

Part 2: The Pet Groomer

Sue stood in front of the door beneath the sign that read “Grooming Room 18.” Even though she’d been with the Human Pet Protection Service—the HPPS—for over a year, she’d never witnessed a ComPet being processed and groomed; she’d just seen the sorry end result. With a deep breath she reached for the handle and turned it. To her surprise the room wasn’t quite as horrific as she thought it would be. It actually looked a lot like a dog grooming room, which didn’t quite resemble the dark medieval torture chamber she had imagined, but then her eyes zeroed in on the metal table in the middle of the room, and more-specifically on the padded leather restraints at each corner of the table. She started to step back when from out of nowhere a tall, pretty blond woman in her mid-to-late twenties seemed to appear out of nowhere and grabbed her arm. She smiled down at Sue, while maintaining a soft grip.

“Well, you must be my ‘special’ case, Sue Sharp!” She spoke sweetly, gently, and slowly as if she were speaking to a simple-minded child—or a dog. “I’m Donna and I’ll be your groomer. Come on in!”

Sue didn’t move. *God, this girl is awful handsy!* She thought.

“Cat got your tongue?” Donna giggled.

Sue shook her head. “No...I—”

Donna nodded understandingly and lightly pulled Sue inside the room. “Come on, hun. I’m not gonna hurt you!”

“Hey, wait!” Sue protested. She jumped as the door closed behind her.

“Aw, are you a little nervous?” Donna asked. “Just leave everything to me. Think of this as a...spa treatment.”

A spa treatment? Sue thought incredulously. *Yeah, maybe in Hell...*

Donna stepped behind Sue and pulled the black blazer from her narrow shoulders and tossed it into a nearby plastic tub with Sue’s name and employee ID stenciled on the side.

Sue spun around. “What are you doing?”

Donna replied in a patient voice, “It’s going to be awfully difficult to get you in the gear if you’re still dressed, hun.”

Sue opened her mouth to protest and then closed it. It was true, even if she didn’t like it. She thought about the dream she had when she was on her first case. She remembered the terror and helplessness she felt when the men in her dreams restrained her and cut away her

clothes. “Fine,” she said with her arms crossed, “but I don’t need *your* help. I can undress myself.”

Donna hesitated. “Well, normally when they send them to me they’re already pre-plucked anyway. Go right ahead!” Donna shrugged and took a seat.

“Pre-plucked?” Sue asked.

“Oh, it’s just something that one of the boys in processing says. It means that all of my *clients* are naked when they’re brought into my little salon.”

God, I can’t believe I’m doing this...

Sue carefully placed her wallet and her phone in the bin, followed by her silver vape pen.

Oh, Tin Man...I’ll miss you the most!

Sue carefully stepped out of her sensible heels and placed them into the plastic bin. The tile floor was cold under her stocking feet, making her shiver a bit. Immediately missing the extra height, she sighed and unbuttoned her crisp, white blouse. She shrugged out of it, revealing her padded white bra and more of her pale skin. Donna was watching her intently from her chair as she idly twirled her long blonde hair.

“What?” Sue snapped, narrowing her eyes.

“Oh, nothing,” Donna replied while not averting her gaze.

Dyke, Sue thought as she laid her blouse carefully over her blazer. She looked over at the groomer again. It wasn’t a lustful look. Sue felt like Donna was measuring her—appraising her—like an artist might stare at a blank canvas.

Sue unzipped her black, knee-length skirt and wiggled her slim hips back and forth as she tugged it down. Trying to ignore Donna’s gaze, she bent down to pick up the skirt. As she came back up her big toe caught in it and she tripped clumsily to the side.

Donna giggled.

Blushing, Sue continued to try to ignore Donna as she worked her pantyhose down her hips and then her legs. With the only seat taken up by Donna, Sue awkwardly hopped in place as she worked them past her feet getting more giggles from Donna.

Down to just her bra and her matching panties, Sue hesitated. Not wanting to give Donna the satisfaction of knowing just how embarrassed she was, Sue took a deep breath, reached back and unclipped her bra. The fire in her cheeks, which had just started to die, flared

as she dropped her bra into the bin with one hand and covered her small breasts with her free arm.

