

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.

This is one of their stories.

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 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, Detective Jericho. 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, Sue and Robert go undercover again, this time posing as a tutor and student to trap a man that would eventually 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, 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, Sue has to serve as a **Postal Pet** around the FBP headquarters while she's temporarily demoted. During that time she is 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 helps 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 ends with Robert finally expressing that he shares Sue's feelings, and the hope that they may have a future of some sort together.

This brings us to where we are now.

Inspector Sue Sharp - Sue's Sixth Case – The Cult of the Wolf



Prologue:

The wolf's eerie howl pierced through the budding, frosted trees of an untamed forest on a frigid, spring night. There was no one for leagues and leagues to hear the savage, yet mournful call, no

one except for the eclectic group standing outside of a dark, foreboding cave. Their torches cast a feeble, flickering light on the nearby trees, making the band seem even more isolated. They were as their ancestors were, darkness closing in around them, with only the twinkling stars and the silver moon above to remind them that the sky was still there—that there was the promise the sun would return, and that life would go on.

With another howl the group of perhaps a hundred shuffled, not with fear, but with anticipation. Roughly half of the small crowd was men dressed in earth-toned homespun shirts, pants and soft, homemade, leather boots. Each one held a torch and bore a solemn expression that barely masked intense expectation.

Would tonight be the night?

The other half-were women who knelt and squatted by the feet of the men. Each one was nearly naked, despite the cold. Their bodies and faces were covered in elaborate painted patterns resembling various forest animals. Matching the patterns each one had a different headdress. Some wore floppy rabbit ears, others wore pointy fox ears, and still others had the stunted antlers of a doe crowning their heads. Covered in goose bumps, they shivered, and shifted, scratched and sniffed in the same eagerness as the men who stood above them.

Would tonight be the night?

There was another howl from the cave. It was less-mournful and more-aggressive. Silence fell upon the small crowd again. But moments later the jingle of bells broke that silence and drew their eyes away from the cave and to the small procession that approached through the dark trees. There were three of them, a bald, bare-chested, muscular man dressed in the same homespun pants and boots as the others, a tall, willowy woman dressed in a flowing, white chemise. The tall woman held one end of a rope lead, while a younger woman crawled on her hands and knees at the other end.

Their approach was slow, dictated by the plodding speed of the girl on all fours. Unlike the others whose necks were bare, the crawling girl wore a tight brass ring. There was a lead attached to it, ensuring that she maintained a steady pace. Over the top of her face, covering her forehead and eyes, she wore a crude she-wolf mask, which made her expression mostly an enigma to anyone looking at her. Combined with that, a ring gag that forced her mouth open made her expression a complete mystery to onlookers, while making her tongue loll and drool flow from her gaping yap. Her tongue was further forced out from her leaking mouth by a piercing in the middle of it, which was attached to a small, round, brass talisman that bore the sign of a red, wolf paw print. Her pointing nipples were also pierced with rings attached to the tiny, brass bells that had announced her presence. She padded on roughly-made paw mittens and “booties.” With so much sweat pouring off her, she steamed in the chilly night air. A brown, fluffy tail attached to a plug buried in her

twitching back entrance swished back and forth in rhythm to her movements as the trio passed the silent crowd and made their way inside the cave.

The crowd was absolutely still while they waited and waited. It may have been five minutes; it may have been five years, when the bald man and the woman in white emerged from the cave. The woman raised her hands to the moon and called out, “Oh, mighty Fenrir! We offer this sacrifice—this *tribute*—that we may restore the connection that has been lost!”

Terrible growls followed by miserable screaming echoed from the cave followed by a stark silence. The woman lowered her arms slowly, her eyes were downcast and so were the crowds’.

Tonight would not be the night.

Part 1: In (a) Rut

Sue swayed pleasantly and held Robert’s arm loosely on the walk to his front door. Though technically it was also her front door, and had been for nearly a month. Due to her conservative upbringing, Sue would never have considered moving in with her boyfriend—if that’s what he really was—but circumstances had forced her into it. After having lost her own apartment while she was suspended without pay, she’d moved in with Donna. At first it was like the kind of slumber parties that Sue had never been invited to. Donna, being genuinely kind and bubbly, was a very gracious host, but her natural perky demeanor gradually began to fade as the days grew into weeks. Donna’s gentle reminders for Sue to pick up her clothes, do her dishes, maybe not drink so much went unheeded.

Sue knew that even under normal circumstances she could be inconsiderate. Her thoughtlessness was even worse while staying with Donna because she was still working long, soul sucking shifts as a postal pet. It finally all came to a head when Sue came back to Donna’s apartment and found her things neatly packed by the front door. When Sue demanded an explanation, Donna hastily explained that while Sue was very nice, they just couldn’t live together.

Sue had naturally asked, “Just where the Hell am I supposed to live?”

Her answer came moments later when Robert arrived to pick her up. The whole drive to Robert’s house, Sue heard her mother’s voice screaming in her head calling her a “slut” and a “whore.” Robert, ever patient, ever the gentleman, promised he wouldn’t push her to do anything she was uncomfortable with, and it was a promise he had kept.

When they entered the house, they were greeted by Robert's massive, sandy-colored English mastiff, Zeus. To Sue he was less a dog and more like a small horse. Well over two hundred pounds, the hulking pooch came up to just above her waist. Though he'd never once growled at her, and rarely if ever interacted with her, there was just something about his manner that made Sue think that he disliked her. That made her dislike him right back.

Zeus looked up at Robert and huffed. Robert patted his head, "Hey, boy. What's the matter?"

Zeus huffed again and languidly trotted off towards the kitchen. Robert kicked off his shoes and followed after him. "I'm going to go see what's wrong with him." He said.

Sue started towards the living room, but she only got one step before she heard Robert call back to her, "Don't forget to take your shoes off!"

Sue made a face, but she did as she was told. "Sorry, I almost forgot we were Japanese!" She called back sarcastically and plopped down on the couch. Her head was swimming a little from all the drinks she'd had at dinner.

"Hey, you want to watch a movie or something?" Robert asked from the kitchen.

"Sure..." Sue wondered how they had somehow managed to get into a rut usually reserved for people that had been in a relationship for years. The first day they worked together he had seen her almost completely naked, save for her Pomeranian-styled pet gear. He'd led her around on a leash! He'd even made her up like a puppy girl himself. He'd put a tail plug in her tight little chute! So, how could they have gone from that to sitting on a couch watching a movie on a Friday night?

They'd tried going out a few times, but they were always worried about being seen. Partners weren't supposed to date each other after all. It killed the romance almost as much as Sue's inhibitions. Every time Robert tried to kiss her or even hold her hand, she clammed up. After a few times of her reacting that way, he had backed off, which is exactly the opposite of what she wanted him to do. How was she supposed to tell him that she wanted it when all her reactions said she didn't?

"Hey, Sue..." Robert poked his head out of the kitchen doorway. He presented a large stainless steel dog bowl with the name "Zeus" written across it in big, bold black letters and a large scoop filled with dog food. "Did you forget to feed Zeus again?"

Sue blinked. She *had* forgotten, but something about his tone made her bristle.

“Oh, yeah, sorry.”

He dumped the food into the bowl and set it down on the floor. Zeus huffed and started eating.

“This is the third time you’ve forgotten.”

Tired of craning her neck, Sue stood up to face him. “What, you think I’m doing it on purpose?” She may not have liked Zeus, but it’s not like she was trying to starve him or anything.

“I didn’t say that, but Sue, honey, he’s a living thing. You can’t just keep forgetting.”

Sue didn’t like his tone at all. She felt like she was being lectured. “Then why don’t you feed him yourself?” Of course, she had to admit that while she didn’t intentionally forget, she did have a habit of spacing things she didn’t care that much about.

Robert took a deep breath and then let it out slowly. “You know that I normally do, but I was busy and you said you’d do it.”

He was right. She *had* said she’d do it. Sue sighed. “I said I was sorry. Besides, the big, old mutt is fine!” She pointed down to the slowly eating dog.

“Don’t call him a mutt.”

“Aw, what, am I going to hurt his feelings?” She tried to sound playful, but her slurred speech made her sound more-surly than she’d intended.

Robert’s jaw tightened. “He comes from better breeding than you, obviously.”

