches decried the ComPet program, the FBP, and anything related to it, but not Jack Stanley. His “Reformed Church” was the only mainstream organized religion that not only tolerated the system, it embraced it.

“Welcome, loved ones and friends. We are gathered here today in the sight of God to join together Robert Joseph Jericho and Susan Penelope Sharp not only in holy matrimony—but perhaps the most perfect expression of that honorable estate. It is not to be entered into unadvisedly, but reverently. Therefore, if anyone can show just cause why they may not be lawfully wed, let them speak now or forever hold their peace.”

The guests were silent and Sue breathed a sigh of relief.

“In the very first pages of the Bible, God gave man dominion over his creation—over the fish in the waters, the birds in the heavens, and over all animals large and small.”

The Reverend motioned to Sue to emphasize the end of his sentence.

“Then God saw that man was alone and created a helper for him—woman. At first they were equal partners, but the woman was rebellious and misused the gift of free will. After that God said that though her desires would be contrary to her husband, he would rule over her.”

“Enlightened societies and scholars the world over understood this natural order. Confucius said, ‘it is the law of nature that woman should be held under the dominance of man.’ On the other side of the world Aristotle said, ‘a proper wife should be as obedient as a slave.’”

“In the book of Ephesians there is the command for wives to submit to their husbands, but it also says—and this is far too often forgotten—that husbands must love their wives. Submission is a requirement for a wife, just as dominion is a responsibility for a husband.”

“Who offers this woman to this man?”

Mr. Cross had been sitting in the front row on the aisle opposite to Robert’s immediate family. He seemed a bit nervous when he stood up and said, “I do—her boss—Tom Cross.”

Sue shivered again. Even before she realized her true nature, when she had innocent fantasies about her wedding day, she always included the detail of her being given away. It was so archaic and taboo. The mere thought of it usually sent her over the edge.

“Robert Joseph Jericho, do you take this woman to have as your own? Do you promise love, protect, and guide her for as long as you both shall live?”

“I do,” Robert replied in an uncharacteristically earnest voice.

“Susan Penelope Sharp, do you give yourself to this man? Do you promise to love, serve, and obey him for as long as you both shall live?”

Sue licked her lips. “Woof!” She replied, hoping that would suffice.

“Do you have the ring?” The Reverend asked Donna.

Donna nodded. Like Robert, she was unusually solemn. She took the ring from the pocket of Zeus’ ridiculous tuxedo. Then put the gold wedding band to Sue’s lips.

“Open, hun,” she said quietly.

Sue uncertainly opened her mouth and Donna gently placed the ring between the bride’s teeth.

“Susan,” the Reverend commanded. “Slide the ring onto Robert’s finger. With this ring, to him are you are wed.”

Robert’s ring finger met with her mouth and the ring slid easily on. She tasted his finger tip and felt a perverse urge to suck on him.

The Reverend nodded to Robert. From his coat pocket, Robert pulled a new pink leather collar with a small, silver bone-shaped tag dangling from it.

“As Susan transitions from her former life to the new, she will not only leave behind her sinful independence, she will leave behind her old self. Robert, name your puppy girl as you collar and claim her as yours.”

Sue trembled as she felt the cool, smooth leather against her throat. The merry jingle of the tag against the buckle as Robert secured it contrasted to the seriousness of the act.

“Your name is Button.”

The guests made approving murmurs.

“I’ve always thought you were as cute as one,” Robert winked at her.

*Button...not Sue, not Susan...Button....*

The Reverend looked at the three men behind Robert and nodded. “You may proceed, gentlemen.”

Panic gripped Sue as Robert, Donna, and Mr. Cross all descended upon her at once. They wrestled her onto her side. Despite her fear, she did not speak. Instead, she looked out into the crowd for help. She received no assistance, but she did notice at least some of the puppy girl guests—the volunteer ones—gave her some sympathetic looks.

Seeing the strange men advancing upon her, she struggled wildly. Robert moved his face over hers, blocking her view of them. “Shh, babydoll, shh...Just look at me. It’ll be all over soon.”

*What will be over soon?*

Then she remembered what Blake Abernathy had said about being registered and she struggled harder.

Without taking his face away from hers, Robert said to the men. “Hold on a moment, let her tire herself out.”

Button thrashed and thrashed, but between being out of shape due to her aversion to exercise and the tight corset, her struggles soon faded. Still not speaking, she began to cry from fear and feeling betrayed, even though she’d been told it would happen and even though Robert had asked her so many times if she understood what choosing this life meant.

The burn of the laser branding on her lower belly and butt cheek and the sickening crunch and sting of the tagging gun against her ear made Button howl and then faint just as quickly.

An acrid smell from under her nose revived her. She was cold and clammy when her vision cleared. Donna was waving a little vial under her nose. Apparently the smelling salts weren't a joke. Robert was smoothing her sweaty bangs and murmuring praise.

"That's my brave girl. Here, drink this." He poured a pink bubblegum flavored liquid into her slack mouth from a medicine cup. Then he gently rubbed her throat making certain that she swallowed every last drop.

Still on her side, Button looked down at herself. Her soft, pale belly was marked with the dark pink, heart-shaped dog paw brand that all legal puppy girls wore. She couldn't quite make out the serial number below the barcode, but she felt herself swell at the sight of it. She was Robert's property. He was her owner—her *master*—and she was his pet.

She reached down to touch the brand, to confirm that it was real. Feeling the throbbing in her ear she reached up at the same time. Robert and Donna intercepted her curious paws.

"No, no, sweetie." Donna corrected her. "We mustn't touch our pretty marks. "

Button was still a bit shaky when Donna helped her back onto her knees a few moments later and the Reverend continued.

"Those whom God has joined together, let no man put asunder. In so much as Robert and Button have consented together in holy wedlock, and have witnessed the same before God and this company, having given and pledged their faith, each to the other, and having declared same by the giving and receiving of rings, I pronounce that you are husband and wife—master and pet. I ask you now to seal the promises you have made with each other this day with a kiss."

Button closed her eyes and puckered up. She heard the crowd chuckle again and then felt Robert's warm lips against her forehead. She opened her eyes. Why hadn't he kissed her on the lips?

She felt Donna's gentle hand on her bare shoulder.

"It's your turn now, Button."

Confused, Button puckered up again and waited for Robert to bend down so she could kiss him. There was more scattered laughter from the crowd.

"No, no, sweetie, you kiss his shoes."

Sue looked at her incredulously and then down at Robert's shiny, black leather dress shoes.

*Of course, what kind of self-respecting man would kiss an animal on the lips, right?*

Button hesitantly lowered her face to Robert's shoes. She could smell the fresh polish.