Can't stop now, Sue thought.

With her eyes firmly on the floor tile in front of her, Sue reached down, hooked her thumbs into the waistband of her panties, and pulled them down to her skinny ankles. The triangle of thick, black hair between her legs stood out in sharp contrast to her alabaster skin. After tossing her panties into the bin she slowly turned back to face Donna with both hands crossed protectively over her chest and her coltish legs, tightly together.

"Aw, don't be shy, hun!" Donna said reassuringly as she stood up. "I've probably had hundreds of 'plucked' girls in here. Trust me. You don't have anything I haven't seen!" Donna placed her warm, gentle hands on Sue's bare shoulders and the small of her back and guided the smaller woman towards the table.

Sue pulled away. "I don't need you to push me!" She spat. "Just tell me where to go!"

Donna shook her head and smiled. "Okay, then crawl up on the table on your hands and knees."

Sue blinked twice. "On my...hands and knees?"

Donna pointed at the table. "Now if possible. I do have other appointments. Or *do* you need my help?" She chuckled.

Sue bowed her head and hesitantly crawled onto the table. Cringing as she did, she felt the fire from her cheeks race across her whole pale, little body. She kept her legs squeezed tightly together, while one arm covered her breasts and the other held her up. Sue hadn't even gotten fully settled when Donna took one of her ankles and pulled it gently towards the nearest padded, leather restraint at the closest table corner.

"Hey!" She tugged back, but found that Donna's gentle grip was, in fact, quite strong. "Look, I'm not a draftee. You don't need those! Just put the damn gear on me so we can get this whole thing over with!"

Donna's grip tightened, but only slightly. Her voice remained as light and pleasant as ever, "Look, hun, you may not be a draftee, but you're on *my* grooming table. The straps are for everyone's safety, mine and yours, so you're going to be a good girl and wear them. Do we understand?" Before Sue could answer she continued, "If you give me too much trouble I'll just make a little call to Mr. Cross and tell him...I think the magic word is 'non-compliant.' If that happens then I bet I'll see you in here again *after* they've processed you! Now...give me your hind leg."

Sue wanted to show her just how “non-complaint” she could be, but instead merely gave the groomer a hard look, and relaxed her “hind leg” and allowed herself to be restrained. Her heart jumped into her throat when the leather tightened.

“Good girl!” Donna praised. “Oh, sorry, force of habit!” She apologized as she took Sue’s other ankle and restrained it. “You know...you should probably get used to being talked to like that though...”

Sue tried not to tremble as the restraints pulled her legs apart making her feel even more open and exposed.

Donna took the hand that Sue had across her chest and pulled it away to restrain it. “You might as well get used to showing your teats too!” She laughed as Sue’s small breasts hung down below her.

Sue shuddered.

“Oh, relax!” Donna said as she buckled Sue’s other hand into the final restraint. “I know a lot of you petite pups are embarrassed by those tiny titties of yours, but look at it this way, while you’re on your hands and knees your boobs will look bigger while they’re hanging down!”

She does have a point...Fuck, what am I thinking?

Donna ran her finger tips along Sue’s shoulder and down her back. “What lovely smooth skin! So, milky white too! You remind me of one of the first puppy girls I ever worked on...She was really skittish too...”

Sue arched her back in response and let out a gasp. “Uh, can we...Can we just get this over with?” She asked.

Donna’s fingers continued to make their journey down the small of Sue’s back and down her pert butt. Sue inhaled sharply and involuntarily wagged her rear from side to side. “H-hey, stop that!”

To her surprise, Donna stopped.

“Oh, my...” Donna remarked gravely.

Sue looked over her shoulder. “What? What?” Then she felt a tug on her pubic hair, “Ow!” She cried, more in surprise than in pain.

“That’s quite a little forest you’ve grown there, pup!” Donna chuckled and then tugged again.

“Ow!” Sue cried. “Let go!”

“God, how do you even go to the beach like this?” She asked. “Ha! What am I saying? You don’t look like you’ve seen the sun in years!” She added with a friendly pat on Sue’s rump.