Sue’s jaw dropped open. She was shocked that he’d suggest she was lower than that dog—that *mutt*!

“What the Hell does that mean?” She stepped up to him, but the top of her head didn’t even quite come up to his shoulder. She was hardly intimidating, but the wine in her veins made her braver.

One pill makes you larger.

Robert raked his fingers through his dark blonde hair. “I let you stay here for free. I bought you groceries so you have something to eat until they start paying you again. And what do you do? You...” he picked up one of her skirts that she’d left draped over the couch and tossed it aside, “leave your dirty clothes everywhere.” He pointed at the cereal bowl she’d left on the end table that morning. “You can’t make the *exhausting* walk to the dishwasher. You stay up till all hours making noise. You hog the bathroom in the morning. You drink too damn much and you vape in here when you think I can’t smell it! You’re a damn pest!”

Robert’s voice grew in intensity with each word, but he didn’t raise it, which was somehow more intimidating and infuriating at the same time. What could she say to all that? Stubbornness born from inebriation would not allow her to agree, even if everything he’d said about her behavior was absolutely true. In a little fit of rage, Sue popped up on the tips of her toes and slapped him right across the face.

Robert turned his face with the paltry slap from her slight hand. When he turned back and his gaze fell upon her, all the courage that the wine had given her seemed to run out of her. There was fury in his eyes she had never seen before, but it was controlled fury. The latter didn’t do much to bring back her lost courage, however. All she could do was stare up at him and wait to see what happened next.

One pill makes you smaller...

She didn’t even see it coming.

Robert grabbed her thin wrist, not hard enough to bruise her, but definitely hard enough to control her. He pulled her forward across his bent lead knee with ease.

Still reeling from the sudden reversal, all Sue could manage was a flabbergasted, “What? What are you—” Before the first hard open hand slap cracked across her upturned backside. The sound resonated in her ears before the pain did, but when it did, Sue yelped loudly and tried to stand up. Robert held her still and smacked her again.

“Ow! You can’t do—”

Robert swatted her again, cutting her off and bringing tears to her eyes. As much as it hurt, his large, strong palm resting on her tender, raised rear end for several moments made her squirm pleasingly.

“Stop it!” She cried out as the swats began to come down more frequently and in a steady rhythm.

“No.” He said and continued. “This has been a long time in coming. If you’re going to act like an irresponsible, bratty, little girl, you’re going to be treated like one!”

“I was *never* spanked, you—you bastard!” Sue tried to declare defiantly and proudly, but found her words stifled by sobs.

Robert swatted her harder, making her gasp. “Well, if your daddy had done this I probably wouldn’t have to do it now!”

Sue opened her mouth to argue—to tell him not to talk about her “daddy,” but all she could do was squeak and squeal as the blows continued to rain down on her. She was sweating and breathing heavily and so was Robert when he paused.

“Are you ready to apologize, little lady?”

“Little lady”? You think you’re John Wayne now?

Sue’s bottom hurt. She was sniffing, and she was actually pretty sorry for how she’d acted even before the spanking had started, but something compelled her to be contrary. There was something about Robert finally laying down the law that was more intoxicating and more judgment destroying than all the wine she’d drank. She was flooded with the same tingly feelings she’d gotten whenever he was on top. As frightening and demeaning as it all was, it was wonderful, and she wanted more.

“Fuck you!” She shrieked and squirmed out of his grasp, but her freedom was short lived.

He showed no emotion when he reacquired her arm and dragged her to a nearby chair, sat down and pulled her over his knee while she cursed and screamed and struggled widely. She was dismayed to find that even though she was fighting him with all her might, he held her down with

apparent ease, but the warmth in her belly and the tingling between her legs only increased as she realized just how helpless she truly was.

His steady hand went to the hem of her skirt, and Sue tensed.

He couldn't. He wouldn't!

With one sharp tug he exposed her modest, white panties.

He can. He did.

“No!” Sue cried and tried to reach back to pull her skirt down.

Robert intercepted her hand and pinned her wrist behind her. “Still wearing those boring old bloomers, huh?”

“They’re not bloomers!” Sue snapped. In the most accurate of terms, she was right. They were bikini cut, which weren’t exactly daring either.

“Could have fooled me,” he snorted and smacked her hard across her cotton covered seat.

In between each carefully measured wallop, Sue protested a single word at a time. “My—ow! Underwear—ow! Is—ow! None—ow! Of—ow! Your—ow! Business—ow! God! Ow!”

“When I’m looking at them, they are absolutely my business!” Robert retorted with an especially hard slap that made her outright scream as the terrible sting cut through the already steady burning on her tender, pale skin.

Sue clutched at his leg and Robert continued his steady, purposeful barrage. She kicked her legs, at first because she was trying to hit him, but then because she was trying something—anything to dissipate the scathing pain. Robert’s hand slowed and then rested on her behind once again. Sue cried quietly. She didn’t know, but suspected what was next.

“Are you ready to apologize?” He repeated calmly.

Her ass felt absolutely blistered, so why did she want it to continue? Why did she want to see how far she could push him and herself? She pleaded with herself just to apologize, but the words wouldn't come. Instead she wiped her running nose on his pant leg and retreated involuntarily into a sullen silence. Her heart, which was already pounding from the spanking, beat faster and harder in mounting anticipation. What would he do?

“Okay, little lady, I guess you want more.”

God, yes, I do, you sick son of a bitch!

Sue braced for the spanking to continue, but she gave a start when she felt his fingers hook the waistband on her “bloomers.”

“Wait! No!” She tried to stop him, but he simply grabbed her wrist and pinned it in the small of her back again with the same ease. “Wait!” She cried again. “Okay, I’m sorry! Really, I’m sorry!”

“Uh-uh, you had your chance. You’re going to really and truly be sorry when I’m done with you.”

Robert yanked her panties down to the tops of her thighs, Sue whimpered in fear and embarrassment as her pert, freshly reddened behind was exposed to him. Sue shook her head. Everything was wrong. She couldn’t kiss him or hold his hand like a regular girl, and she certainly couldn’t let him take her panties down for normal, healthy sex, but she could intentionally goad him into doing it so he could spank her.

Oh, God, what if he notices that I’m all... Then he’ll know how fucked up I am!

She nearly fell off him when he reached down on the ground for something. Then she heard the crinkling of paper. Sue looked over her shoulder to see that he was rolling up a newspaper. Newspapers had made a comeback due to government subsidies. It was supposed to encourage less screen time and promote the health of the citizenry, but most people suspected that they had another purpose. They were excellent tools for disciplining recalcitrant puppy girls, or even wives or girlfriends who got out of line.

Sue wailed and kicked harder, making her panties work their way down her slender legs until they were at her ankles. They put a stop to her kicking, but only briefly. So violent was her twisting and wriggling, within a minute she’d kicked one leg free. The thwack of the rolled-up

paper was like the tick of the second hand on a clock in its ceaseless regularity. Sue was beyond protesting, beyond begging, she was even beyond screaming. She could only blubber incoherent nonsense, cling to him for dear life, and take her punishment.

Finally, the pause came again. Sue sobbed, sniffled and gasped for breath for a long time. Robert patiently waited until her franticness subsided before he asked in the same carefully measured voice as before, "Are you ready to apologize?"

Sue's masochism seemed satisfied, much to her relief. "Yes..."

"Good girl. Go ahead."

"I'm sorry..."

"For?"

"I'm sorry I forgot to feed Zeus three times."

"And?"

"I'm sorry for slapping you."

"And?"

"I'm sorry for...I'm sorry for leaving my clothes around, not picking up my dishes, drinking too much, and vaping in here."

There was a pause. Sue prayed that her apology was enough, not just so that the spanking would be over, but because she really was sorry and wanted him to forgive her.

"Good," was all Robert said and he turned loose of her.

The moment she was allowed, Sue jumped up from his lap. She bounced around rubbing her bright red butt with both hands while doing an embarrassing little dance. She was so focused on

trying to rub the searing pain away that she didn't look at Robert to see his reaction. Even if she hadn't been so distracted she would have been too mortified to look at him. Completely and utterly ashamed she scurried back to her room with her panties still around one ankle and closed the door behind her.

