

Part 6: The First Day

The inside of the kennel was stifling. The fan at the far wall of the room rattled ceaselessly, but barely moved the air. A dull light shined through the skinny bars of the crate door and cast their harsh shadow over Sue's pathetic form. She'd scrunched herself against the metal wall of the kennel to try to stay out of the puddle she'd made so she could sleep, but she kept rolling over into it every time she'd managed to doze off. Every time she made contact she awoke with a jolt, sweaty, sore, and stiff. The nightmare started over every single time.

She thought of all the other young women, women just like her that she'd returned to service. She knew the life of a service animal was awful. She saw it every day. She was afraid of it. Yet, she never really understood just how awful it really was.

Maybe... She gulped. Her mouth was dry and her tongue felt like a fly strip. *Maybe I deserve this.*

Groaning, Sue sat up and crawled to the door. Other than the continuing racket of the box fan and the snores of some of the nearby inmates, it was quiet in the room. What time was it? She smacked her lips and slid her tacky tongue against the roof of her mouth trying to generate some saliva. She turned back into the crate and looked disgustedly at her only source of drinking water. In her welfare checks she'd seen many. Ostensibly to save space and to prevent spillage, rather than giving puppy girls bowls to drink out of in their crates; it was more-common to give them water bottles similar to the kind often reserved for pet rodents. The only difference was that the tube that dangled down from the top of the crate wasn't metal, but rubber and very obviously phallus-shaped. Sue didn't want to have to resort to putting her mouth on it, but with the heat, she knew she needed to drink or face the effects of dehydration.

Awkwardly balancing over the cold puddle of urine, Sue eased her face under the black rubber protrusion. *It's only rubber.* She told herself, but she shivered as the smooth head rested on her tongue and her lips wrapped around it. Hoping that the handlers cleaned the water dispensers after each night, she felt incredibly dirty as she sucked in her cheeks to coax water from it. The water was warm and slightly stale.

Jesus, they really thought of everything didn't they? Sue thought. She wondered why men—why society—was so perverted. What could they possibly get from treating her—treating women like this?

The questions faded as Sue found herself spacing out a bit as she continued to suck down water. It was kind of relaxing even while she was trying not to touch the puddle under her. Half of the reason why she liked her vape pen was because of a slight oral fixation—not that she'd ever admit it. She had never given a blowjob. The idea was disgusting, beneath her, but still... She closed her eyes and inched her mouth a little further up the shaft. She paused. She

still felt dirty, but in a different way. She drew back down, running her lips and tongue down the smooth shaft.

It's not fair. I do this and I'm a slut. At least that's what her mother had told her. A puppy girl does it and she's a "good girl!"

Sue felt a light tingle between her legs. She experimentally wagged her tail and ran her mouth up the shaft again. Then back down. Then back up. She wagged her tail faster as the tingling grew in heat and intensity.

I'm just an animal...It doesn't matter...no one can see...

Sue gave a start when she heard the robotic voice click on inside her head, "Good puppy. Good puppy!" It praised.

She lurched back with water and her own saliva dribbling down her chin. She recoiled from the corner and returned, almost fearfully, to the small dry spot.

Why had she heard Detective Jericho's—Robert's—voice instead of the petsitter's voice when she was praised? Was it the heat? Or perhaps wishful thinking?

What in the hell is wrong with me?

Sue awoke with a start from a fitful sleep to the rattle of crate doors being opened all throughout the room. She shook her head to clear away the cobwebs of sleep and the still-fresh memories of the previous night. Moments later, a pair of boots appeared in front of her crate. Tensing, she took a deep breath and waited.

The door opened, "Good morning, dumb-dumb! It's time for breakfast!"

Doesn't this asshole have a home to go to?

Still groggy, Sue hesitated for one moment too long and Phil reached inside to get her. She gasped as he grabbed her collar and dragged her out and right through the puddle.

"What the...Shit!" Phil exclaimed. "Bad dog!" He swatted her across the behind making her yelp. Then he flipped her around to face her mess. "Bad dog!" He scolded then grabbed the back of her head and shoved her face first back into the puddle.