Sue gritted her teeth. Normally she would have been trimmed, but she’d been busy and had skimped lately.

“Look, what does it matter?” She asked as Donna went to a nearby cabinet and busied herself inside.

“Well, you’ve got to look that part! How often do you see puppy girls with nasty clumps of hair down there?”

Nasty?

With all the puppy girls she’d performed welfare checks on over the last year, Sue had rarely seen them with body hair. Occasionally an owner preferred “a little something down there” or even a girl who was “all natural,” but most were kept completely hairless.

Sue was starting to get anxious. “What are you doing in there?” She asked, craning her neck and pulling against her bonds.

Donna turned back around with a large, opaque jar and a pair of rubber gloves on her hands.

“What’s that? What *is* that?” Sue asked looking at the jar warily.

“It’s a magic cream that is going to make your puppy parts all nice and clean!”

Sue curled her lip. She *hated* the term “puppy parts.” She hated the idea of being hairless just as much.

“Look, you don’t have to do that. I mean, shouldn’t I get some say in this?” Sue’s question fell on deaf ears.

Donna walked behind her and fiddled with the jar. Sue tried to turn her head so that she could see what the groomer was doing. She gasped when she felt a cold jelly-like substance smeared against her exposed cleft.

“Ah! That’s cold!” Sue exclaimed.

Donna rubbed her gloved hand back and forth across Sue’s sensitive flesh. “There we are! Now, be still, puppy. You’re going to feel a little weird in a minute. Do worry, it’s completely normal!” She explained as she snapped off her gloves.

The cold sensation slowly began to turn hot and tingly. The heat built and built. Sue felt herself starting to sweat as she realized that Donna had put some kind of depilatory on her.

"Oh, God..." Sue moaned. "Ow!" She yelped. It felt like that crazy bitch had lit her crotch on fire.

Donna patted her head gently. "Shh...be brave, puppy. You have to make sacrifices for beauty! It'll be over soon."

Sue shook in the restraints as she continued to sweat and squirm against the cuffs. "God, wipe it off! Wipe it off!"

Donna continued to pet her and coo soft encouragement. Sue leaned against her, forgetting for the moment that Donna was the one who had caused the pain. All she wanted in that moment was comfort and she didn't care from whom. It felt like an eternity, but finally an alarm sounded and the ordeal was over. After a quick thorough wipe of the mess, Donna ran her fingers across Sue's smooth, sensitive mound.

"There we are, nice and clean! So much better! Yes it is! Yes it is!" She declared. Then she snapped her fingers. "Now I remember. Cookie! That was the girl I was thinking of. I bet you'll be as popular as she is!"

"I—" She started weakly. "I don't care about your work history. Please...stop talking to me like that..."

"Oh, was I doing it again? Sorry! But it really does look better! Now let's make the rest of your coat look just as cute!"

My coat? Sue's eyes looked upward. *Oh, God, not my hair!*

"Don't even think about it!" She exclaimed. "I'm *not* a draftee! I am an Inspector with the HPPS and I don't want a haircut!"

Donna released Sue's hair from the tight bun. Her luxurious raven locks cascaded down her white shoulders and back. Running her fingers through the silky strands, Donna nodded sympathetically. "It is a shame...you have such a lovely coat, but trust me, you'll want it nicely trimmed where you're going! Oh, and you won't be needing these!" Donna reached down and pulled the glasses from Sue's face.

Sue squinted and protested to the blurry blonde form in front of her, "Hey! I need those! I'm practically blind without them!"

"I can't trim your coat if you're wearing them! Besides, silly girl, do puppies wear glasses?"

"Well no, but..."

"Then *you* don't need glasses!"

"But I need them to see! How can I...How can I do my job without them?"

"Don't worry, puppy, we'll take care of that shortly. Now..."

"Stop calling me that!"

The first snip of the scissors was loud and crisp in Sue's ear. It didn't seem real as she watched the first chunk of her hair fall on the table beneath her. Then another chunk fell, and another, and another.

"No!" Sue cried as she struggled against her bonds. She was near tears from frustration. It distracted her from the fluttery feeling she got in her stomach every time she struggled unsuccessfully against the restraints.