Sue looked at herself in the full length mirror on the far side of the room. Her cheeks were bright red and tear streaked. Her raven hair was tousled every which way. Her skirt, still bunched up over her waist showing her crimson derriere. She turned back and looked at her smooth little kitty. The delicate pink lips were swollen and glistening with her lust. Robert had to have seen her state. He had to have noticed. As worked up as she was, not only did she not care that he would have seen her, she desperately wished he would burst inside the room and spank her all over again for getting off on what was intended to be a punishment. If she were braver she would run back out to him and beg him to do something about her state, but instead she retreated into fantasy like she always did.

Damn it, Mom...

Her mother wouldn't let her date in high school. Her mother called her "slutty" for wearing a one-piece swimming suit without a t-shirt over it. The worst part about the swimming suit incident was that her mother was partially right. Sue *did* want the boys to notice her slight curves. She did want to be kissed and touched, but her mother had made her feel dirty for having such desires.

Good girls don't do those things...

Sue sighed and ran her fingertips over the insides of her bare thighs.

Good girls don't do those things...but good animals do!

Standing up, she tore at her clothes trying to get them off as quickly as possible, all the while scolding herself.

Silly puppy! Animals don't wear clothes! No they don't!

Her clothes discarded in a heap on the ground, Sue regarded her trim, pale body in the mirror. Closing her eyes, she cupped her swollen, perky, little breasts in her small, trembling hands and gently squeezed them, wishing that it was Robert's large strong hands kneading her sensitive flesh instead. Her finger tips glided up her soft mounds. She tentatively took her pointing, pale pink nipples between her thumb and forefinger and pinched just hard enough to make herself wince. She

signed deeply and then opened her eyes. She gave herself a disapproving look in the mirror and wagged her finger at her reflection.

Puppies don't walk on two legs! No they don't! They crawl like the little animals they are!

She dropped onto all fours. It felt so right, but a few things were missing. Like so many times before, she crawled as quickly as she could for her hairbrush and ties so that she could put her hair up in the dumbest looking “doggy ears” she could. She trembled with need and anticipation so badly that they ended up terribly crooked, but she didn't care. In fact, she liked it more, because she looked even dumber. She wanted to look dumber. She *needed* to look dumber, to *be* dumber.

She let her tongue loll from her mouth and fought the urge to swallow her drool as she crawled to the dresser on the other side of the room and fished out her most important accessory, the old leather collar from the cabin. Her slender fingers shook so much that she could barely work the buckle, but she relaxed even as her desire mounted when she felt the old worn leather against her soft neck.

Now that she was “dressed,” she crawled around the room a few times, clumsily wagging her “tail” and panting and drooling. Two months being made to crawl for hours on end had made her far more agile on her hands and knees, and she loved it.

Who's the best crawler in the world? That's right, I am! I am!

After completing a few circuits, she parked herself back in front of the mirror, lowered her face to the floor and raised her red behind to the ceiling. She whimpered when her delicate finger tips made contact with her slick, silky, slit and she knew that she was going to be too loud. Even with her mind in a “puppy place,” as she'd started thinking of it, she didn't want Robert hearing her if he came back—even though a part of her really did. She groped around the floor for something to silence herself. The first thing she was able to grab in her frenzy was the panties she'd left on the floor.

She hesitated. For a moment the nosedive her mind was taking screeched to a halt.

No, that's gross. You've been wearing them all day...

She wrinkled up her nose at the thought, but found herself wadding them up, opening her mouth and preparing to cram them inside her open maw as her mind continued its freefall. Sue felt sick and aroused at the prospect of what she was about to do.

She looked at herself in the mirror. There she was with a gaping mouth, drool slicked chin, naked, collared, and wearing her hair in lopsided pigtails.

Who was she kidding?

I am a dirty dog...I am a dirty dog. I AM a dirty dog!

She repeated the words in her hazy mind as a mantra over and over again as she crammed the balled up panties into her waiting mouth. Sue felt a pang in her belly when she tried to speak and found her sounds muffled and restricted.

That's right! Puppies don't talk! No they don't! No they DON'T!

Grateful that there would be no more barriers between her and blessed release, Sue lowered her face back to the floor and once again raised her rump towards the ceiling. She could taste herself, which in her state didn't bother her. It only made her desire climb to know that she was behaving like a disgusting animal in heat. Nothing was beneath her. Nothing was too dirty. She moaned into her makeshift muzzle when her fingertips tickled her inflamed clitoris. She moaned louder and her hips jumped and wriggled as she began to make slow gentle circles.

Her fingers crept down her swollen, pink lips and rubbed gently up and down making her groan and bite down on the wad of cloth between her teeth. She thought about Robert, not in any narrative sense like she usually did, but just in general. She thought about his smile, the way his hair sat, the way he smelled, the way he talked. She thought about things he'd said and done, both nice and not so nice. It was all getting her hotter, especially the not-so-nice. She couldn't focus on anything for more than a second. One moment she thought about him making her dinner after a particularly rough day of postal pet service and letting her fall asleep against him on the couch. She thought about him describing her as "cute as a button." She thought about what Robert had said to the hick driver that had given them a ride when they had gone AWOL.

The driver had offered him some friendly advice: "put a litter in her and she'll be yours forever!"

And Robert had replied, "I ought to be able to get one or two or *ten* out of her!"

Sue's fingers moved faster across her slippery "puppy parts." They glided with ease.

Yes, Robert—I mean, Master! Fill your dumb little doggy with your litter! LOTS of litters! As many as I can give you!

She thought about how it felt when he held her leash, when he controlled where she went, even when he wasn't really trying. She thought about how it felt to be "dressed" by him in the cabin, and how he saw and touched her most intimate places.

Sue's eyes rolled back into her head as her whole body shook with an intense orgasm. She bathed in the pleasure for the fleeting moments it was present. Still tingling from crooked pigtales on top of her head to slackened, little toes, she became aware of what she'd just done. She pulled the panties from her mouth and tossed them away in disgust. Massaging her sore jaw, she sat up, and began taking down her pigtales.

She paused before unbuckling the collar. She wished she could wear it forever. She wished that rather than being *in* a rut that she could be *in* rut.

What would Robert think of her being so turned on by something he found repugnant enough to leave behind a promising career as a trainer for the ComPet program? She wondered and shuddered to think about it.

Part 2: Business as Usual

The next morning, after Robert worked out and Sue had slept too late, he ate oatmeal and drank goji berry juice, while she ate Pop Tarts and drank coffee with too much cream and sugar. He read the news on his phone, while she secretly looked into the latest gossip about Eve Snowdrop the celebrity puppy girl on her own phone while she sat on the softest cushion she could find.

They made polite small talk. Sue waited for Robert to bring up the previous night, but he didn't at breakfast, and he didn't on the ride to the FBP headquarters. She supposed that his mind was on business. They were, after all, about to receive their first real assignment since they'd both been reinstated.

The chief, Mr. Cross, welcomed them into his office as if the previous two months hadn't happened at all. Though Sue had to admit, the office seemed much smaller when she wasn't on all fours.

After some quick catching up, Robert leaned forward in his seat with his hands together. "So, chief, what do we have today?"

Mr. Cross cleared his throat. “It’s nothing all that special for you two. There’s some suspected illegal pettification going on in some hippy commune out in the mountains.” He handed a flyer to Robert.

Sue always thought the idea of illegal pettification was laughable. The government comes up with a program to dehumanize, humiliate, and misuse young women, but if anyone did the same thing without their approval then they suddenly became the pinnacle of morality.

Robert gave the flyer a look and then handed it off to Sue. It read simply, “Restore your ancestral connection with nature! Rediscover what was lost! Join the Society of Fenrir!” with contact information following.

“From what we’ve already gathered, this ‘Society of Fenrir’ is some kind of new age cult that worships animals,” Mr. Cross Explained.

Sue stared at the flyer until something clicked. “Fenrir is a mythical wolf from Norse mythology.” She glanced up at Robert and Mr. Cross who were staring back at her strangely. “What? Didn’t you two ever take a mythology class?”

Robert shrugged and Mr. Cross cleared his throat again. “Anyway, some of their rituals, lifestyle choices, or whatever may or may not violate the law. So we want the two of you to pose as a couple of granola-eating hippies who are interested in joining their group. If everything is above the board, great, they can keep doing whatever it is that they do. If it isn’t, then bring the evidence back and we’ll do the rest.”