Sue stifled another "No!" in her throat as he rubbed her nose in it as if she were a real dog who'd wet the carpet. Sue rooted her paws under her and tried to push herself up, but Phil easily pushed her right back down, wetting her face and hair as he maliciously rolled her back and forth in it. Just as savagely, he yanked her back up. Her cheeks, nose, and chin dripped and her wet pigtails drooped along with her crooked hair ribbons. "Bad dog!" Phil repeated and

took possession of her collar again. He walked her over to the far wall where a short garden hose was coiled and hung. Other puppy girls emerging from their kennels watched as she passed. Some of them seemed to be smirking. Or was it just the usual dumb smile they always wore? Were they laughing at her? Were pathetic puppy girls laughing at her? The handlers she could almost take, but them? Sue was uncertain if they did find some amusement in her predicament, but she hung her head in shame anyway. Phil took a short length of chain attached to the wall and clipped it to her collar.

The click of heels on the concrete floor, and an overly-cheerful woman's voice, made Sue glance to the side. It was Renee, the receptionist, with a phone in her hands. She was stopping inmates on their way outside and snapping pictures of them.

"Come on, Sassy; give a big smile for your daddy!" Renee coaxed a sulky looking puppy girl who clearly wasn't a morning person. As Phil uncoiled the hose, Renee approached. "Oh, what happened here?" She asked Phil. "Did little Ditzzy have an accident?"

Oh, God, kill me now...

Renee held her nose exaggeratedly and exclaimed, "P U!"

Phil laughed. "I think the little bitch learned her lesson."

"Aw, I wish you didn't have to be so mean to them!" She looked at Sue sympathetically.

"It's the only way they'll learn!" Phil spat on the ground and reached for the valve.

"You're right, but I still feel so sorry for the poor things!" Renee aimed the camera. Sue cringed and looked down. "No, no, Ditzzy. Look up at me, girl! Come on! We need to take your picture for your morning report so your daddy can see you're alright!"

My daddy? Oh, no! Sue realized that she was talking about Robert. *Oh, God, I can't let him see me like this!* Sue strained against the chain and then covered her face with her paws. She heard the camera click followed by the clicks of a text message.

Renee knelt down next to her and flipped the phone around. "See, Ditzzy?"

Sue slowly lowered her paws and looked at the picture. She looked so pathetic while she was wet and cowering behind her stupid paws. The text that was going with it only made things worse. "Ditzzy had a little accident!" It read. "I think she misses you! She's getting a little shower before breakfast!"

Don't hit send!

Renee tapped "send" with her index finger.

The so-called shower was icy cold, but after the heat of the night she appreciated having the sour smelling sweat and urine rinsed away. It also distracted her from thinking about Robert looking and laughing at her morning report picture. He'd probably show it to her boss Mr. Cross, and maybe even the client, Mr. Polk. She was sure they'd all have a good laugh at her expense. Phil was very thorough. He made sure to get all of her nooks and crannies. Sue gasped and shrieked when the stinging water struck her most private cranny, but she thankfully managed not to set the sitter off with an unapproved noise.

After Renee returned to quickly retie Sue's hair and ribbons, Phil leashed her and led her outside, noting that she was too "stupid" to make it to breakfast on her own. The sun was just rising and it was already getting hot outside. The cold water had quickly become cool, then tepid, until it finally just felt like more sweat dripping off her small, crawling form.

Sue's stomach was grumbling. She'd only had a late breakfast the day before and she was famished. Knowing what was considered an "acceptable" diet for service animals by the standards of the HPPS didn't make Sue less-hungry, but it did make her dread what she knew was coming. Even so-called spoiled puppy girls like Boji still had to eat what was essentially dog food. Sue remembered Mr. Richter lecturing her while she was searching for clues in Boji's room after her disappearance.

"I *never* give Boji even the tiniest morsel of table scraps, Miss Sharp." He'd explained. "Why, my company's puppy girl kibble takes care of all of her nutritional needs *and* keeps her from getting chubby!" He laughed and his large belly jiggled. "Besides, giving her people food would just confuse the poor little thing, you know?"

Sue shook her head as if to shake out the memory. *What an asshole!*

The other puppy girls were just finishing relieving themselves at the sand pits and were making their way over to a long line of stainless steel dog bowls. Phil paused for a moment and asked Sue if she needed to potty but then quickly added, "Oh, I forgot! You already went all over yourself didn't you, dumb-dumb?" He dragged her to join the others and parked her in front of an empty bowl. He unclipped her leash and said in her ear, "Don't forget to clean your plate, bitch."