Donna gently patted her back and softly whispered in her ear, "Shh...shhh. Keep still or there's going to be a bald little puppy on my table in a minute!"

Sue let out a sob and then became still. It was too late to do anything about it. She'd have to let Donna finish.

The clumps of hair grew into a few small piles under and around her when Donna finally said, "There, all done! Who's a brave girl? That's right, you are! You are! Let's get that hair up now! I think you'll look best with extra-high doggy ears."

Sue cringed thinking about how ridiculous a typical puppy girl hair style was. "Ow! Ow!" She complained as Donna pulled her hair on each side to put them up in extra tight elastic bands, so they wouldn't come undone.

Donna knelt down face to face with Sue. "Perfect! Now let's do your makeup."

Sue didn't bother to protest. *The bitch won't listen to me anyway...*

Sue wrinkled her nose as Donna began to apply puppy "makeup" from a bottle with a brush.

"Keep your face neutral, puppy! This stuff is meant to stay on, so we wouldn't want it to come out crooked! No we wouldn't!"

Sue did her best to be expressionless. It was hard to do knowing that Donna was making her look like a complete fool. Images of all the ridiculous paint jobs that many owners

had done on their puppy girls filled her mind. She'd seen everything from black circles around one eye, to full Dalmatian-like spots.

She thought about poor Boji outside the courtroom with the heart-shaped spot on the tip of her nose. *At least this can come off...at least I'm not tattooed like her...*

"There now..." Donna set the bottle and brush aside and knelt down again to face Sue. "Who's a cute puppy? Who's a cute puppy? I bet you want to see what you look like!"

Sue had given up trying to make Donna talk to her like a person and simply nodded, both wanting and not wanting to see what her hair looked like.

"Good girl! Let's fix those great big pretty eyes of yours so you can see how adorable and sweet you look!"

"Wait, my eyes? What are you going to do to my eyes?" Sue asked, suddenly fearful again.

"Nothing bad, puppy, I'm just going to give you some nice extended wear contacts so you'll be able to see without those dorky glasses! See?" She showed the small plastic case in the palm of her hand.

Sue blinked. She hated contacts, but considering everything else that had been done to her so far, contacts were the least of her worries. It was almost impossible to keep her eyes straight ahead while Donna's fingertips came straight at them. It took nearly a dozen tries, a lot of saline solution, tears, and cursing, but finally Sue's vision was clear again. Being able to see clearly made a tiny shred of her confidence return. Sue sat up a little straighter in her restraints, despite the pain in her knees from being on the table for what felt like forever.

Donna approached with a hand mirror. "Are you ready, pup?" Her smile was the widest it had ever been.

Sue curled her upper lip, "No...but yeah..." she said hesitantly.

"Here you are!"

Sue looked in the mirror and blinked twice.

Fuck...is that me?

There was a black heart painted on the tip of her nose and the three black dots on either cheek. It was a pretty common look for puppy girls unlucky enough to have their faces painted. Sue's hair had been hacked down to two short pigtails sticking straight out of the sides of her head with chic bangs hanging down over her forehead. As she moved her head side to side to

look at herself they bounced. Then she noticed her eyes. They had changed from the deep, dark brown to a bright, nearly unnatural blue.

Her mouth hung open for several long seconds as she tried to process the change. “God, what have you done to me?” She turned away from the mirror and closed her eyes.

“Don’t sulk, puppy. You look adorable! Besides...” Donna looked at the clock. “We’ve got a lot of work left to do. Your partner will be here to get you soon!”

Sue scrunched up her eyes tighter. The idea that Detective Jericho, that creep, was going to see her in the state she was in was unbearable. Her whole body shuddered at the idea of his eyes going across her. What would he think? What would he stare at? Would he even stare at all?

Donna picked up a pink vial of paint and brush and approached Sue’s butt. “You’d better be glad that I’m so good with makeup!” Donna patted Sue’s rear. “Otherwise, they’d have to brand you for real! Stay still or they may still have to!”