*Well, at least they're clean....sort of...*

Hesitating then no longer she pressed her lips to the cool leather and gave the most passionate kiss she could manage. Tears ran down her pink tinged cheeks and the crowd cheered as Sue—Button—sat back up and the Reverend said, "Presenting Mr. Jericho and his loyal puppy girl, Button."

#### **Part 4: Giving and Receiving Line**

Robert was considerably more-patient and forgiving than Zeus. That coupled with a proper collar and leash instead of a choke chain made the trip back down the aisle much easier despite the throbbing from the ear tag and the stinging from the brands. Out in the foyer, Button sighed with relief to be out of the public eye, if only for a moment. She bumped into Robert's leg when he stopped suddenly.

"We've got to do the receiving line to thank all the guests who showed up, Button," he explained.

Button looked up at him with disbelief. She would have thought that after waiting so long for her, he would have been more anxious to get her alone. Besides, she didn't want to have to see all these people!

Robert gave the leash a little pull to get her attention back to him.

"Be polite, Button. I know what's probably on your mind, but you'll have to wait a little longer."

The wedding party was small. It was Donna and Zeus at the start of the receiving line, then Robert was in the middle, and finally Button at the end. The three men who'd registered her were thankfully absent.

Mr. Cross was the first guest. After congratulating Zeus on handling the bride, and complimenting Donna, he paused in front of Robert and shook his hand solemnly. "Don't think I'm happy about this, Jericho!" He smiled. "I guess I just have to remind myself that I'm not losing an inspector, I'm gaining a detective!"

Robert laughed.

“You know, I had a feeling the first time I saw you both in my office that you’d end up hitched! Glad to see I was right. I wish you both the best.”

“Thanks, Mr. Cross.” Robert replied.

“And you, my pretty puppy bride,” Mr. Cross playfully scratched Button’s ear. “Be good for your master, you hear?”

Button hesitated and looked at Robert.

“Tell him you understand, Button,” Robert gently coaxed her.

Button barked once in response, and Mr. Cross moved on into the party hall.

Perhaps it was the pink medicine Robert had given her, but Button felt herself relax a bit. She’d handled her first interaction well enough, one could even say graciously. All she had to do was kneel at Robert’s side and bark when prompted.

Robert’s parents and his sister were next. Button had the sinking feeling it wouldn’t be as easy with them. Robert Sr. looked just as formidable as before, perhaps even more so when dressed for a wedding.

*Jesus, being able to wear a bowtie must be hereditary!*

Queenie was close at his heel, a position necessitated by the short leash. Robert Sr. seemed to know the absolute minimum amount of slack to give her. That didn’t stop Queenie from gracefully crawling. Clearly she’d adapted to such tight restrictions. Button was amazed how her mother-in-law could look so elegant and haughty while being led around on a leash and dressed as a ridiculous, overly sexualized house pet! Robert’s younger sister, Addison, walked behind them on two legs and dressed for a normal wedding. She was the personification of an eye roll.

As Button expected from their last meeting, Robert Sr. did all the talking. He gave Zeus a pat on the head that could almost be seen as respectful.

“Good work, Zeus. You handled the little mongrel well!”

Queenie barked as if to second his statement.

*Even her barking sounds all high society!*

Robert Sr. turned his gaze to Donna and let it linger over her. “How long have you been out of the service?”

Normally so self-assured, Donna was clearly knocked off balance. “How—how did you know?”

Robert Sr. winked and gave her a look that seemed to slip right through her pink bridesmaid dress. “Oh, you just have that look. I bet your owner was a happy man!”

Queenie barked again in affirmation, but her eyes, just for a moment, showed that she was perhaps not as enthusiastic as before.

Robert cleared his throat loudly enough to get his father’s attention.

“Robert!” Robert Sr. shook his son’s hand with the same formality as before, but with more of a pretense of warmth. “Congratulations, son!”

Queenie barked with genuine enthusiasm again.

Without looking down at Button, Robert Sr. continued, “I was surprised you let the little stray have pain medication after her documentation. “You know your mother was just fine without it, and so is every other ComPet. A little discomfort is good for them. It prepares them...”

*A little discomfort? You try having a hole punched in your ear and then we’ll talk!*

“Button’s not a ComPet.” Robert cut him off. “It’s up to me what she does and doesn’t get.”

*You tell him, Robert!*

Robert Sr. clearly wanted to say more, but he hesitated and finally said, “You’re right.” He patted Robert on the shoulder and walked on giving Button only a passing glance.

Queenie followed at his heel, but paused in front of Button. She gave her new daughter-in-law an unmistakably sympathetic look and a quick lick on the cheek before she was dragged away.

“Come along, Queenie!” Robert Sr. said sharply and yanked her along.

Robert’s jaw tightened, but he didn’t say anything.

Allison paused in front of him. “You handled Dad pretty well...”

Button thought about the day they’d visited Robert’s family. Allison had refused to even eat lunch after the announcement was made, she was so angry about her brother supporting a “disgusting patriarchal system that degraded men and women alike.”

“Thanks, Allie,” Robert said.

Allison glanced between both of them, but didn’t say another word before trotting off after her parents.

“Don’t worry about them, Button…” Robert said, his eyes fixed on the next set of guests. “They’ll come around.”

Button rubbed her cheek, wiping away Queenie’s spittle. She pawed at the cameo pinned to her corset.

*Maybe one of them already has.*

Robert had a lot of family and friends making the receiving line less of a cherished tradition and more of an endurance test. Plenty of men shook Robert’s hand and patted her on the head in quick succession. Only a few got a bit too handsy with the bride, but Robert quickly shut them down and sent them on their way. Button felt warm from the medicine, but more so because she felt secure and loved even while being so vulnerable and exposed. The women in attendance managed to cut right through that safe feeling, however. Dressed to the nines in fashionable outfits, Button felt ridiculous around them while she squatted in paws. Their backhanded compliments on her appearance and behavior didn’t help either.

Ironically, it was the other puppy girls in attendance that were the most trouble for Button. The ComPets were the worst. They couldn’t say anything, but if looks could kill, Button would have been dead a thousand times over! Considering their circumstances, Button couldn’t really blame them. She could only imagine what they thought of her.

Whether she was a ComPet or volunteer, each puppy girl was prompted to congratulate the groom and the bride. They meekly licked Robert’s hand, his shoes, or both. A few “shook hands” with him—the ComPets seemed to really hate that one. Button found herself inching forward, trying to get between them and Robert. She’d occasionally felt possessive of him in the past, but such feelings, she reasoned, weren’t really justified because he wasn’t really hers.

She pawed the pink collar encircling her neck.