Sue squirmed in her seat. The possibility of being at the end of a leash held by Robert once again made her heart beat just a little faster. Mr. Cross continued with the details of the assignment, but Sue’s mind was already thinking ahead.

It had become routine for Sue to pay a visit to Donna before going out on an undercover assignment. When Sue entered the grooming room, she was relieved that Donna’s usual friendly perkiness had returned to their pre-roommate level. Apparently getting a break from living with Sue had done a lot for her mental health.

“Sue!” Donna exclaimed and gave her former roommate a hug. “How’s life?”

Sue hesitated, but then hugged her friend back. “Friend” did seem the right word for it. “Uh, good I guess.”

“Just good?” Donna’s eyes sparkled. She began to lay out the clothes and accessories that would make up Sue’s latest disguise.

Sue regarded the flowy, cotton dress with a bit of disappointment. What she really wanted came with paws and a tail. She shrugged out of her black jacket and draped it over a nearby chair. “Yeah, I mean it’s fine.”

Donna frowned.

Sue stepped out of her shoes and slid them next to the chair. She met Donna’s stare. “What?”

“I mean how are you getting along with Robert?” Donna asked slyly.

Sue blushed and looked away.

Donna smiled. “Oh, that good?”

Sue didn’t reply, unzipped her skirt and stepped out of it.

“So have you two...”

Sue shook her head and started unbuttoning her blouse.

Donna paused for a beat. “But you’re working up to it, right?”

Sue shrugged and wiggled out of her pantyhose. Dressed only in her bra and panties, she paused and said, “I don’t know.”

The dog groomer crossed her arms. “Is it the whole virgin thing?”

Sue sighed deeply. “I don’t know what’s wrong with me! Every single time we start I tell myself we’re going to do it, but then every single time I just clam up!” What she said wasn’t exactly true, but she didn’t want to share the details about her mother or the fact that she could only really relax when her mind was in its “puppy place.” “The worst part is Robert. God, he’s been *so* patient with me!” Sue felt a little like crying; she was so frustrated with herself. “Sometimes I wish he’d just...just make me, you know?”

“You’re not the first girl to feel these kinds of things, but you’re not going to like what I have to say, sweetie.”

“Well, try me.”

“You’ve got to make the decision. Robert’s not going to make it for you—he can’t.”

Freedom from choice is what you want. Freedom of choice is what you got.

“The bra.” Donna pointed.

“What?”

“The bra, take it off.”

Sue crossed her arms protectively in front of her slight chest. “But I thought, I mean, I’m not dressing up like a pet...”

“Yes, you’re dressing up like a hippy girl, and hippy girls don’t wear bras now do they?”

“I guess not.” Sue nodded slowly and then reached back to unclasp her bra.

As the straps slipped down her shoulders, Donna added, “They don’t wear panties either.”

Sue blushed a little deeper. It was absolutely ridiculous after how she’d had to go out in public for previous cases, but the idea of going without any underwear at all seemed, for lack of a

better word, *naughty*. Sue tried to hide her confusing titillation as she sighed and pulled down her panties.

Donna looked Sue up and down. Even though she'd been naked in front of Donna multiple times, Sue still found her hands creeping to cover herself while under the groomer's appraising gaze.

"It was easy making you up like an adorable puppy girl, and even as a cute school girl, but this is going to be a challenge. You're lucky I know now to work miracles! Get up on the table."

Sue felt a familiar flutter in her belly. She didn't protest and climbed awkwardly onto the table. She felt so vulnerable with her little breasts hanging down and her nether regions on display.

"Good girl!" She patted Sue's head. "Sorry, force of habit—hey, what happened?" Donna pointed at Sue's still red butt.

Sue's cheeks flushed to match the color of her rump. Though she'd winced every time she'd sat down that morning, somehow it had slipped her mind that Donna would see.

"Oh, that..."

"Did Robert...spank you?"

Sue nodded slowly.

Donna gave Sue's tenderized flesh a once over. "Why?"

Sue looked away. "Well, I forgot to feed Zeus when I told Robert I would."

"That's not so bad...hardly a reason for a spanking!"

"I forgot three times."

"Okay, that's a little worse, but there must have been more to it."

“And...and when he confronted me about it I...”

“You...?”

“Well, I had a few glasses of wine, so I wasn’t thinking straight, and the way he talked to me...you know how patronizing Robert can be...It just made my blood boil and I slapped him. So, he...he spanked me for it. Well, that and because I’m messy and inconsiderate.”

Donna chuckled. “You mean all I had to do to get you to admit that you were a terrible roommate was to give you a little spanking?”

Sue felt that little flutter in her belly return.

Donna clutched her bare shoulder. “Sue, you are so lucky!”

“I am?” While domestic discipline wasn’t exactly uncommon, she still didn’t expect Donna to react like she had.

“Robert must really love you!”

“Why would you say that?”

“Because he cared enough to straighten you out, but then he didn’t take advantage of you either.”

Sue hadn’t thought of it that way.

“That just proves what I said though. Robert’s not going to ‘make’ you do anything. You’re going to have to ask him.”

Sue frowned.

Donna looked at the wall clock. “That’s enough gossip, I guess.” She ran her graceful fingers down Sue’s bare back making the smaller girl squirm a little. “Let’s start with getting that coat—your skin—the right color. Plus we can cover up your ‘daddy’s’ handiwork so if anyone sees you they won’t ask questions!”

Sue closed her eyes as Donna gave her an incredibly believable spray tan, to make her look “outdoorsy” instead of like a “glass of milk.”

“I’m impressed,” Sue said while looking in the mirror. “I always thought spray tans made you look orange.”

“Not when you have a professional who knows what she’s doing!” Donna blew on the end of her spray gun as if it were a smoking pistol and winked.

The tan finished, Sue gave a jump when she felt Donna’s gloved fingers touch her hairless slit. “I’m glad you’re keeping yourself groomed, Sue but that pristine little kitty of yours isn’t going to look the part anymore than your milky white skin.”

Sue looked over her shoulder. “What?”

“Hippy girls are *natural*. So, while this goes against everything I stand for…” Donna produced a small ball of what looked like coarse, black hair. “This is called a merkin, it’s like a little wig for your puppy parts—I mean your pussy.”

Sue scoffed.

“Just hold still. You don’t want it going on crooked do you?”

The glue was cold, but it warmed quickly. Soon Donna was finished applying it, but she had two more, one for each underarm.

“Under arm hair?” Sue grumbled. “Gross…”

“I agree, but it’s all for the part.”

When Donna was done, Sue looked down at her furry pussy with disgust. It felt so wrong! Then she tentatively raised each arm and looked at the patch of hair and felt just as much displeasure.

“I feel nasty.”

Donna shook her head. “I wish I could say you didn’t look nasty, but…”

“Yeah, yeah, I get it.” Sue hopped off the table and pulled the willowy dress over her head. With a pair of brown boots, another pair of extended wear contacts, and a floppy straw hat, Sue’s disguise was complete.

Sue regarded herself in the mirror. “Damn, Donna. You do good work.”

“Yeah, but I usually prefer when my powers are used for good instead of evil. Just make sure you come back when this case is done and I’ll get you back to normal!”

Sue shivered

Part 3: An Unusual Dining Experience

Walking through the pine trees on the narrow path up the mountain, Sue grimaced. Having been stuck in a bra the moment she’d begun her slight development, she wasn’t used to going without one, and the dress fabric was rubbing her just a little bit raw. The way Robert filled out his jeans was a nice enough distraction though.

After hiking for hours, they came around a rock outcropping and saw down into a small valley. Nestled among the trees and boulders, there was a collection of little wooden buildings. With smoke rising from their chimneys, and firelight dancing out the windows in the gathering dusk, the whole thing looked like a charming little village from a bygone era. Neither of them could enjoy the scenery, however, as the real work was about to begin. Returning back around the bend in the path, they hastily went back over their cover story. Keeping it simple, they were Mary and John, two, free thinking lovers who wanted to leave behind the soulless rat race of the modern world and live a life as nature intended. They would be as agreeable as they could while they searched for any evidence of illegal pettification.