Sue did as she was told as Donna began to paint the heart shaped mark that all puppy girls had on the left side of their butts. She was relieved that no actual branding would have to take place, even if the idea of having to wear the mark at all made her want to vomit.

“All done! Well, I think that will fool just about anyone!” Donna declared, clearly very pleased with her handiwork. “Let’s get your gear on while the ‘brand’ dries. They’ve picked out some *darling* paws for you. Even a grumpy girl like you is gonna love ‘em! Yes, you are!”

Donna wheeled over a crate with “Petsitter B-Series – Mk I – SP” and opened it up. “You really should feel honored. You’re going to have completely unique gear taking care of you! ‘SP’ stands for special, which just means that there are optional components that can be added when necessary, but we’ll get into what that means later. Let’s get your pretty paws on you!” From the crate Donna pulled two thick, light brown leggings, each ending in a padded dog paw with pale pink pads on the bottom, followed by two matching mittens, and held them up to Sue.

“We modeled the color off of a Pomeranian. Which I think is so perfect! You’re little like one and you’ve got the same scrappy, feisty personality.”

Why couldn’t I be compared to something big and tough like a Rottweiler? Why an annoying yappy little dog? She wondered as Donna released her right ankle from its restraint and started pulling the legging up her leg.

The leggings were surprisingly soft and gave her some much-needing padding on her aching knees. It made her wiggle pleasantly as the fuzzy fabric rubbed against her calves, the

back of her knees and finally the insides of her thighs. Once Donna had tugged them all the way on, she buckled them near their tops at Sue's mid-thighs.

"Oh, did we find something that puppy likes?" Donna asked playfully.

"No!" Sue replied quickly and stopped wiggling. She couldn't help it! She had sensitive skin!

With the leggings secured, Sue found that they were more rigid than she originally thought. There was no way she would be able to stand while she was wearing them.

Donna laughed and turned her attention to Sue's front paws. Sue found that the mittens were just as fuzzy and struggled to hold in a sigh as they tightened around her balled up hands. She felt a moment of panic when she tried to open her hands and found she couldn't. Donna used smaller, but equally secure buckles to ensure that Sue's "pretty paws" would stay on through "thick and thin."

As if reading her mind, Donna lay her hands over Sue's paws and said, "Don't worry. You'll get used to it. Aw, who has the prettiest paws in the whole wide world! You do! You do! Now, flip over on your back so we can do your second 'brand!'"

Sue slowly and awkwardly started to move. The paws had some grip to them, but not as much as her bare skin, so she struggled not to slide on the metal table.

God, how am I going to "walk" like this?

Once on her back Sue looked down at her hairless crotch. The whole area around her vagina where her hair had been was a light red and her labia was slightly swollen. It was as if she were looking at another woman. Thinking about her new face and her hair too, her body no longer felt like it was hers. Sue had always seen the sadness in many puppy girls' eyes, but she wondered if they all felt the same scary feeling of detachment.

"Trust me," Donna said. "Your puppy parts look so much better this way! I think somebody is going to be very popular with the boys!" She proclaimed as she prepared to paint another heart-shaped paw "brand" on Sue's lower stomach.

Popular with the boys? Sue thought. That was something that she'd never been. Maybe it was because she'd always been too short and too skinny to get much attention. Maybe it was the bitchy attitude she'd developed in response to being teased, or worse, ignored. Whatever the reason she always drove them away. *If all it takes is a dumb haircut and a hairless pussy to impress "boys" then is it even worth it?*

The makeup brush glided across her smooth belly tickling her. Sue arched against it and giggled.

“Aw, does puppy like that?” Donna stopped painting and scratched Sue’s upper belly.

Sue gritted her teeth. “No—I’m just ticklish! Stop that!”

Donna smiled and went back to painting. “Use whatever excuse you want, you liked it!”

When Donna had finished she praised her own handiwork again. Sue looked down and had to admit that the mark did look real.

“How—how long does this paint last?” Sue asked, reaching for the mark.

“No, no, puppy! Let it dry!” Donna warned and batted away Sue’s paw. “Oh, it will last about two weeks.”

Sue’s heart sank. “Two weeks?” She exclaimed.