*Well, he’s mine now! Back off, bitches!*

Button suspected that Robert could tell she was jealous, because he kept the leash taut and guided her back to his side every time she tried to stray, but she couldn’t be sure. The congratulations never lasted long anyway. Soon enough the puppy girl guests, either willingly or because their owners made them, turned their attention on Button.

While she never got an offer to shake, Button got plenty of attention from inquisitive tongues and noses. Though she had some firsthand experiences with “puppy girl etiquette,” most of what she knew came from her observations as a HPPS inspector, which was far different than having to actually participate. She could remember feeling such palpable disgust seeing ComPets sniff and lick each other. She had wondered how young women could lower themselves to such a degrading act and in public no less!

The licking across the face wasn't so bad, even if many of the other puppy girls had atrocious “doggy breath” from their questionable diets. When she had to reciprocate, Button tried not to look disgusted, because she knew that not only was Robert observing her behavior, but all the guests too. Before, when she'd thought about being Robert's house pet, she always knew that she'd have to suffer such interactions with other puppy girls, but again, there was a difference between knowing and *knowing*.

The front end of the greetings might not have been so bad, but the back end ones were. The unwanted arousal from being licked around her c-string and the hot breath against her most sensitive skin was bad enough, but when she had to return the favor she wanted to wretch. Even the most contrary ComPets were hot and pungent between their hind legs. Many of the puppy girl guests had clearly been put into “in heat mode” by their owners, with the integrated vibrators keeping them pacified during the ceremony.

Button found it increasingly difficult with each new guest. Finally, after she'd had her nose pressed against a thirteenth smelly behind, she snapped.

“No! No more! I can't!” She sat back and pouted.

The murmur of the guests still waiting and those who were already in the reception hall went silent.

Button covered her mouth with her paws. She chanced a look at Robert. The groom didn't look happy. He reached down and swatted her on her bottom hard, just once, very purposefully. The sting of the slap and the pain of the sudden contraction around the tail plug was nothing in comparison to the self-loathing she felt for messing up.

“Bad girl!” Robert scolded her. His words hurt far more than the single slap against her skin.

He stood back up and apologized for her behavior and then whipped out a pet sitter remote from his coat pocket. It was the first time Button had seen it that day. She had never even considered that her wedding attire actually had the system integrated into it.

Button sobbed. How could she have been so stupid? Robert had trusted her to act right and she couldn't even get through the first hour of their new life together without screwing up! She wondered what he thought of her. She wondered what Robert Sr. or Queenie thought of her!

She was beyond miserable as she heard the familiar startup sequence inside her head, "Petsitter Mark I – SP online...Standby mode...Running equipment diagnostic...Reward..." Sue let out a strangled whimper when the white pasties covering her nipples, the lace-trimmed c-string, and the tail plug vibrated intensely all at once. They stopped buzzing and her puppy parts clenched pathetically at the nothingness inside her. Then the voice returned and said, "Correction..." Even though she knew it was coming, the shock in all the same sensitive places and in the collar around her neck made her bounce and yelp.

Robert waved and smiled pleasantly to the guests. "Everything is under control now, everyone!"

The murmuring resumed. Button was very grateful that her slipup apparently wasn't that big of a deal. She also felt a little better when some of the guests praised Robert on his quick handling of her "hissy fit."

With Robert holding her leash more firmly and the sitter tirelessly governing her actions, Button tried to be more obedient. She didn't really have a choice. She was under control now from two sources and neither had intentions of letting her make a scene again.

Button didn't know the majority of the guests, but occasionally she did see some notable faces. Chairman Abernathy, for instance, had thankfully come through right before her outburst. Curiously, he had chosen to attend alone when he probably could have had his pick-of-the-litter. After offering his congratulations, he reminded Robert about the photo-op the following day.

"We wouldn't want to hold you up on your honeymoon...of course, if you'd allowed reporters in today it wouldn't be necessary, but the board completely understands. It can be stressful enough for a new, untrained pup without a bunch of cameras and questions. At any rate, you be careful with her tonight. She needs to be in one piece for the pictures tomorrow!" He winked.

Button had never actually met Ryan Polk, but she had never forgotten the rotund business man, or his beloved blonde puppy girl, Cheesecake. While she had spent a few days with Cheesecake, she'd only seen Polk's picture during the briefing for her first assignment partnered with Robert. Times had clearly been prosperous for both of them. Mr. Polk had gained another chin. Already very voluptuous, Cheesecake's breasts had gotten even larger and her belly was

great big and swollen! Even carrying the extra weight, Cheesecake was as bubbly as ever. Her bright blue eyes sparkled while she licked Robert's hand and then quickly turned her attention to Button.

Polk let Cheesecake roam with ample slack to the leash.

"I never did get a chance to thank both of you for what you did for my Cheesecake!" Polk shook Robert's hand and gave Button a head pat.

Cheesecake got eye-to-eye with Button. Button wondered if Cheesecake knew how much her life had influenced her. Something in her eyes told Button that Cheesecake not only knew, she was thrilled about it. The two puppy girls licked each other a few times across the face. It was easier with Cheesecake than with the others, and not just of the threat of being shocked by the pet sitter if she was impolite.

"Look at those two!" Polk chortled. "We ought to get them together for a playdate after you get back from the honeymoon, that is, if Cheesecake hasn't dropped her litter by then!"

Cheesecake moved behind Button with surprising agility, pressed her nose to the soft skin where the smaller puppy girl's butt met her thighs and inhaled deeply before taking her slobbery tongue and sliding it along the whole edge of Button's c-string. She no longer showed the considerate restraint she'd had when they'd been in the kennels together. Button closed her eyes and whined. For a moment she forgot that everyone was watching her. She forgot that she was responding to another girl's tongue and just let herself enjoy the primitive impulses.

"Just a couple of old friends, aren't they?" Robert laughed. Button was relieved to hear him laugh.

When Cheesecake's tongue left her she wiggled her rump irritably. The curvy blonde puppy girl moved to Button's front with the same nimbleness, and pressed her own warmed backside in the bride's face with equal dumb bluntness. Again, responding to Cheesecake was easier than with the others. The hot breath and slick tongues of the guests that came before her had been a bit frustrating, but Cheesecake's greedy licks had sent Button's mind and body to an animal place. She breathed in her former protectee's heavy scent. The odor was overwhelming and made Button dizzy as she lapped. Previously she'd cheated and stuck to licking the thigh, the cheek, or even at the air, but she repaid Cheesecake's correspondence in full. For all the time they had spent together, Button had never tasted Cheesecake. As her tongue busily lapped as the edges of the c-string it was bathed in the puppy girl's sultry musk, and suddenly Button felt like they truly knew each other.