Cringing, Sue sat up and looked at the puppy girls on either side of her. Some looked a bit gloomy, but a few looked downright excited as they bounced and whined. She found herself beginning to hate their perkiness.

Why can't you be miserable like the rest of us?

Men in coveralls came from both ends of the line dishing up pathetically small cups of kibble from a large bag featuring a smiling, apple-cheeked puppy girl on the side. Some puppy girls got more and some got less. Sue thought back to the accommodations Robert had selected for her. They were still several bowls away from hers and already the stink of kibble

was thick in the air. It really did smell like the absolute cheapest dog food. Suddenly Sue was glad that she hadn't been signed up for better accommodations. It just would have meant *more* gravel to eat.

The rattle of kibble on steel closed in on her from both sides along with the increasingly pungent smell. The puppy girls that were already excited were near frantic as they bounced and slobbered in anticipation. Sue glanced from side to side and spotted Cheesecake several bowls down the line. Her slightly curly blonde hair positively glowed in the bright morning sun. Out of all the excited puppy girls she was the bounciest and the loudest. On the other side, several bowls down the line Sue saw Naan, who was looking at her. The dark-eyed puppy girl somehow managed to glare at her intensely while managing to maintain her usual dumb, drooly smile and perky bouncing that almost equaled Cheesecake's display.

Sue tore her eyes away as one of the handlers dropped a mere half-cup of kibble into the dish in front of her. With the last few bowls filled the yard was almost silent except for the sounds of dozens of puppy girls panting in the morning heat and the distant drone of insects.

Finally, one of the handlers called out, "Alright, pups, muzzles in bowls!"

Puppy girls, perky, peevish and those in between, dove face first into their smelly breakfasts. Seeing that she was the only one still sitting up, Sue quickly lowered her face to the bowl, but stopped short of touching the stinking mess.

Always a picky eater, Sue thought frantically, *oh, it smells even worse up close! I can't do this! I can't do this!* Then Donna's words entered her mind again and she thought *Dogs don't care what they eat. They just eat...*

Trying not to breathe through her nose, Sue gingerly opened her mouth and fished a single piece of bone-shaped kibble from the pile. The moment her teeth crunched through it her mouth was filled with a bitter, rancid taste and she almost wretched. Bits of kibble suspended in her drool dripped into the bowl as she panted.

Steeling herself, she tried again. *Dogs don't care what they eat! I'm just a dumb little doggy! I don't care what I eat! I'm a dumb dog!* She thought as she buried her "muzzle" in the pile and took a huge mouthful—reasoning that since one piece was basically unbearable, she might as well get the meal over with as quickly as possible.

The voice of the sitter clicked on, "Good puppy! Good puppy! Eat up!"

Frantically, Sue chewed until her jaws ached and then tried to swallow. Her empty stomach rebelled and she felt the kibble coming back up again, but she willed herself not to get sick. Even as the foul odor of the food and the sticky heat of the morning bore down on her. She took another mouthful and concentrated completely on getting through that one mouthful. She didn't think about the next mouthful she'd have to eat. She didn't think about the case or getting close to Cheesecake. She didn't think about how stupid she must look with her face

down and her rear end up in the air. She didn't think about what she'd say to Robert when the case was over. It was perhaps the most focused she'd ever been in her entire life.

Chew! Chew! Chew! Swallow!

Before she even realized it, her bowl was empty and she sat back on her haunches gratefully while taking care not to bump her tail on the ground. Her stomach churned, but she felt so accomplished that she didn't care. Handlers came by to wipe off each puppy girl's face before dismissing them to "go play." She found herself in Phil's grip as he took a not-so-clean rag from his belt and ran it roughly over her face.

"I didn't think you had it in you, Ditzzy." He smiled and pointed at the empty bowl. "Good girl!" He praised and tapped the remote. Her c-string, plug, and nipple-covers all vibrated pleasantly for ten amazing seconds making her squirm and wag her tail reflexively. Sue bit her lower lip in frustration when the buzzing stopped. He playfully slapped her still wagging butt, "Go play!"