“Don’t worry, puppy. When they bring you back here I have a special solution that will remove it. Though you just look so cute, I don’t know why you’d want to!”

God, this girl is certifiable...

Donna retrieved two heart-shaped nipple covers from the crate and a small black remote. The covers were the same color as the stockings and mittens.

Well, I wouldn’t want to be mismatched...

“Hold still. I wouldn’t want them to go on un-even...” Donna mumbled as she applied them over Sue’s light pink nipples. “There. All done! Good girl for being so still!” She praised as she picked up the remote and pressed a few buttons.

Sue gasped and arched her back as she felt an extremely pleasant vibration start at the tips of her nipples and go deep into her breasts. The pleasure lasted only a moment and then it was gone. She looked up at Donna with a perplexed look on her face.

“Just testing to make sure the connection worked. I bet puppy liked that a lot!” Donna laughed and set the remote aside.

“I did not! I just wasn’t expecting it, that’s all...” Sue insisted as she squirmed a bit on the table. She’d *never* felt anything like that before. She bit her lower lip and tried to calm down as Donna presented her with a pair of perky, light brown dog ears in the style of a Pomeranian.

“Aren’t these just to die for?” Donna gushed as she hugged them to her.

Oh, I wanna die alright...

Sue grimaced and winced as her hair was pulled a bit while Donna affixed them to her head. Once they were attached, Donna picked up the remote again and pressed a few buttons.

Sue jumped as she heard a strong mechanical voice, “Petsitter B-Series – Mark 1 – SP online...Standby mode...” What was odd was that it didn’t come from her ears, but somehow from... inside her head. She’d always wondered what the governing voice of the sitter really felt like. It was awful knowing that even the inside of her own head wasn’t a sanctuary.

Donna pushed a few more buttons and the same mechanical voice said, “Shutting down.”

“We won’t need to keep this on until you’ve been delivered,” Donna explained.

“Why do you have to keep it on at all?” Sue asked.

Donna looked down at her, “Do you really think you could act convincingly like a proper puppy girl—especially around people who are used to taking care of them on a daily basis without the Petsitter helping you?”

Sue frowned, “I guess not.”

With both her “brands” dry, Donna moved to finish “registering” Sue with a shiny ear tag. Like the brands, Sue was relieved to find out she wasn’t actually going to have a hole put in her ear. Still, as the tag clipped on she winced and cried out.

“God, it pinches!”

“Well, you can either deal with the little pinch or I could have one of the boys in processing do it for real!”

Sue sat up straighter, “No, no! I—I guess this is fine.”

Donna laughed and fished around in the bottom of the crate, “I thought you might feel that way...Ah, there it is.” She pulled out a light brown, fluffy tail that, like the ears, was in the style of a Pomeranian.

Sue’s eyes locked onto the tail and traveled slowly down it to the plug at the end. At the mere sight of it she clenched her butt reflexively. Out of everything, the tail was what she had been most worried about, but she’d been able to avoid thinking about it until that moment.

“Wait...you’re not actually expecting me to...” She started awkwardly. “Come on, you faked the brands and the tag! Can’t you do the same for the tail?”

“Sorry, puppy, no, we can’t. You’re probably going to be at that kennel for at least several days. You’re going to have to go potty sometime. The handlers would notice if you weren’t plugged!”

Sue started to back away from her, but stopped as she ran out of table surface and teetered on the edge. Stuck on her hands and knees and already being so short, Sue suddenly felt like she was standing on the edge of a canyon.

“Ah, ah, ah, none of that, puppy!” Donna wagged her finger. “If you’re not going to be still, I can still call in the boys from processing and *they* can do it.”

Sue wavered, not sure what to do. She almost wanted to put up a fight out of principle.

Donna turned the tail over and pointed at the plug. “We knew you wouldn’t be able to take a normal full-sized one, so we got you the smallest model available. We call them ‘runt-size’, you know, cause runt-of-the-litter? They’re for petite pups like you. Come on, I’ll grease it and you up really good so it will just *pop* right in! It’s so small you probably won’t even know it’s there!”