It would be that simple, but Sue just had to try to make it complicated.

“Robert, I...” Her dress sleeveless, she held down her arms against her sides, keen to hide her faux hairy armpits.

“John.” Robert’s almost playful correction made the butterflies that had taken up permanent residence in Sue tummy start fluttering again.

“About last night...and all the nights before...”

Sue was just starting to find her words; she was interrupted by the unmistakable sounds of passion nearby. Following the sound, just a few paces from the rough path, in a small clearing with an inkling of spring green along its edges, they saw the source of the feverish noise. It was a young couple. The grunting, twenty-something man was tanned, long haired, and bearded. He wore a beige homespun shirt and pants, the latter of which was around his ankles as he knelt behind and thrust into a girl of roughly the same age. She wore a skimpy loincloth made of the same material as the man’s shirt and pants. Her upper half was bare save for some body paint designs that looked like they were inspired by old Nordic runes. They ran up the middle of her stomach and in a half circle beneath her full, swinging breasts. On top of her long, wavy, blonde hair, she wore a pair of antlers that, with the brown and black paint on the bridge of her nose, gave her the appearance of a doe as she cried out in response to her lover’s attentions.

Even though Sue had seen a lot of things during her service to the FBP, she still felt fire in her cheeks as she watched the couple in the throes of unrestrained passion. The young man’s hands gripped the slender hips of the “doe.” He drove forward powerfully and she pushed back with proportional vigor. They were oblivious to everything around them—separate in their own little world—but at the same time they seemed very much a part of the grove surrounding them. It was as if they belonged there. Their cries grew louder as their pace quickened. Finally, the man slammed against her, and held her there as he groaned. The doe squealed and shook violently in his powerful grasp before slumping to the ground.

They were still for a few moments, as if they were meditating on what they had just done. Then the man pulled himself from her, yanked his pants up, and stood. The girl wiggled happily in response, sat back up on all fours next to him. They were facing Sue and Robert, but had not yet noticed them.

Sue looked over at Robert. He’d taken some pictures of the couple as the first of what was starting to look like many pieces of evidence. He quickly pocketed his phone and then called out, “Hey there!” before stepping out from the trees and waving.

Sue followed his lead. The other man waved back and approached with the young woman crawling by his side.

“Good evening, brother...” He replied with his own hand raised. He looked past Robert to Sue. “Good evening, sister.”

“Uh, hi!” Sue tried not to notice the raw smell of sex still emanating from both of them.

“We’re looking for the Society of Fenrir.” Robert held up the flyer. “My name is John, and this is Mary.”

“You’ve come to the right place!” The man said. “I’m Arlan and this is Willow,” he reached down and stroked the young woman’s cheek. She responded by licking his fingers playfully and then smiling up at Robert and Sue.

“Welcome!” She said, “Would you like to join us for our evening meal? We welcome any strangers that come our way.”

Sue was surprised. Somehow she’d expected that if there were pet girls in this little hippy commune that would be treated like ComPets. When Mr. Cross had said “Unsanctioned and Illegal Pettification” she imagined cruel, restrictive devices, not unlike the gear she’d been trapped in on more than one occasion. She imagined the same strict rules and behavior restrictions that she’d been under too. She wasn’t expecting to see someone like Willow who seemed completely at ease and seemed to shift from animal behavior to human with absolutely no trouble.

“That’d be great!” Sue replied. She grabbed Robert’s hand. “Right, babe?”

Robert grinned. “I could eat, sure!”

Willow stood up. She looked at Arlan, “I’ll run ahead and tell Freya we have guests!” Before he could respond, the painted, human-faun took off down the path in a brisk run.

Arlan led Sue and Robert down the zigzagging path into the little wooded valley. At the edge of the village, a small crowd waited for them. The men resembled Arlan both in hair style and dress, and the women resembled Willow, though the latter had much more variety. In addition to others made up like fauns, there were bunnies, mice, foxes, and even one that might have been an opossum. Some stood on two legs, some were on all fours, but they all had welcoming looks on

their animalistic faces. Sue smiled to herself, realizing that all they had to do was get a few more pictures and they'd have more than enough evidence to turn in the group of throwbacks. There was a part of her that wished it had been harder. The group looked almost wholesome other than the mostly naked women; it seemed a shame to get them in trouble.

The crowd welcomed them warmly with handshakes, hugs, and some curious sniffs.

“Hello again,” Willow greeted Sue warmly. Then her face became more serious. “Why are you trying to hide yourself?”

Sue looked around awkwardly, “Hide? What do you mean?” Other nearby women giggled.

“You’re hiding yourself with those clothes! Here, women are free to walk about here as they were made!” As Willow motioned to the other women, they all nodded in agreement. “Trust us, sister!” Several pairs of hands gripped the hem of her dress.

Sue’s arms reflexively crossed her chest and she looked at Robert. She wanted him to step in and stop them, but perhaps more than that, she wanted him to encourage them.

“When in Rome,” Robert said with a shrug and Sue felt her arms go slack.

The floppy straw hat, the dress, and the boots came off easily. Sue stood completely naked in the crowd, but only for a moment.

Willow reappeared and placed a hastily, but skillfully assembled crown of wild flowers and put it on Sue’s head.

“You’re so cute!” She licked Sue’s cheek politely—if licks could be polite.

Sue tried not to grimace from being licked.

It's not like it's the first time...

“I wonder who you’ll really be!” Willow added.

Arlan took Willow's arm, gently pulled her back and mumbled something about settling down, and she looked ever so slightly contrite when he did.

Wondering what the strange faun girl meant, Sue tried to appear easy-going while also sticking as close to Robert as possible while they were led to a very long table in the middle of the village that was covered in a fine spread of nuts, berries, fish, and venison. There the men took their seats and the women knelt beside them. Robert took the seat they offered him near the middle of the table, but Sue hesitated. Robert gave her a look.

Oh, please order me to eat at your feet!

He didn't.

Damn it, well, 'when in Rome!'

Sue knelt by his feet like the other women. The dirt felt good and right under her bare knees. With her legs demurely together and her arms still tight to her sides, she looked up at him and shrugged in an effort to look nonchalant and to conceal her excitement.

Tell me I'm a good girl! Tell me I'm a good girl!

He didn't. He shrugged back.

Then all at once the merry chatter stopped. A woman in a flowing white dress came out of one of the nearby houses. She was followed by a large, bald, muscular man in the same homespun clothes as the other men.

In the fading light she seemed almost ethereal, but the man was only too solid and real. As he came closer, Sue realized how big he was, taller than Robert by at least an inch or two and nearly twice the width.

The woman and man stopped by the remaining vacant chair right across from where Robert sat and Sue knelt.

She looked at both of them, "I was told we had newcomers. Welcome, John and Mary!" Her voice was almost musical. "I am Freya, and this is my mate, Steiner."

The man reached his giant hand over the table to shake Robert's, and he nodded to Sue.

"He is mute," Freya explained. Then she raised her hands up high. "And now we pray."

Everyone bowed their heads and Sue and Robert did the same.

"Corn and grain, meat and milk, upon my table before me. Gifts of life, bringing sustenance and strength, I am grateful for all I have."

The whole table repeated in unison, "I am grateful for all I have."

Steiner took his seat. To Sue's surprise, Freya knelt by his side just like all the other women at dinner. Though Sue wondered why Freya got to "hide" her body while the rest, including her, didn't, she was hungry and the food smelled pretty good. Just like seats being absent for the women, she noticed that there were only plates and cups set out in front of the men.

"Please," Freya said to Robert, her chin nearly level with the table. "Help yourself and share with your mate."

Robert nodded. "Thank you," and began heaping his plate with all available fruits, nuts, and vegetables.

Great, he's heaping OUR plate with rabbit food. Well, he always said he'd get me to eat healthier.

Looking longingly at some kind of roasted meat, Sue wondered if she should, or could speak up about his selection. She looked at the other women and saw them gratefully eating and drinking whatever they were offered. Not one of them spoke up as their men fed them from their palms or casually dropped bits of food on the ground for them to devour. Even Freya, their apparent leader, ate gratefully from Steiner's massive hand. Watching them, Sue felt that familiar warmth inside and she spread her legs, ever so slightly.