She was only vaguely aware of the conversation going on above her. "Did you hear about Mark Richter?" Polk asked. "He adopted that receptionist at the kennel, the one who was

part of that little F.E.R.A.L group. Kenneled her with his own little Boji. You should see how he's reformed her. He's got her so well-trained now, she 'fetches' with the best of them! He's a real humanitarian taking in these problem-girls!"

Even in formalwear, Dr. Hampton still looked like he'd be more at home in the lab than anywhere else. Matching his conspicuously inoffensive haircut, he wore an equally benign gray suit. Button found it was hard to believe that someone so *basic* in appearance could be a designer for specialized pet gear with "clever" innovations like a morse-code tail plug.

"She seems pretty well-mannered now." Hampton motioned to Button. "I'm glad that I was able to get the clearance to integrate the system into her wedding outfit. Would you believe I got a personal response from Chairman Abernathy within an hour of making the request?"

Like most of the other male guests, his "plus one" was a puppy girl. Button had seen her around the FBP Headquarters a few times, specifically around the experimental division. She definitely challenged Hampton's status as a wallflower. The bone-shaped tag read, "Pepper," but it was her appearance that really made an impression that surely stuck with anyone who saw her. Collared and marked as any other ComPet, she had an additional accessory, extra markings, and shorter limbs. She wore a muzzle over her mouth that was shaped like a black dog snout. Not only did it look ridiculous, it rendered her largely expressionless. Button had remembered her making up for it with her particularly sullen, furious eyes, but that fire had been replaced with a stark dullness. In addition to the ear tag and brands, she had "EXP 717" branded in block letters above her breast and on her upper arm. The final difference was certainly the most memorable. Pepper's arms and legs had been removed at the elbow and the knee. Over the nubs, there were black leather caps with pink paw prints on the bottoms, textured to provide grip on slippery surfaces such as the floor beneath her which had become slick from the ample amount of drool that escaped the bottom of her muzzle.

Hampton gave a little tug on the leash to bring Pepper in front of Robert, "You like it? I have it on loan from the experimental division for the evening. They wanted to see how it reacts in public to some new 'doggy dope' they're working on to pacify problem pets."

At Hampton's command Pepper nuzzled Robert's hand robotically. Then she did the same to Button's cheek. Not certain what to do, Button licked the tip of the muzzle a few times. She gave a start when that same hard thing pressed against her c-string. Still stirred up from her encounter with Cheesecake, Pepper's automatic motions made Button shudder and she pressed herself back against the firmness. The inside of the c-string rubbed against Button's neediness. She should have felt bad to be using a poor drugged up puppy girl like a thing, but she was too horny to care. When it was Button's turn, she found that Pepper's puppy parts were anything but pacified. In fact, it was visibly leaking down the inside of her thighs.

Button shuddered again and tried to lick around the wetness without much success. The stubby puppy girl groaned behind her muzzle and wiggled her bottom.

“Of course the tranquilizer is not without its side effects...”

Ever since their brief meeting at the FBP headquarters while she was under suspension and working as a postal pet, Button had wanted to meet Trinket under better circumstances. Button’s wedding certainly met that criterion. Trinket was still petite, with long, silky brown hair and a delicate nose ring in her septum. Though her movements and manners still seemed very skittish, she didn’t seem like she was heavily drugged like before. She stuck close to the leg of the tall skinny, tattooed man holding her leash just like Button stuck close to Robert’s.

Robert spoke first, “Surprised to see you here, Ezra.”

Ezra patted Trinket’s head and said in a gentle, but firm voice that was just above a whisper, “Go on, girl. You can do it.” Then he said to Robert at a more-normal volume, “You sent out invitations to all the trainers and handlers.”

“Yeah, but I know how you feel about my profession.”

Trinket looked at Ezra and waited for him to nod before she quickly licked Robert’s hand. It was somehow clear to Button that Trinket wasn’t worried so much about Ezra being jealous as she was concerned that she was doing the right thing.

*Is this the same girl who depthroated that whole water knot when I couldn’t even get halfway down it?*

“Trinket saw the invitation and clearly wanted to come.”

“Well, I’m glad she did.”

Trinket gaze met Button’s. There was a little sparkle in her eyes when she daintily licked the bride across her lips. Button licked back, their slavering tongues meeting several times during the exchange. Still a bit hazy from giving “puppy kisses,” they awkwardly made a circle, Button’s face to Trinket’s backside, and Trinket’s face to Buttons, and then they performed the second half of their little ritual.

Button was surprised that she could remember the delicate scent of Trinket’s nether regions. Trinket’s busy tongue lapped and lapped, making it easier for Button to do the same. She was equally amazed that she remembered, and almost missed Trinket’s flavor.

“Wow, they seem to really like each other,” Ezra commented.

“You know, Button is going to need friends...”

Both puppy girls whimpered into each other’s puppy parts.

“Ah, well, maybe we can hang out again...for their sake.”

Even as distracted as she was by being a polite, gracious, and well-mannered puppy bride, Button had heard the ruckus before it was standing right in front of her. The name tag on the side of the white collar read, “Princess,” and boy did this one act like it.

*Who wears white AND a tiara to someone else’s wedding?*

Button barely had time to register that there was, in fact, someone holding her leash, ostensibly her owner, before the dark haired puppy girl started humping Robert’s leg.

Button’s jaw dropped.

The owner gasped, “Princess, no!”

Robert, unperturbed, smiled down at her in a the patronizing way one might look at a real dog doing something so dirty without knowing better.

“Princess,” Robert pointed at her with a stern expression. “Down!” He commanded in a firm voice.

Something seemed to click in Princess’ mind and she immediately obeyed, almost fearfully. She retreated to her owner’s side and looked up at him as if to say, “He yelled at me!”

The flustered man stammered an apology.

“It’s alright, Joey,” Robert said. “I didn’t know you’d gotten a puppy girl.”

He laughed nervously. “Oh, my father bought her for me.” He looked down at Princess. “Uh, why don’t you congratulate the bride now?”

Princess barked once and charged at Button. She bowled the smaller puppy girl over and started licking her furiously. Button yelped and unsuccessfully tried to return to her hands and knees.

“Well,” Robert said. “She’s enthusiastic isn’t she?”

*Help me, damn it!*

“She’s more than a handful...which is surprising considering how quiet she was when I got her.”

“Button seems to like her.”

*I do not!*

“Her dance card is getting pretty full, but we ought to get them together sometime. That’ll let us catch-up too.”

“Yeah, that sounds great...Princess? Princess! That’s enough now!”

The receiving line had left Button wet on both ends. Shakily she padded by Robert’s foot as she swished her tail from side to side trying to disperse the built-up arousal.

It didn’t work.

At the reception she was still the subject of a lot of attention and conversation, but at least she was no longer part of an assembly line of licking and sniffing!