“What in the hell is wrong with you?” Sue snapped as she set her rump protectively down on the table. “How would you like having something stuck up your butt? How would *you* like having any of this done to you?” She shook her paw at Donna before she realized that it probably looked more-adorable than threatening. She dropped her paw in her lap and said in a small, defeated voice, “You don’t know how this feels...”

“Oh? I don’t know how it feels?” Donna asked. Her voice was still just as light and sweet as ever as she raised her uniform blouse and pulled down the waistband of her pants revealing an old ComPet brand.

Sue stared at the mark for several long seconds before looking up at Donna, “*You* were a service animal?”

“Yup!” She dropped her blouse.

“But why...why would you do this? Why would you work here?”

“Well, this might surprise you, but I enjoyed my service time. I know I was luckier than a lot of other girls, not as lucky as you were though...” She smiled slyly. “We don’t all have your family’s connections. Anyway, I really was lucky. A lot of girls get paired with really cruel or ugly owners, or both! Mine was super strict, but he was hot, kept me comfortable, well-fed, and most importantly, well-fucked!”

Sue’s eyes widened.

"We're not all prudes, Sue." Donna chuckled.

I'm not a prude! Sue pouted. *Am I?*

"I happen to like sex, so did my owner, and while I was his puppy girl he went after me like no man did before or since!" Donna's cheeks flushed a bit as a wistful look crept over her features. "You have no idea how good it can be when you're completely helpless...and at the same time, in a way, so is he. He might have the remote that controls you and he might be the owner, but it was like he was powerless to resist me..." Donna grinned wickedly and winked.

Sue squirmed a bit on the edge of the table. Her "puppy parts" tingled at the thought of making a man so powerless. She wondered what it would be like.

"So, I do know how it feels. I wore a much bigger plug for two whole years and I didn't get to complain while they jammed it up me, so I'd count my blessings if I were you, puppy!"

"You still haven't told me why you work here."

"It's what I know. And I do it because I want to make the process a little less-scary for the pups that end up on my table—you know, like I would have wanted when I was here."

Sue nodded. "That's what I wanted to do in the HPPS—help all the poor girls who are stuck in service!"

"Well, then we're not so different then. See? Now, can we?" Donna held up the tail in one hand and a tube of lubricant in the other.

Sue nodded slowly. "I—yes."

"Good girl! Who's a brave puppy?" Donna chimed. "Now head down and bottom up!"

Sue crawled back to the middle of the table and timidly lowered her face. The metal was cool on her burning cheek as she presented her backside to Donna.

This is so humiliating...

She jolted up as she felt cool lube against her anus.

"No, puppy..." Donna murmured soothingly as she gently pushed Sue's head back down. "I know you're fearful. Just relax and I promise it won't be awful..."

Even after everything Donna had told her, Sue doubted her, but she took a deep breath and tried to be calm and still. The lube gradually warmed as Donna lightly massaged her in a semi-circle.

“That’s right. Relax. So brave...so brave...” Donna murmured.

Sue started to feel a little like a jar of jam left out in the sun on a scorching summer day. Her face was hot, her heart was thumping, and a slight trickle of drool dripped from the corner of her mouth. Maybe Donna was right and it wouldn’t be so bad. Suddenly the massage stopped, and Sue felt a hard, unyielding object against her tight opening. Her eyes shot open and she started to sit up again. Donna intercepted Sue’s head and pressed it down again as the plug began to slide inside her tight opening.

Sue reflexively clenched down on it, trying to push the invader out as tears of pain and panic came to her eyes. “No! Stop! Take it out! Take it out!”

Donna held her down and pushed the plug deeper, “Shh...shhh...I know, puppy, I know. Breathe. Relax...” She murmured.

Sue took panicked gasps as her whole body shined with sweat. When she’d done service animal welfare checks for the HPPS she’d always asked owners to remove tail plugs so she could check that area for health. She’d always wondered how they could stand having that bulbous thing forced in and out of them each day, but never wanted to experience it to learn.

Finally, Donna let out a grunt and the pressure stopped. With a playful slap on Sue’s behind she said triumphantly, “Done! I have *never* had a puppy on my table with such a tight, little chute as you!”