Sue's cheeks were burning when she looked up at Robert, signaling that she wanted to be fed. Robert looked back down at her and she wondered what he must be thinking about her. Could he tell that she was getting off on this whole arrangement? She kept thinking about how he'd left the

ComPet trainers academy because he thought the whole thing was “cruel.” He was above her filthy, disgusting desires.

Then he offered her a piece of potato, after blowing on it lightly. Sue’s heart pounded and blood rushed in her ears. She took the morsel between her teeth and the delicious herbs spread over her tongue as the tingling between her legs became worse. Her little pink tongue extended to lick up anything that remained. It took every bit of her willpower not to keep licking and allow him to have his hand back.

Robert didn’t seem to notice her state, and instead chatted casually with the men around him. Sue knew she should have been paying attention to the conversation, but she was too occupied with cleaning her “plate” each time Robert offered her something else. As the meal wore on, the men continued their conversation, while many of the women—apparently full—took to grinding on the men’s boots and legs, while the men themselves mostly ignored them.

Sue bit her lip and watched them. She was envious of how free they were. She could act like that alone in her room where there was no one to see, but in public, or in front of anyone?

What would Robert think of me if I did that?

She tried to ignore them, but when the bunny girl at the next place setting began to rub herself against the toe of her “mate’s” boot, Sue could no longer. The bunny girl, with her floppy brown ears and stubby little tail was shameless as she left streaks of her animal lust across the dusty leather. With hazy eyes and flushed cheeks she made eye contact with Sue. Instead of looking away, she wrapped her hands around her mate’s leg and humped faster.

Sue managed to tear her eyes away, but only so she could stare at Robert’s boot. Her hand, which had been innocently resting at her side, began to crawl over her bare thigh to the dark place between her legs.

Realizing what was happening, she looked up at Robert, her own eyes hazy and her own cheeks flushed. Apparently absorbed in conversation, he didn’t notice her. He really was above her in every conceivable way, wasn’t he?

Sue’s fingers crept closer and closer to the prize when Freya’s voice broke in.

“Thank you for the meal everyone!”

The meal ended abruptly. The men and women then split up into two groups, and Robert and Sue were invited to join their respective sexes.

“Will you be alright?” Robert asked her quietly.

Sue nodded and replied shakily, “I think so.”

Part 4: Her True Self

Sue felt a little nervous being separated from Robert, but it wasn't her first rodeo. Besides that, even if they seemed a little out there, the people seemed friendly enough. She allowed herself to be led by the women to Freya's cabin, while the men went with Robert to do “men's things.”

Sounds like a sausage fest to me! Wait, what's the girl equivalent of a sausage fest...a clam jam?

The inside of Freya's cabin was warm and filled with homemade furniture, dishes, and rugs. Despite the furniture, the women all sat on the rugs. Every space was soon taken by Sue and the absurdly dressed animal women. The room smelled heavily of the outdoors and the fire, with an undercurrent of sweat partially masked by lavender.

Sue figured that if she were actually Mary, it would make sense to ask questions. Besides that, she was genuinely curious what these people were all about. Despite her initially ghostly appearance, Freya was friendly and more-than-accommodating to questions.

“So, I have to ask, why were we all sitting on the ground at dinner, and now too? Do you believe men are better or something?”

Freya seemed well-prepared for the question and answered without hesitation “Not better, just different. The ground is natural, and furniture is not. Women are closer to nature than men, so we choose whatever is more-natural.”

Sue nodded.

That sounds pretty nutty, but...

“How are we closer to nature than men?”

The sweet, skunky smell of pot and perhaps something else tickled Sue’s nose as its fog rolled through the room. Other than drinking too much and too often, Sue had never been into drugs, so the smell was only vaguely familiar. Someone passed a large, smoking blunt to Freya. She took a long drag, the red cherry at the end brightened, briefly illuminating her pale face.

Smoke poured from her mouth and then she offered the blunt to Sue.

Damn , if only there was a drug PSA to have prepared me for this situation!

She took a careful drag. The harshness of the smoke made her eyes water. It wasn’t like vaping at all. She wanted to cough, but she willed herself not to. When she could hold her breath no longer, she let out the smoke slowly. Though her eyes and her mouth suddenly felt dry, the tension in the back of her shoulders relaxed.

Freya smiled and nodded. “Good?”

Sue nodded dreamily. “Hehe, yup.”

“Men are focused on changing nature, controlling it...they use their tools...they cut, and burn, and build. We gather, and grow, and nurture...we work *with* nature.”

Sue listened. Though she couldn’t recall one at that moment, she assumed that there had to be at least one or two women in Engineering, construction, or farming, who used tools to cut, burn and build, but who was she to argue with Freya in her own house?

“A woman’s body, like the Earth, has its seasons, and through those seasons we bring life and our bodies nourish life, as the Earth brings life and nourishes life...”

Sue felt a sense of power from Freya’s words. It made her feel strong in a way. The blunt had returned to her fingers. She didn’t remember taking it from someone, but she took a longer drag before passing it along. The outlines of the room were lost in a thick fog.

“We allow the planet—the universe—to govern us. We don’t try to govern it. Like the animals of the forest, we use our sharper instincts to guide us. Every woman has an animal spirit to guide her in this way and to teach her. It shows her who she really is.”

“An animal’s spirit?” Sue’s own voice didn’t sound like hers, but it voiced her question.

“Yes...would you like to know yours?”

Sue nodded dumbly. The blunt was back in her hand. She took another long drag.

“Listen to my words and...”

Sue could more feel the words than hear them. Soon the words became a new reality.

There was a part of Sue that knew she wasn’t walking down the unrealistically pristine street of her old neighborhood, and that she was, in fact, lying in a drug induced stupor on the floor. That realization was like a wedge holding open the doorway to reality. Everyone was there, her parents, old friends, classmates, even people from the church she used to attend. Their backs facing her, they seemed to all be entranced by something up ahead.

The wedge holding the door was slipping, and Sue found it easier and easier to accept the improbable with every passing moment. She tried to look past the crowd without success, and then asked what they were looking at. No one answered. She tapped on a few shoulders, but no one moved. Annoyed, Sue grabbed the arm of the nearest person—her former pastor—to force him to acknowledge her. The old man stared straight through her before returning to his former position.

A moment later, each person in the crowd simultaneously pointed down the street and started laughing. The scornful cackling was in perfect, mechanical sync and grew louder and louder. Sue covered her ears from the terrible noise and hopped up and down in a vain attempt to look past the forest of bodies.

With growing frustration, the small, young woman elbowed her way through the throng. She didn’t know why, but she had to know what they were laughing at. The press of people seemed to go on forever and ever. Sue’s heart raced as she pushed and shoved to get ahead, the laughter making her ears hurt even as she covered them. Then, suddenly, she popped out on the other side of the mob and found herself standing on the soft green grass of a park. The crowd was gone and so

was their horrible laughter. It was replaced by a noticeable emptiness and the charming songs of birds.

Robert was standing about a short distance away under a cloudless, blue sky. As always he was so poised and impeccably dressed. Even though he didn't appear to notice her, Sue's heart beat faster. Next to him there was a mirror. It was odd to see a two-sided, full-length mirror in the middle of a sunny park, but for whatever reason it seemed like it belonged there. Sue crept up to it slowly until her reflection showed in the polished surface. Her scrubby form next to Robert made it look as if she were really standing next to him. Sue frowned. The frame around the mirror separated them and broke the illusion.

The narrow wooden split between them made her heart break. Sue shook her head and flipped the mirror to the other side with a surprisingly effortless touch. The mirror on the opposite side replaced the original. Sue gave a start. She'd expected to see her reflection again, which she did, but not in the way she at all predicted.

Gone was the young woman in a smart, black skirt suit and sensible heels, which was how Sue had come to picture herself. In her place was a pathetic, squatting creature. She recognized the pet gear immediately. With some small differences it was the exact same Pomeranian style they'd put her in during her first case with Robert. Sue saw her raven colored locks arranged into two stubby pigtails—doggy ears—tied off with bright pink bows framing her face.

Her face!