Instead could sit and eavesdrop in plain sight. Even when the conversation concerned her, she found it relaxing that there was usually no expectation of her participation. In fact, the expectation was just the opposite!

While Robert didn’t drink, many of the guests enjoyed the open bar and the hors d’oeuvres. While puppy girls had to make do with lukewarm water served to them on the floor in stainless steel dog bowls, almost all of the men and women in attendance had drinks in their hands.

One of Robert’s uncles seemed to be enjoying the bar a bit too much. “Robert,” he said in a slurred voice. “Good for you for yanking a knot in your bitch’s tail! Why, if Soot had acted up that way...” The man sharply yanked on the leash in his hand to emphasize his point. The dark skinned ComPet at his feet gagged, and the tears that were already rimming her eyes fell. When the slack in the leash returned she slumped back down into a meek, little lump.

Robert’s eyebrows raised just a bid. “Thanks, Uncle Aaron.”

“What’s this I hear about you not using a rape frame on her?”

*R-rape frame?*

“I dunno, what did you hear?”

“Your father told me you’re not using one tonight.”

Robert took a sip of his ice water with lemon. “That’s right.”

“Well, she’s a virgin isn’t she? Don’t be such a beta boy!” Uncle Aaron was slurring worse and he was getting louder with each word. “Even if you’d already popped her cherry, you really should use one the first time, it’s good for them and besides…”

“Button is *my* pet.” Robert motioned to a pair of his cousins. “Hey, Will, why don’t you take Uncle Aaron outside for some air?” He took the leash handle from his uncle and handed it to the other brother. “Tim, why don’t you watch Soot for a while while he sobers up?”

Both cousins obliged, though Will clearly thought he got the short end of that arrangement. As she was led away, Soot looked over her shoulder gratefully.

Button pressed against Robert’s leg, suddenly even more proud to be his than ever.

There were two cakes in the middle of the room. One was a traditional white, three-tiered confection and the other was a single layer, also white, and bone-shaped. Robert deftly cut a piece from both. He served himself from the first on a clear plate and served Button from the second in a metal dog bowl.

He made a big show of smelling the cake and slicing through it slowly with his fork. Button hadn’t eaten since that morning, and she’d been too nervous to really keep much down. When she’d looked longingly at the hors d’oeuvres during the cocktail hour, Robert had told her that people food was not for puppies. So, by then she felt ravenous.

He took a slow bite and seemed to savor every minute of it. Her mouth watering, Button watched every motion of his mouth as he chewed. She stared intently and wondered what she might do if he dropped a crumb. After swallowing, he looked down at her as if he’d just noticed her.

“Would Button like some cake?” He asked.

Button replied with an anxious bark.

He looked at the guests and then back at her. “Oh, I think you can do better than that!”

Button furrowed her brow. Like greeting other puppy girls, she’d had some practice begging, but not much. She was in no mood to beg, but she knew that Robert’s parents were watching. They didn’t need another reason to dislike her.

Button unsteadily got to the balls of her feet and squatted. It was the closest to standing her back paws would allow. A fresh blush crept over her as she spread her legs wide, raised her forepaws up and started to bounce.

Robert was pleased. Button hoped Robert Sr. and Queenie were equally so.

Button felt her eyes tearing up. She was so embarrassed, but she was starving in every sense of the word. She opened her mouth slowly and let her tongue loll and her desire to be fed in every possible way only grew. The bride whined and looked beseechingly to her husband, her owner, her *master*. Nothing, not even the vows, had driven home to her how helpless and dependent she was on him now.

Robert looked at the guests again. Tears were streaming down Button's apple red cheeks, when he finally reached for the bowl.

He held it just out of her reach. She could smell peanut butter.

*Because of course a puppy girl's cake would have peanut butter!*

Not that she minded. She loved peanut butter.

She craned her neck trying to get just a bit higher and whined louder. Finally, Robert said, "I guess you really do want it, huh?"

He set the bowl in front of her. Button dropped down to all fours without waiting to be told. With her prize in front of her, an insultingly small piece of cake, suddenly she got an attack of dignity again.

Her hesitation was overridden, but not by her. She'd forgotten that even in traditional weddings many a bride had been humiliated by her husband smashing cake in her face. By the time she realized that Robert's heel was on the back of her head, her face was already in the bowl with cake smashed into it.

The guests roared with laughter. If they'd been allowed to make human noises, no doubt Button would have heard the ComPet and volunteer pets laughing too, but certainly for different reasons. Humiliated as she was, Button licked her bowl clean and then stretched her tongue around her mouth to get as much of the cake and icing as she could, not only because she was desperately hungry, but because the longer she stayed down there, the less time she had to face all the mocking guests.

It was finally the end of the evening. Button, still with icing and cake crumbs clinging to the parts she could not reach with her tongue, was beyond grateful. She was so tired from so much crawling and squatting, and being teased and humiliated.

The other puppy girls gathered in the center of the room for the bouquet toss. Robert guided her to the front of the group and removed her flower crown, explaining that since she could not have carried a bouquet, the circlet would be used instead. She frowned, she didn't want to give it up, but she supposed it was better than having to do the garter toss. The idea of some other man having what was essentially her underwear grossed her out!

Robert waved the flower crown through the crowd of puppy girls. "Get the scent, girls! Remember, the one who catches it is the best girl of the night!"

He turned Button around so that her tail was facing the group and handed her the crown. She clutched it awkwardly between her paws. After dropping it twice, she took a deep breath and tossed it as hard as she could. The room was filled with high-pitched barks and squeals. The animal noises ceased and were replaced with laughter. Button looked up at Robert. He was laughing too. Hoping she hadn't messed anything else up, she hesitantly turned around and saw a sea of disappointed looking puppy girls and then the source of all the amusement.

Button had managed to throw the crown past the leaping, eager puppy girls and onto the head of the person who would have wanted it the least, her sister-in-law, Addison!

### **Part 5: Tonight is the Night**

Back in the bridal suite to freshen up, Donna praised Button even as she playfully chided her for getting messy.

"I'm so proud of you, hun! When those doors opened and I saw your eyes, I honestly wondered if you were going to tuck your tail and try to run out of the chapel!" Donna took a soft damp washcloth and gently brushed cake crumbs from Button's bangs and then dabbed away white icing from the corners of the bride's downturned mouth. "And you were so brave when those meanies marked you, yes you were!"

*Not like I had a choice.*

"Okay, arms up!" She lifted Button's arms and scrubbed under them thoroughly. "P.U. how did you get so smelly in just a few hours?"

*I didn't have a choice about that either!*

“Oh, Button, I can smell your puppy parts from up here!” Donna scolded her and then removed the c-string. The cold air against her overheated skin made Button perk up. “Well it looks like *somebody* enjoyed the wedding and reception!” Donna teased.

