





Jessalyn Vickers pranced like a show pony across the expansive campus of Thompson University. Though she had somewhere to be, she took her sweet time while also enjoying the looks she got from every male student she passed. Jessalyn *loved* the attention. She loved it even more that she could still get that attention even when she was stuck wearing the ridiculous uniform the school's dress code required. What kind of university required uniforms? It was fortunate that no uniform, no matter how dorky, could hide her curves or her long, lovely, blonde locks.

It wasn't just her looks that got so much attention, it was her attitude. The school kept the uniform skirts very short, ostensibly because it was supposed to teach "poise" and "thoughtfulness" among the coeds, because if they weren't careful they'd expose their frumpy, white cotton panties. Rather than feeling self-conscious like most other girls, Jessalyn simply took it as another opportunity to get the notice she craved. In the first few months of her freshman year she'd learned how to "accidentally" flash her knickers to the boys she'd deemed "worthy" to get a peek.

She was practically skipping across the white flagstones in the common area when she spotted a handsome young man that met her rigorous criteria. He was holding hands and walking with a small, redheaded girl wearing an even less-dignified freshman uniform. Jessalyn smiled at him, ignoring the girl wearing the boxy jumper, and then pretended to drop her bag.

“Oops!” She exclaimed in a higher-pitch than normal. Then, keeping her toned, tanned legs perfectly straight, she bent over to pick it up, making her skimpy, plaid skirt ride up and up. She looked past her legs at the young man. To her satisfaction, he was staring at her while she presented herself to him, even going so far as to give a wiggle of her tight, little ass like a bitch in heat wagging its tail to attract a mate. She winked at him and then stood back up with her bag in hand.

“I’m just so clumsy!” Jessalyn exclaimed to him. Then she reached into her bag and pulled out a flyer with her smiling picture on it and a demand in big block letters to re-elect her to the position of President of the Thompson University Student Government. She handed the flyer to the young man, while continuing to ignore the girl. “I hope you’ll vote for me next week! I’m a much better student president than I am at carrying things!”

Speechless, the young man took the flyer and nodded, while the girl with him stood there with her mouth open in shock at Jessalyn’s brazen behavior. “Great!” She gave him a peck on the cheek before resuming her leisurely journey to a meeting for which she was already very late.

Jessalyn was a straight-A student, but she didn’t spend one more moment on academics than she had to. As a Political Science major, she always felt she could learn more schmoozing with people at parties than she could in class. So, she wondered why her professor wanted to see her. She smiled to herself as she knocked on the door. She’d caught him looking at her legs more than once during his lectures. She wondered if he’d asked her up to his office to get a better look.

Without waiting for an answer, she entered the office.

Professor Stewart was a middle-aged man, with thinning hair and a bit of a paunch, but he wasn’t unattractive per say, even if he was far below Jessalyn’s steep standards. She’d hoped to have caught him doing something awkward so that she might have the upper hand, but why she wanted the upper hand in the first place she didn’t really know.

He glanced up at the clock on his wall. “Miss Vickers, you’re late.” He didn’t say it with annoyance, but stated it merely as a fact.

Jessalyn wanted to say, “So what?” but stopped herself at the last moment.

After asking her to sit down, Professor Stewart folded his hands and began. “Thank you for coming. Since you’re *obviously* very busy, I’m going to get straight to the point. Your latest essay is—every word of it—plagiarized.”

Jessalyn felt her heart drop, but she maintained a composed, almost pleasant expression. Even though he was absolutely correct, Jessalyn immediately tried to convince him otherwise. “That’s impossible, I...”

The professor waved his hand and shook his head. “Before you start with the usual excuses, it’s been confirmed. What’s more, I’ve checked in with some of your other professors who dug into your previous work and found the same thing.”

Jessalyn was at a loss for words. Anything she could think of to defend herself with he’d already anticipated and shut down.

“As you know, we at Thompson University take academic dishonesty very seriously, particularly among our coeds.”

Jessalyn didn’t know. She was so confident that she’d never be caught, she’d never even bothered to look at the policy.

“Normally we’d start with a zero on the assignment and a note in your record, but for this kind of habitual cheating, there’s only one option.”

The word “expulsion” skipped through her mind and it made her sick to her stomach.

“Community service,” the professor said.

Finally, finding her words, Jessalyn replied, “Community service? Well, that doesn’t sound so bad!”

The moment after she left Professor Stewart's office her community service began. Two men in gray overalls and caps with the "Federal Bureau of Pettification" paw-shaped, red logo emblazoned on them grabbed her the moment she stepped through the door. Clearly accustomed to dealing with types like her, they'd held her firmly and expertly silenced her screams with a leather muzzle they clamped over her mouth. While she took panicked breaths through her nose, the professor calmly explained that the University was partnered with the Bureau to help hopeless cheaters like hers. Under the policy, she would spend a year helping the community through enforced, twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week, pet service. The idea being that she would pay for her crimes, learn to appreciate the privileges she had, and make the world around her a little brighter while she learned.