Sue saw her face. Had her nose and cheeks been tattooed with black ink to make her look like a dog or was it just makeup? Either way, she didn't look bothered with her bright eyes, big smile, and lolling, drooly tongue. What's more she didn't *feel* bothered looking on from the outside. Her legs were weak. Blushing, she raised her right hand to her cheek while her left hand drifted down to her tingling stomach.

The light brown paws with black pads on the bottoms were so silly looking, and yet so strict and severe. They trapped her on all fours and made the simple act of traversing through closed doors basically impossible, but under such a veneer of sickening cutesiness. Her left hand moved down past her tingly tummy to the top of her skirt. It made its way inch by inch to the smoldering neediness between her legs that was trapped beneath the professional black skirt, the tops of her pantyhose, and her modest, white cotton panties.

The collar with its bell and her name—her *real* name—embossed on the side: Button. She should have been appalled, but she wasn't. She loved the name in fact. It reminded her of the

moment Robert had called her “cute as a button.” The collar would let everyone know where she was and anyone who cared to look, who she belonged to. Her legs trembled as her finger tips began to rub against the fabric of her skirt when her eyes darted from between the tag in her other self’s ear and the brand on her belly.

They weren’t facsimiles like she’d had before. They were real! They told everyone that she was not a person. They told them that she was legally a thing, an object, with no rights, no choices, and utterly beholden to her owner—her *master*. Sue found herself rubbing harder as she looked at her state, bouncing and drooling, wagging the tail attached to the plug that had no doubt been rudely shoved up her butt as her puppy parts, trapped behind the c-string covering her crotch, dripped and dripped creating an undignified puddle beneath her.

Robert was still standing there. He seemed to have just noticed both versions of Sue—of Button—standing and squatting near him. He smiled at both of them. Sue knew she should stop rubbing herself, but she couldn’t. Her neediness and his approving smile made it impossible. Her panties were completely soaked. She looked at the puddle of Button’s desire, her desire, and realized that the only thing separating her two selves were their “wardrobes.”

Sue panted and shivered as she started undressing right in the middle of the park. The buttons on her blazer were difficult enough for her shaking fingers, the smaller ones on her blouse were maddening, and the hooks on her bra were beyond exasperating. The zipper on her skirt was as blessedly easy as kicking off her shoes. Then it was just a series of desperate wiggles and tugs to yank her pantyhose and wet panties down her legs before she could be free.

Under Robert’s warm, reassuring gaze, she dropped to her hands and knees, crawled forward, the green grass tickling the palms of her hands and her bare knees, and took her place next to herself. She looked up at Robert and realized that his attention was no longer split. He was looking squarely at her. She glanced to the side and saw her other self was missing. Then she noticed her hands in her peripheral vision. They were captured in the light, brown paw mittens. She looked down and saw the brand on her belly. She felt the tag in her ear, the pressure of the plug stuffed inside of her.

She was awash in fear, panic, and lust, but overriding all of that was the feeling that she was finally being honest with herself and Robert. There was a feeling that everything was right and as it should be, except for her bare neck...

Her heart leapt into her throat as Robert presented the pink collar from his pocket. He was suddenly dressed in a black suit—like a tuxedo—and he slipped the collar around her slender neck like a groom placing a ring on his bride’s finger. The collar secured, she was overcome with a sense of safety and security she’d ever before felt. The click of the leash being attached to it echoed in

her ears. With a slight tug, Robert brought her to his heel and led her to the park's walking path. Button followed submissively, but happily.

He walked while she crawled, and they passed the same people she knew from before. Sometimes they were alone, sometimes in groups, and other times in pairs. Some stopped and stared at her with contempt. Though they didn't say anything, their feelings were clear. She was a lowly slut who let her animal side overcome her. Others laughed as she passed by panting and leaking like a broken faucet, her wide eyes fixed on her master. Their feelings were clear too. They not only thought she was pathetic, they thought it was funny.

Perhaps it was.

She didn't care.

All their scorn didn't matter. She couldn't argue with what she knew was right, and none of those people could either.

She'd finally accepted.

Sue could hear Freya somewhere nearby, but she couldn't make herself move or open her eyes.

"How could this be? I've never heard of any woman's animal spirit being a creation of man, a domesticated creature, a *dog*..." It was Freya. She sounded uncharacteristically excited. "Perhaps this is the one we've been waiting for! She's a combination of the works of man and the work of nature."

There was a pause.

"*She* will be the one to restore the connection with what has been lost! Tomorrow night is the full moon. Put her in the hut until it's time to prepare her for sacrifice. I'll make sure that her partner won't be a problem."

Sue's mind raced. What did Freya mean, sacrifice? What was she going to do to Robert so he wouldn't be a problem? She felt herself being lifted by a strong pair of arms and carried. Placed

gently on the ground, her consciousness faded away again, even as she fought desperately to keep it.

Part 5: The Final Sacrifice

Sue was far groggier than usual when she woke up alone on a coarse blanket laid out over a dirt floor inside a small windowless room—the “hut” apparently. Still completely naked, she took the blanket and wrapped it around herself before she approached the sturdy looking door. Sunlight streamed underneath it, barely illuminating the room. Sue dropped down to peek through the gap. All she could see were the bases of many trees. She strained to hear anything, but there were only the sounds of wind and the occasional rustle of leaves. Wherever she was, the rest of the village, or whatever it was, wasn’t nearby.

Sue tried the door and found that it was barred from the outside. The word “sacrifice” skipped through her mind again.

Oh, God, where’s Robert?

She looked around the hut frantically, hoping that she somehow just didn’t notice him before, but she was alone.

She had to get out.

She had to find Robert.

Testing the door and the walls revealed that they were very sturdy. No amount of kicking with her bare feet or pounding with her little fists would make them even budge. The tightly packed dirt floor wouldn’t be easy to dig out with her bare hands, but it wouldn’t be impossible. She searched along the edge of the wall to find the softest spot in the floor she could. Then she started digging.

Thank God my animal spirit is a dog and not a gold fish or something.

Sue’s fingers were gnarled and broken from digging. Still, she didn’t have a hole quite big enough for her slender body to pass through. She was exhausted, but she pressed on, tossing pitifully small handfuls of dirt behind her. The light from under the door was starting to fade when she thought she might finally be able to squeeze through the hole under the wall.

Her head went through and she confirmed that the hut was indeed alone somewhere in the woods. Her shoulders went through as she continued to worm further. Then she heard the unmistakable sound of footsteps, large ones coming through the forest. She looked left to see Steiner and Freya walking towards the hut.

Sue squirmed forward, desperate to get out. The rough earth pressed against her breasts, holding her there. She cursed her boobs.

Fuck! Too small to be sexy, but just big enough to trap me!

The approaching pair noticed her. They rushed forward, Steiner into the hut and Freya to Sue's front.

She knelt down and stroked Sue's cheek. "I know this must have been frightening to you, sister, but this is all for the greater good. I promise you!"

Sue felt strong hands grab her ankles and she was dragged back into the hut. She screamed as Steiner held her securely in his lap while Freya entered the hut with a lit lantern.

"Don't worry, Mary..." Freya cooed. "Steiner won't hurt you. He's just going to hold you while I prepare you."

"For sacrifice?" Sue squeaked.

"If you're not the one, yes, but I know you *are* the one." Her eyes blazed. "It won't be a sacrifice, but a union! *You* will restore the connection with what has been lost!"

"Where's R—John?" She asked.

"You don't need to think about him. You don't need to think about anyone."

Sue wondered how this woman could have gone from merely a little nutty to a full blown crazy so quickly. There was no escaping Steiner's grasp, and Sue wasn't confident she could escape fanatical Freya even if she were free. So she resolved to go along with their madness until a better situation to escape presented itself.

That was, until she saw what Freya intended to do first. The white-clad woman meticulously heated a long steel needle over the lamp frame.

“W-what are you going to do?” Sue asked, suddenly quite fearful.

Steiner’s gorilla-like hand clapped over her mouth.

“Thank you, Steiner.” Freya approached, still heating the needle over the flame. “Do not speak further, Mary. It is better you focus on what is to come.”

Freya took Sue’s nipple between her thumb and forefinger and rolled it back and forth. Despite Sue’s terror, Freya’s touch made her pink nub harden and point. Sue screamed into Steiner’s palm as Freya expertly pierced her, first in the left nipple and then in the right. Rings with little brass bells soon filled the holes. Sue’s tears flowed as her delicate flesh throbbed.