Sue couldn’t hold back her tears anymore. The humiliation and pain of the day had finally gotten to her. She collapsed into pitiful sobs.

Donna petted her lovingly. “Aw, don’t cry, puppy. Come on! Who’s a brave puppy? That’s right! You are! You are!”

Sue tried to choke back her tears.

“I—I—” she sobbed as she reached back for the tail with her pawed hands.

“No, puppy! No! We mustn’t try to touch our tail!” Donna batted away Sue’s paws.

“But I—” Sue trembled and then whispered. “I have to go to the bathroom! Please take it out!”

“No, puppy. That’s just the way it feels at first. You’ll get used to it.”

“Please! I need to go!”

“No. Now, you’re almost done! Just two more things—and I promise they won’t hurt.”

Sue had been through so much. She gulped back some more sobs as Donna wiped her tears. She tried to ignore the feeling that she needed to go to the bathroom without much success.

Donna showed her the next item from the crate, a c-string that matched the rest of her gear. "See, not scary at all. And since you're so bashful, I bet you'll like having your puppy parts covered!"

Yeah, "covered..."

Sue shifted a bit as Donna affixed the thing over her crotch. She had to admit that it was better than nothing. She yelped and jumped a little when Donna attached the back of it to the tail. Even the littlest touch to the tail was more than a bit painful.

Donna picked up the remote and pushed a few buttons. Sue's eyes bulged as she first felt a powerful vibration from the plug for several long seconds followed by an equally strong tremor from the front panel of the c-string.

Oh my God!

The vibrations alternated from the plug and the panel several times. Sue's hips wiggled as she involuntarily let out a high-pitched squeak every time the tremors went to the panel and a pained groan every time they went to the plug.

Then the vibrations stopped. Panting slightly and with her hips still shaking, Sue looked up at Donna with an almost resentful expression as if to say, "How could you?"

"I told you it wouldn't hurt. I bet puppy liked that, huh? Does puppy want more?" Donna teased.

Sue almost nodded, but didn't.

"I bet puppy does!" Donna looked at her slyly. "Well, there's no time anyway!"

Donna held up a sturdy black leather collar with a shiny, bone-shaped dog tag jingling against the buckle. "See, puppy gets her own pretty new necklace! Chin up!"

Sue stared for a moment at the collar before raising her chin. She shivered as she felt the cool, firm leather caress her soft neck. Panic rose in her as it began to close around her throat. She felt as if she couldn't swallow—couldn't breathe!

"All finished!" Donna helped Sue off the table and onto the floor.

Sue always had to look up at most others due to being so short, but it was a whole new perspective on her hands and knees. Looking up at the tall, pretty, well-dressed Donna made

her feel small and very much inferior. It was a feeling that wasn't helped when Donna attached a leash to Sue's collar.

Sue pawed at the leash. "Hey, I don't need a leash yet do I?" When she woke up that morning she didn't think it was remotely possible that she'd be asking that question.

"Not yet, but you might as well get used to it now. Come on!" Donna gave a light tug.

Sue made a sullen face, but followed Donna to a mirror attached to the wall at her new, low level. It had been a shock when she'd seen herself after the haircut and the makeup, but seeing herself dressed—locked—in the full puppy gear and looking no different than the helpless, pathetic girls she used to check daily was a nightmare. The ridiculous paws on her hands and feet, the "brand" over her lower belly, the collar around her neck with the tag hanging down from it, Sue stared unbelieving at it all with brown eyes made blue.

"Oh, I almost forgot!" Donna looped the end of the leash on a wall-mounted hook and pulled two pink ribbons from her pocket. "We can't send this puppy out without her ribbons, no we can't!" She said as she knelt down next to Sue and tied the ribbons into large bows at the base of each pigtail. "Perfect! Who's the prettiest puppy in the whole wide world? That's right, you are! You are!"

Sue *hated* pink. The ribbons just made her feel even more disassociated from her own body. She thought of Boji again and the girls she'd "rescued," and for a moment she wondered if she didn't deserve all of this.

Donna was wrong. It was the collar that hurt the worst of all.