Jessalyn was horrified. How could they make her spend a year in the service? Girls like her didn't do pet service! Even if they did get drafted into it, their parents bribed officials and got them out of that. Though nobody talked about it, everyone knew that's how it worked! As if he could hear her thoughts, the professor showed her the policy on her admissions papers—papers she'd signed in multiple places. There was nothing else to be done, nothing more she could do but be dragged out of the building by the men.

Her hope that her parents might come to her rescue began to fade once she arrived at the FBP processing center and would grow dimmer with each passing moment. More burly handlers in gray coveralls dragged her from the back of a van. They callously stripped her down, strapped her to a cold metal table under a very hot and bright light, and handed her over to a gaggle of female "dog groomers" to prepare her to "serve the community." When they were finished with her, Jessalyn hardly recognized herself in the mirror they'd held in front of her.

Gone was the tall, confident, blonde goddess in a simultaneously conservative and racy school uniform. In her place was a wretched animal. Jessalyn felt as ridiculous as she did helpless with her hands and feet trapped in padded blue paws. The prior keeping her from working a phone or even a doorknob and the latter making her unable to stand and walk on two legs. She looked at her pawed hands in dismay and desperately tried to wiggle her fingers, which of course, she could not. A little, strangled whimper escaped her muzzled mouth. They'd put a white muzzle in the shape of a dog's snout over her face, matching the pointy doggy ears they'd pinned to the top of her head, spoiling her features. A ring-gag inside of the muzzle forced her mouth open making her drool uncontrollably and making her jaw ache intensely. Inside the gag they'd secured a red, rubber "knot," packing her mouth full and forcing her to concentrate on her tongue placement to avoid choking.

They'd pasted heart-shaped pads over her nipples, one of the groomers jokingly told her for "modesty." Then they'd "greased" both what they called her "tail hole" and her "puppy parts" between her "hind legs." They laughed and chided her for wiggling as they did their work.

“It looks like, puppy, is going to have a very good year if she likes being handled like this!” One declared.

Then they pressed a bulbous plug with a fluffy tail attached to the end into her tight, protesting tail hole and a second red rubber knot into her quivering puppy parts. The latter of which was held in by a c-string attached to the base of the tail.

Jessalyn cried from the pain and indignity. She choked and sputtered on the knot filling her mouth as her lower holes clenched around their cruel invaders.

“Wow, she took those both pretty easily! I think somebody has some experience with this already!” Another groomer proclaimed.

Angry and humiliated, Jessalyn jerked her neck away from them as they prepared to add the finishing touch, a thick collar with a big, silver bell on it. It took two of them to hold her still while another put the collar around her neck.

“Now, now, a puppy *has* to have a collar! What would she do without one?”

With the tight collar nearly strangling her, Jessalyn was by every measure of her society no longer a person. She tried to console herself with the fact that it wouldn't be forever, but a year seemed like such a long time when just an hour in the confining and humiliating pet gear felt like an eternity.

Perhaps worst of all was riding in the back of the FBP van, trapped in a tiny dog carrier. It was cramped and hot, and with no windows she had no idea where they were taking her. Why had she cheated? Why had she cheated so much? She was a smart girl, she could have passed on those classes if she'd put in any effort at all!

The bell around her neck announced her presence as she was led down the ramp from the back of the van. She blinked from the sudden light and realized that she was back on campus. Looking around she realized that she had an audience. It wasn't just the young men looking at her now, but everyone. They stared, but she felt like less of an object of desire and more like an object of pity or even *disgust*.

Then she saw Professor Stewart. He didn't acknowledge her as he chatted with the handlers. Her head was spinning with all the eyes and cameras pointed at her, she could barely

grasp the conversation they were having, but it soon became clear that her year of service would be on campus and with the professor as her owner.

She let out another pathetic mewl as he took her leash and the men left her with him.

“Well, Butterfly—that’s your new name by the way—what’s say we get things started right.”

Professor Stewart pointed a remote at her, pressed it a few times and suddenly the nipple pads, the plug, and the knot inside of her all started vibrating. Jessalyn—Butterfly—whimpered and trembled from the sudden intense and incredible stimulation.

“There now, this will let everyone who sees you know exactly what you are, Butterfly. I’m going to show you off around campus before we go up to my office to get better acquainted.”

Dragged by a mere tug on the leash, Butterfly shakily followed him—her owner. She dripped from both ends and moaned desperately. She could hear her former classmates asking each other if it was really her, and Professor Stewart cheerfully confirmed their suspicions. As she scrambled to keep up she left a trail of her own arousal behind her as she panted.

Butterfly glanced up when she heard a girl’s voice say, “See, Carl, I told you she was a slut! Look at her!”

It was the same couple she’d passed the day before on her way to Professor Stewart’s office. The young man spat on the ground next to Butterfly’s paw and nodded.

“Yeah, I guess you were right about her the whole time! She definitely won’t be getting my vote now!”