The hand came away from her mouth and she screamed for help, even if she knew it was pointless. Steiner grabbed her tongue with his fingers. Then Freya secured it with a pair of pliers as she heated the needle again. Sue’s eyes went wide and she pleaded unintelligibly for Freya to leave her tongue alone. Even if she had been coherent, her pleas would have fallen on the deaf ears only a true zealot could have.

The pain was incredible as the needle burrowed through her little pink tongue. Soon the hole was filled with a brass tongue stud.

Feeling faint in Steiner’s arms, Sue moaned and more tears leaked from her eyes. Sue barely had the energy to protest when Freya propped her mouth open with a ring gag and Steiner secured the strap behind her head. Her tortured tongue dangled loosely from her gaping opening. Freya hung a small object from the piercing, forcing Sue’s tongue to stretch even further down.

The other aspects of Freya’s preparation of her were fortunately not so torturous. In fact, they were very similar to what she’d already been through a few times prior. Her hands and feet were wrapped tightly into paws. While Steiner held Sue’s cheeks wide, Freya forced a well-lubricated plug tail up her tight, little behind. Next, a brass ring collar went around Sue’s neck. Hanging from it was not a legal tag, but a strange medallion or talisman with a red wolf paw crudely engraved into it. There was something sinister about the wolf mask that was added last. The supposedly “cute” doggy ears that ComPets had to wear seemed benign in comparison. At least they allowed for a

puppy girl to show her displeasure—however subtly. Sue’s feelings and personality, her humanity, would be lost behind that mask.

Dazed and whimpering Sue was placed on all fours, and a piece of rope was tied to the brass ring collar. Unable to comfort her nipples or her tongue she was pulled forward. The mask obscured most of her sight, forcing her to depend on Steiner, who held the rope, to guide her. Her situation was ten times worse than before, but all she could do was wait and hope that an opportunity to escape would come.

The trek seemed to take forever. Sue’s knees hurt almost as much as her piercings and the chill of the night left her shivering and numb. Through the narrow eye holes of the mask she could see the people of the cult assembled in the dark forest, illuminated by torches and the silvery glow of the moon. All eyes were on her and suddenly, she was grateful for the mask hiding her face.

Not one of them said anything as Freya and Steiner guided Sue through them and into a foreboding cave entrance. It was just before they crossed the threshold that Sue heard the mournful howl of a wolf.

Sue recoiled, but Steiner dragged her forward without seeming to notice her momentary resistance. His stride remained unbroken.

The light from Freya’s lantern made ghostly shapes along the cave walls as the wolf howled again. Soon they came to a chamber. The light from the lantern pushed out into the darkness, but could not illuminate it all, making the space feel vast, even infinite.

Steiner guided Sue to a roughly made wooden elevator at the edge of a precipice and removed the rope lead. Freya’s light shined down below and Sue saw a monstrous black wolf stalking restlessly back and forth. Scarier still, she saw the floor was littered with bones, some of which looked human.

“Oh, Fenrir!” Freya called. “We offer you this beast that it may please you!”

Sue didn’t have any intention of being *offered* to a wolf, regardless of what exactly that meant. Freya was occupied with her insane declarations, and Steiner had his head solemnly bowed.

Sue had one chance.

She scrambled off the platform, aimed herself towards the exit and then knocked the lantern into the sunken area below with her foot. There was a brief flash as it broke, and then everything went dark.

The wolf howled again in the pitch blackness. Freya cursed and called out for Steiner. Sue crawled forward, hoping that she hadn't gotten turned around. Then she collided with something, a stray boulder, a wall, she didn't know. The wolf mask broke and fell away, but it had protected her from what would have probably been a knockout. More timidly, Sue continued forward, pawing at the darkness in front of her ever so often.

Then she saw the torch and moonlight ahead and she quickened her pace. Though she could still faintly hear Freya's curses far behind her, the heavy footfalls that she feared belonged to Steiner were coming up fast.

Guided by the light himself, he was closing the distance fast. He was almost upon her when a voice shouted, "Police, freeze!"

It was Robert.

His gun was out and pointed squarely at Steiner.

The villagers were all, women *and* men, kneeling in front of a dozen or so uniformed police officers from the local district.

Sue breathed a sigh of relief. She had no plan for what to do after she'd gotten out of the cave, but as it turned out. She didn't need one.

"Sue, come here!" Robert pointed next to him.

He didn't command her quite the way she would have wanted, but she scrambled up next to him and was soon at his feet, finally safe.

Epilogue

Sue was grateful to be out of the sacrificial wolf attire. She was bundled up in Robert's coat—and nothing else—and sitting in the front passenger seat of their car enjoying the heater and sipping on a cup of hot chocolate. She watched through the window as the arrested cult members were loaded into two different vehicles. The men went to a prison bus where they would no doubt be offered the choice men got in incidents of illegal pettification. They would serve prison time or be given the opportunity to work for the FBP. The official line was that they would put such men's "enthusiasm to good use."

It was taking longer to load up the women in a pair of FPB Animal Control Vans. While the men had been handcuffed and walked on board their transport, the women had to be photographed and then stripped out of their "unauthorized pet gear" so it could be cataloged and stored. Their hands were wrapped tightly in yellow police tape. Their legs folded over and bound securely with the same material. Each had a black, leather panel muzzle over their mouths, and across their foreheads, breasts, bellies, and rumps there were stark white stickers that read, "Evidence." None of them would be given a choice in their fate. They were on their way to at "minimum" two years of ComPet service to "rehabilitate" them.

Freya was the first to be loaded in this fashion. Sue couldn't help but feel some satisfaction at watching the crazy bitch struggle as she was dragged up a metal ramp to a waiting compartment. She felt less satisfaction watching Willow, the faun girl, being dragged up a neighboring ramp. She'd seemed nice, but then again, she had been complacent in the sacrifice affair.

Sue was yanked out of her thoughts when Robert opened the door and slid in next to her.

"How are you feeling?"

"Better..." They had given her some pain killers for the piercings, but she still felt a slight twinge.

Robert stared at her for a while, the flashing police lights making all kinds of bright patterns across his face.

"What did you want to tell me?" He asked.

"Huh?"

"On the path, right before we came into the village, when we saw that couple... You started to say something."

Oh, God, he was actually paying attention...

Sue licked her lips.

“Robert...you’re the first boyfriend I’ve ever had. That’s what you are, right?” She didn’t wait for him to respond. The words were tumbling out and she didn’t want them to stop. There was no turning back. She didn’t *want* to turn back. “I know I’m confusing. I want it one minute and then I’m freaking out the next...I...I confuse myself...”

Robert continued to stare at her, expectantly, while not saying anything. He wasn’t going to save her from having to explain. He wasn’t going to make the choice for her.

"I know you find the whole ComPet program awful! And you're going to find me awful too... but working like this, with you—*under you*—it's got to me, and I think I... I *need* to be your puppy girl or this isn't going to work out. I'm such a wreck, I always say the wrong thing, and... I can't even let myself c—I can't *let go* unless I'm on all fours at this point—and I know that's fucked. I do! I don't blame you if you want to break up, I—"

Robert silenced her prattling with a long, passionate kiss.

When they parted Sue asked breathlessly, “What was that for?”

“Well, I had to shut you up long enough to tell you that I’ve wanted you at the end of my leash since the first day we worked together.”

“But you said...”

“I said that I hated the draft, the system, but I liked the puppy girls—especially ones that are little and cute, like you.”

Sue shivered.

“Why didn’t you say anything?”

“You always seemed so...prudish. I figured being forced to dress up as a sex pet was traumatizing for you. And with the way you reacted to just making out, or even holding hands, it seemed like a long shot that you’d be into it, you know?”

“Well I am.”

“It sounds like we were made for each other.”

Robert kissed her again.

“There is one more thing though...”

As long as I’m being honest, I might as well go for broke.

“I was raised in a very conservative home...I’m not sure that I’ll ever feel ready...”

Robert’s face darkened, almost imperceptibly, but Sue could tell.

“I mean, unless I’m married,” she quickly added.

“Well, then that’s what we’ll have to do.”

“What?”

“Sue, will you marry me?”

The End