Button gasped at the cold rag wiping away traces of her arousal.

“I don’t know why I bother. With the way you are, you’ll be all sloppy again in five minutes!”

*I DEFINITELY didn’t have a choice about that!*

Donna popped the c-string back on and gave it a light pat. “There we go, nice and fresh!” She stood up and gave the leash a little tug. “Come on, pup, we don’t want to keep Master waiting!”

Button felt words catch in her throat as she was guided to the top floor of the venue. During the reception, she’d forgotten the rules a few times and gotten a “light” zap for her lapses. She had no desire to get shocked again, but she desperately wanted to say something just to stall for a while. At the door of the honeymoon suite, Button was shaking like a leaf while Donna knocked on the door.

Robert opened the door a moment later, almost as if he was waiting just on the other side. Though his jacket was gone and his tie and top button was undone, he looked even more fine to her than he did at the altar.

“Here’s our little bride all hot and ready for you, sir!” Donna handed over the leash.

Robert took the handle. Donna looked at him, and after several long moments of uncomfortable silence she chirped, “Well, my date is waiting downstairs...I’d better go!”

Robert gave her a little smile. “Thanks for everything, Donna. You really did well with her.”

“Just doing my job!” Donna gave him a funny little salute, and then trotted off toward the elevator.

Robert didn’t watch her go, instead he looked down at Button and pulled her a little closer with the leash.

“Come, Button.”

The bride followed him inside the darkened space and he closed the door behind them. The room was bathed in the soft, flickering light of a crackling fire in the hearth and at least a

dozen fragrant sandalwood candles. It was like being in a tiny cabin out in the middle of nowhere while having a vending machine within a thirty second walk.

Robert reached down and unclipped her leash.

After spending hours and hours being guided by someone else, Button was surprised that she didn't feel free without it. Instead she just felt uncertain. That uneasiness only grew when Robert took the remote from his pocket and deactivated the pet sitter. Though it was a bit of a relief to no longer have the feeling that someone was standing behind her observing every little thing she did. She found that she missed its guidance as well.

Robert walked across the room and stood in front of the dancing flames of the fireplace. Button hesitantly crawled forward and paused. Robert hadn't called her to him, but he hadn't told her to stay either. Her indecision clearly amused him, and he didn't swoop in to save her. Finally, she decided to crawl the rest of the way to him. Then she sat down at his feet on a scattering of fresh red rose petals and looked up at him expectantly.

He knelt in front of her and delicately brushed her bangs from her forehead. "You're beautiful, you know that?"

It was hard to believe his words, in fact, she didn't believe them at all, but his touch was reassuring.

Without the threat of the sitter shocking her for speaking, she was at liberty to respond to him, but what was she supposed to say to that?

Should she return the compliment?

*No!*

Should she say thank you?

*Fuck, No!*

"You know, you might want to use this opportunity to talk and to roam, Button," Robert said. "I'm going to be far more-strict with you starting tomorrow. The sitter will be on most of the time and so will the leash."

"I—"

Robert waited.

Button felt herself tense. The pressure she put on the plug inside of her naturally made the tail tuck down between her legs. “I’m sorry that I ‘fussed’ in the receiving line,” she finally said.

“Oh, honey!” Robert cupped her cheek. “The look on your face even before I punished you told me that. I’m actually very proud of you.”

“Really?” The tail shot back up. “For what?”

“Before you threw your little tantrum, you were polite to so many guests. I really wondered if you’d even get through a couple. Then after I punished you, I thought you might sulk, but you got right in there and did your best. I gotta say, you greet so well for a puppy girl who hasn’t even been to obedience school!”

Swelling with pride at being praised, Button sat up a little straighter and declared confidently, “It’s not the first time I’ve had to greet other puppy girls you know!” Her confidence evaporated when she realized that she was bragging about sniffing the backsides of other girls.

Chuckling, Robert brought out a napkin and unwrapped it. Button’s tummy rumbled at the sight of another slice of the doggy wedding cake.

“I thought you might like another piece, since I think you got more of your last slice on you rather than in you!”

Button sniffed in the direction of the cake. She was very surprised that she got it without having to beg. Robert just offered it to her, and allowed her to gobble it up from the palm of his hand. She innocently licked his fingers to get any bits of icing or cake she may have missed, more concerned with filling her empty belly than she was with being flirty.

Button sat back on her haunches, licked her lips, and sighed contentedly.

“Feel better?” He tossed the napkin in the trash.

“Mhmm!”

“Good...now, come here.”

Robert patted his leg and Button became uncertain again.

“Nervous?” He asked.

“No!” She insisted. “...y-yes.”

“Don’t worry, baby doll, we’re just going to talk first.”

“Just talk? Really?” Button was skeptical.

“Really.”

Button warily crawled to him. The thing was, she didn’t exactly want to just talk, but she couldn’t deny how anxious she was about intimacy.

He knelt down in front of her again. “Let’s start with a little test.”

“Test?”

“Yes, now that you’re a puppy girl I need to make sure you understand proper names for actions and your body parts.”

“I was an HPPS inspector for a year before I met you. I know all that!”

“Oh, that’s right! Then you shouldn’t have any problem, right? Let’s start with you, what are you?” He pointed at her.

“A puppy girl!” She brought up her paws and bobbed her head from side to side a few times in an exaggerated display of sweetness.

“That’s right! I guess I should make this a little more difficult then, huh?” Robert pointed the remote at her again. Rather than re-activating the whole sitter system, he just turned on the vibrator attached to the interior of the c-string. Button bit her lower lip as pulses tickled her tender skin.

“And what’s your name?”

Already shaking from the stimulation, Button steadied herself as best as she could. “Su—Button, Button Jericho!”

“Only the second question and you almost messed up!” Robert laughed. “And who am I?”

Calling him ‘Robert’ definitely didn’t feel right. “Master?”

“That’s right! I’m ‘Master’ and you’re ‘Button.’ Let’s try something a bit more challenging.” He bopped her nose. “What’s that?”

“My snout!”

“Very good! And this?” His fingers brushed her lips making her shiver.

“My—my muzzle!”

“Not quite...” He traced around her whole mouth and nose. Between that and the tremors between her legs she was finding it hard to think. “This whole area is your muzzle...” His fingers returned to her lips, “This is your maw or yap...it’s all on page fourteen of the official ComPet care guide.”

“I—Sorry, Master...” Her hips rocked a bit.

“That’s alright, honey. It’s not like you’re going to be punished for not remembering...at least not yet. Now, what about these?” Master cupped her breasts and squeezed them. It was a touch that made her feel like an object being appraised, like she was a piece of fruit at the supermarket, and she loved it!