Sue trotted away from the eating area still awkwardly trying to wag away the tingling in her crotch. She made it a point to be up on her toes and to keep her knees up off the ground just like Donna had shown her. It was a little easier after the bit of practice she'd gotten the day before. As her elation from being praised and rewarded with a few moments of vibration slowly faded, she paused and asked herself for the second time that morning, *what in the hell is wrong with me?*

Instead of dwelling on thoughts that could lead her down strange mental roads she didn't want to travel, Sue focused on her job. She was the last one to finish and be dismissed, so when she looked around, Cheesecake was already long gone.

Sue smirked, thinking of the blonde puppy girl's big mouth and voluptuous figure. *She probably ate her breakfast in two big bites!*

With no alternative but to wander around like she did the first evening in the kennel, Sue set out to search each of the four sections. It was slow going. She was very sore from all the crawling the day before and from spending the night on the hard metal floor of the crate. After crawling through one enclosure and not finding her prey, she stopped to rest for a moment in a small scrap of shade. The other puppy girls basically ignored her. Sue wondered if maybe her tough girl routine the previous day had actually made an impression on them.

Ha! That's right, I'm an alpha bitch! Fear me! She grinned to herself and crawled on to the next enclosure, disregarding the thought that it was probably the shock from her sitter that had discouraged them if anything.

She saw Cheesecake on the far side. She was prancing around happily with a few other puppy girls. They were playfully nipping and sniffing each other as they romped around the enclosure. Sue curled her lip as she slowly made her way to them. She felt like she was approaching a group of popular girls in high school.

This group probably has higher IQs and better personalities though, she joked, and at least I don't have to think of anything to say to them!

She studied their movements. She wasn't nearly as agile as they were, but joining in with whatever game they were playing would at least keep her closer to Cheesecake. With a deep breath she widened her eyes, opened her mouth and started panting and lolling her tongue so that she'd blend in with the others. She was halfway across the yard when suddenly she was struck hard in her side. With the wind knocked out of her, Sue rolled right over onto her back and into a patch of dust.

Blinking and confused she looked up to see Naan glowering down at her. Her dark eyes were intense and her body was taut like a cobra ready to strike. Sue felt her tail going between her legs again and a whimper slip past her parted lips.

Oh, shit! Sue thought and tried to flip back over onto her paws. She'd only managed to get half way back up when Naan rushed at her and knocked her down again.

Sue yelped and rolled onto her back again as Naan climbed on top of her and licked her across the face triumphantly. Sue scrunched up her face and struggled to get away, but Naan was much bigger, much stronger, and clearly very experienced with wearing the puppy gear. After several slobbery, kibble-scented licks, Naan flipped around.

Naan's barely covered crotch hovered over Sue's face. She shook her head frantically as Naan's smelly rear end came closer and closer. Suddenly Sue saw a yellowish blur out of the corner of her eye and Naan went toppling off of her. Free, Sue scrambled to her paws. Cheesecake had been the blur and she was snarling and wrestling with Naan in the dirt a short distance away.

Realizing that this was her chance to make friends, Sue jumped into the fray. With padded paws, and petsitters to prevent them from biting, the fight surely looked more-cute than threatening to any onlookers. It was a clumsy and soft whirlwind of tails, collars, hair ribbons, sweat and slobber. No one had the upper hand when suddenly all three of them yowled in pain from a powerful shock.

They all recoiled from each other and sat up. One of the handlers looked down at them with an outstretched remote in one hand and three leashes in the other.

"Bad puppies!" He scolded. "Puppies do *not* fight!" He pressed a series of buttons again and a shock ripped through all three of them again making them howl. With all three of them stunned, the handler quickly snapped leashes on their collars and dragged them into the crate

room where he attached their leashes to high hooks on the walls, which gave them little slack to move. Cheesecake and even Naan both looked frightened and were even whimpering quietly, which filled Sue with fear. What could these bastards possibly do that scared two experienced service animals?

Phil arrived moments later. He was whistling casually and carrying three plastic bags with a small hose attached to each one. Cheesecake and Naan began to whine louder as it dawned on Sue what they were. Many owners gave their puppy girls regular enemas supposedly for cleanliness and health. Sue was certain that like nearly everything else, it was just an excuse to do something gross and perverted.