“Oh! I...I...” It was getting harder to form words, let alone sentences.

“Oh, you’re not sure?”

“My...my teats?”

“Good girl! Yes, though I prefer the older term ‘dugs.’ Go on, say it.”

“D-dugs?” She placed her tiny pawed hands over his and gasped, “My dug, Master!”

“Good girl! And such perky little dug aren’t they?” With one hand still on her supple breast, his other slid down her back to the base of her fluffy tail. He pulled it just enough to get her to grunt. “What about this, Button?”

“Uh, please, Master...It’s...it’s my—my tail hole, Master!” She croaked. Were the vibrations getting worse?

“Good girl! I clearly have a very smart puppy on my hands!”

His hand slid to the front of her. She could feel his fingers on the inside of her soft, milky white thighs as he moved to cup her crotch. The c-string protected her, but she found herself pressing against him anyway.

“And this?”

“It’s my—my p—puppy part—parts, Master!”

“Are you sure?”

“Yes, Master!”

“And who do those parts belong to?”

“Y-you, Master!”

“That’s right. Just like the rest of you. Good girl...” He took his hands away and Button whined. He stood up, unbuckled his belt, and unzipped his pants.

Button stared wide-eyed. She’d felt him through his pants more than once, but she didn’t realize just how big he was! He was hairy too. Button was reminded of what Donna had told her about pubic hair, which only made her desire grow.

*He’s a man who gets to have hair. I’m an animal that doesn’t!*

“What about this?” He placed a hand behind her back and guided her to sit up so she could be at eye level with his crotch.

“A—your penis?”

Master laughed. “You’re not wrong! The names of my body parts don’t change, but let’s try something a little less-clinical.”

All the typical slang for a man’s genitals filled her mind, but she wasn’t sure which one to pick. The vibrations between her legs made it hard to make any decision, no matter how trivial.

“Should I—should I call it a knot?” She asked finally.

Master laughed again.

“No, honey. Remember, *you’re* the animal, not me.”

“Y-yes, Master, sorry... what—what should I call it then?”

“We don’t have to be that creative. Just call it a cock.”

Button hesitated. She thought about her mother teaching her to call it a “thing.” It was such an innocuous term and she supposed that was the point. “Cock” had a bluntness to it that just seemed perfect.

“Your, c-c-cock, Master...” She said slowly as she stared so intently at his shaft that she nearly went cross-eyed.

“Eyes up here, Button.” He pointed at his face. “And do you know what I’m about to do to you?”

“Y-yes, Master!” She had ceased rocking and was starting to bounce.

“What am I going to do to you?”

She gulped. “You’re going to mate me, Master!”

“Yes, but first we have to earn it...”

*Of course WE do...*

His thick knot slipped between her parted lips, and her jaw opened a little more than was comfortable in order to accommodate him. Her eyes wide, Button experimentally sucked and looked up at Master for approval.

“Yes, good girl. Watch your teeth, it’s a lollipop, not a jaw-breaker, that’s right...”

Master held the back of her head. He neither pushed himself deeper nor did he allow her to back away from him. Button sucked a bit more earnestly, her little pink tongue massaging the bottom of Master’s smooth purplish head. His almost professor-like demeanor slipped a bit and he let out a groan.

Button hesitated.

“No, no...keep going, honey!” He urged, his fingers lacing through her hair.

Encouraged, Button sucked a little harder and squirmed with delight when his whole body stiffened and groaned again. Outside of a little experience with a water knot and once trying to suck on her toothbrush holder just to see what it was like, her mouth was as inexperienced and untrained as the rest of her. Master was very different than silicon or plastic! He was so warm and he twitched in her mouth in response to her clumsy, but eager efforts. His musk and taste was overwhelming, very different than the flavor and scent of other puppy girls. She knew it would take time to get used to, but she already didn’t hate it.

As she slurped and suckled, she wondered, why was it all suddenly so easy? It wasn’t exactly easy, but how was it *possible*? Why was it so difficult to just be kissed and touched before? More than the buzzing between her legs, the brands and the tag and the dull pain that still emanated from them were the real answer. The discomfort told her that what she was doing—what he was doing to her—was all legal in every sense of the word. Master was her legal owner and it was alright for him to do whatever he wanted to her. She was his legal property so it wasn’t just alright for her to please him, it was her duty. It was legal for her because of the collar around her neck—like an oversized wedding ring—that said sex was okay. It was legal because she was just a dumb little animal doing what dumb little animals did.

His fingers tightened in her hair. The sudden pain in her scalp was scary, but it was also exciting. Master’s teacher’s persona had completely fallen away. His face was red and his eyes

intense, but he still seemed to be holding back. He was like a dam ready to burst. Heedless of the danger, at the bottom of that dam, Button was feverishly chipping away at the overstressed, buckling supports.

Despite her trepidation and fear of what might happen, her desire—the desire between her legs and the desire to please him and even break him down further—drove her to struggle against his hold on her hair, not to pull away from him, but to take more of him into her hungry mouth. She thought back to what Donna had told her a year ago, about overpowering her master through simply existing as a puppy girl. The idea thrilled Button in a sort of way. She wanted to see if she could do the same.

“Oh, honey!” Master grunted and his hips rocked forward to meet her feeble advance. Button’s eyes bulged as her little mouth was filled with him. His thick head plunged into the back of her throat, choking her.

Master grunted, grabbed her pigtailed like handlebars and with seemingly every ounce of his will, he pulled himself from her mouth. The little puppy bride coughed and sputtered as strings of her slobber and Master’s pre-cum dripped down her chin.

Button looked up at Master with tearful eyes.

Breathing heavily he asked, “Are you alright, Button?”

She nodded hastily.

He stroked her cheek gently. “You need to learn to crawl before you can run, honey!”

“I-I’m sorry, Master!”

“Oh, baby doll, what do you have to be sorry about?”

“I can’t even suck you properly!” Button sobbed. “Maybe your uncle was right. Maybe you should put in me a ‘rape frame,’ so I don’t mess that up too! I—”

Master’s thumb brushed over her trembling, moist lips. “Shh, shh, sweetheart, no...we don’t need anything like that.”

“We don’t?”

“No.”

The sitter was still buzzing between her legs.

“I’ll show you that we don’t.” Master flipped off the sitter and Button, despite the emotions running through her, she still found her narrow hips moving rhythmically with the absent stimulation. He reached down and took the c-string away; Button could feel the cool air and the warmth of the fire dance across her overwrought skin. Master looked on the inside of the c-string and laughed. Then he showed it to Button. Donna had written, “Property of Mr. Robert Jericho.”

“Well, I guess it’s good to always label your things...speaking of which, there’s one thing left from your anatomy lesson earlier.”

Button looked at him questioningly.

He reached out and touched her puppy parts in such a casual way, as if saying he did not need to insist that she was his, she simply was.

“Oh, Master!” She squeaked.

His thick fingers slid up and down her well-lubricated, silky, swollen, pink lips. The pleasure was too much, Button’s pawed hands tried to push him away.

“Paws on your head, Button.”

Trembling, Button obeyed.

His thumb pressed against her clitoris and she almost broke position.

“Master! Master please, I can’t!”

“Yes, you can, honey. Now for the last lesson, what am I playing with?”

“My...my clitoris, Master...”

“No, *women* have a clitoris; you just have a little *button* down there.”

“Oh—oh, God! Is that why you named me...”

“No, I named you because you are ‘cute as a button,’ but it’s a nice coincidence isn’t it? Your name will help you remember what you really are, I think.”

“Master—Master, please...”

“Please what?”

“I—”

“What do you want me to do, *Button*?”

“I—”

“You’ll learn how to ask like a proper puppy soon enough, but for now we have our words and we need to use them.”

“I want you to mate me, Master!”

“Is that what you want?”

“Yes, yes please!”

Master guided her gently to her hands and knees and then undressed the rest of the way. It was a rare moment where she was more dressed than him, but there was still no question in her mind, or probably anyone’s mind, as he stood over her, who was the man and who was the lowly bitch.

Button gave a start when she felt his strong hands on her soft flanks. It was happening and it was okay. It was *legal*.

He pressed his head against her opening and she whined louder and louder as he teased her and teased her. Master’s great big cock was much better than the stupid pet sitter’s vibrator. It was so good she forgot to be scared when he finally gave her what she wanted and thrust himself inside of her.

She made a strangled cry as Master inched deeper and deeper into her unexplored tightness. He was careful, but he was unyielding and uncompromising. She flipped back and forth between desire and fear, pleasure and pain, but he moved forward steadily, unaffected by the indecision of her mind and body as if he were giving a difficult patient her much needed medicine.

“Oh, Master!” She squealed as he reached her shallow depths.

“Shh...I know, honey, I know...be a good girl for me!”

“Y-yes, Master! I—I’ll try!”

Master pulled back and they shivered together as he did. Then he eased his way back inside of her. It was easier the second time, but Button still bit her padded paw mitten and whimpered as she braced herself to be stuffed again.

He slid in and out of her a few more times in the same slow, careful fashion before his pace quickened and he began a steady rhythm. As Master mated her, time and time again Button

would feel herself on the cusp of wonderful release, and again and again she'd found herself unable to go over the edge. She'd never had problems orgasming before, but she just couldn't.

Master's touch, Master's cock, Master's praise and encouragement all felt so good. So why couldn't she respond to him the way she wanted? Fresh tears rimmed her eyes, born of frustration at herself rather than the pain of her first mating.

Poor Button was becoming raw, and she wondered if Master was too. Still, poor Button could not orgasm. The more she thought about it, the more her stress grew. The more she stressed the further and further away it got. What was wrong with her?

*Even a rape frame wouldn't fix my stupid brain!*

Her puppy parts had been on her mind the entire day. Even when she was saying her solemn wedding vows, a part of her was thinking about the little place between her hind legs that burned while being soaked at the same time. Master was making her feel *so good!*

What was wrong with her?

Would Master be angry with her if she didn't surrender? But she was surrendering. She was surrendering just as hard as a little puppy girl could, but she just couldn't let go!

*Don't think of yourself as human...It helps just to think of yourself as an animal the whole time. It sort of—numbs the shame you'd feel otherwise.*

Donna's words flashed through her mind and Button realized how ridiculous she was being. There she was thinking of herself as a human woman despite the fact that she was on all fours being mounted by her master on the floor, dressed like a silly puppy girl, because that's all she was, a silly little animal.

*I'm a dirty dog!*

The first time she recited the short mantra in her head, she felt her anxiety starting to fall away.

*I'm a dirty dog!*

She repeated again. The burdens of dignity and shame dropped off her back.

*I'm a dirty dog! I'm a dirty dog! I'm a dirty dog! I'm a dirty dog! I'm a dirty dog!*

That was all it took. Button's eyes shot open, she arched against Master and squeaked like a little chipmunk. Her sounds and frantic shaking invited Master to respond in kind. He

thrust hard and groaned as he shot his hot sticky load of spunk inside her. Her inner walls clung to his pulsing shaft and milked it of every last drop.

Pushed to her limit, Button collapsed onto the carpet and Master collapsed onto her. Their two sweat soaked bodies were bonded as they panted together in the soft glow of the fire. Button felt so tired, so strange, so gross, so squishy, so nasty, and yet she was so very content in her mind, her body, and perhaps even her soul. Master stood up slowly, his softening knot slid out of her with a gross *plop* that made her shiver with disgust and lingering pleasure.

He cleaned himself with a towel and then knelt down to do the same for her. Button winced at the soft fibers against her skin, but was grateful to have the sticky traces of their coupling wiped away. Master paused here and there to peel away rose petals that had clung to her moist skin. All the while he murmured praises.

“That’s my good girl...That’s my brave girl...”

Once she was clean, he picked her up and laid her on the bed. The smooth cool sheets felt like heaven. Master brought up the covers and then slid into the bed next to her.

“I probably shouldn’t do this. You’ll get spoiled.” He said. “Don’t get used to it, Button. Tomorrow you’ll start sleeping like a proper puppy.”

She murmured something incomprehensible even to herself. Even if she had been more energized and more-clear headed, how could she, or anyone, express complete satisfaction?

Sue Sharp had never wanted to work for the Human Pet Protection Service. She never wanted to be associated with the FBP or the ComPet program. She never wanted to put her life and her dreams on hold, but time and experience can change a girl and her dreams.

Neither her life, nor her dreams were on hold any longer.

The End

A note from the author:

A little over five years ago, I ran across a [sketch](#) posted to the artist Nimbletail’s Deviant Art page. At the time, I had no idea that it would inspire me to write over 140,000 words on one young woman’s journey towards degrading domestication. It’s been quite the journey with many ups and downs both on and off the page.

Will this be the final Sue Sharp story? For sure it will be the last of this arc. Perhaps there will be more adventures for Button and her Master. At the moment, I can’t really say.

I want to thank everyone who has been following this story despite my slow and terribly inconsistent release schedule. In particular I want to thank [cafterhomme](#), [SweetLilTrinket](#), Pepper, and Flydeath for editing, suggestions, inspiration and encouragement.

Most of all, I want to thank [Nimbletail](#) for originating the ComPet concept and for graciously providing illustrations to bring my ramblings to life.

-BW