Sue quaked in fear as she watched Naan, strong, intimidating Naan, be reduced to a crying, pathetic mess as they pulled her tail plug out roughly and inserted the nozzle at the end of the tube. Naan squealed and shook her head as they released the liquid and her belly started to swell. Cheesecake trembled as she looked over at Sue and gave her a comforting look with tear rimmed eyes. Sue had almost as bad a track record making friends as she did getting boyfriends. There was something simple and genuine in the moment that she'd never really felt before.

When Naan's bag was empty they yanked the nozzle and quickly replaced it with the tail plug. Naan moaned miserably. Cheesecake's face contorted as she received the same treatment as Naan. When Donna had put her tail in Sue had wondered if anything could be worse. As they finished with Cheesecake and replaced her tail plug Sue knew that she was about to find out.

"Oh, Ditzzy, I call you a 'good girl' a few hours ago and already you're acting up again! You really are a dumb dog!" Phil remarked and yanked her tail plug out.

Sue fearfully tried to lower her rear end to get away from the nozzle, but Phil placed his boot on the back of her head forcing it down and making her butt rise. Her eyes and mouth popped open as she felt the lubricated nozzle slide into her tight, little opening. It was smaller than the plug, but still didn't feel good. She closed her eyes and mewled.

"Shut up, stupid! It's your own fault!" Phil scolded her as the water flowed into her.

Sue stifled another "no" in her throat as she felt her bowels swelling from the liquid until she felt like she would burst like a balloon. They finished and replaced her plug tail so quickly she didn't even have a full moment to try to push out the liquid.

"Alright pups, back out to the yard!" Phil dismissed the other handler and dragged the three panting, tearful puppy girls into the bright, late morning sun. He produced a rawhide bone from his pocket and said, "Might as well get your play time and your punishment time done at the same time! I'm sure you little bitches will appreciate the efficiency!" He unclipped their leashes and wagged the bone over them.

Cheesecake and Naan sniffed at it, both clearly trying to still appear happy and eager even as their tears rolled down their cheeks. Sue had a sinking feeling that he was going to expect them to play fetch in their swollen state.

“Get the scent, dummy!” Phil noticed that Sue wasn’t sniffing and pressed it into her nose making her wince. “All right.” He held the bone over his head for several seconds as if to build anticipation. “Fetch!” He threw the bone to the other side of the enclosure where it banged against the fence.

What the hell? Was he a professional baseball pitcher?

“Fetch!” He repeated.

Sue, Naan, and Cheesecake all groaned and crawled slowly with painfully bulging, sloshing bellies. Phil urged them to move faster, threatening them with a shock, from under the comfortable shade of the central building. Other puppy girls stopped and gawked as the trio passed. They were all still smiling and panting, but Sue could sense a certain apprehension coming off the onlookers. Perhaps some of them or all of them had been through something similar.

Sue couldn’t keep up with the other two and soon fell behind. Panting, she slowed and then stopped. She couldn’t take it anymore. She started bawling. The pain, the humiliation, the fact that she couldn’t outperform lowly puppy girls, all came to a head. She didn’t know how long she was lost in self-pity when she felt a soft paw on her shoulder. It was Cheesecake with the same reassuring, sympathetic and tearful eyes. Even the little bit of encouragement was enough to get Sue moving again. Naan got to the bone and slogged her way back as Sue and Cheesecake trailed her.

“Good girl! Good puppy!” Phil ruffled her hair. “Since you got the bone I’m going to let you go with just one pass!” Naan perked up at this and eagerly followed him to the sand pits where she was graciously allowed to empty her bowels. With a swat on her butt a very grateful Naan was dismissed. She looked over her shoulder at Sue and Cheesecake, made sure that the handler wasn’t looking at her, and then sneered nastily at them as she crawled away into the neighboring enclosure.

“Now, since you two were so slow. You can do this two more times. Fetch!”

Sue’s heart dropped, and not only because she was going to have to fetch twice more. She felt genuinely awful that Cheesecake would have to fetch twice more too. Sue looked at her with sad eyes as if to say, “I’m sorry...”

Cheesecake looked back at her with weary but understanding eyes as if to say, “It’s okay...”

The two trips back and forth in the hot sun were grueling, but Sue and Cheesecake continued to encourage each other and somehow they made it through the ordeal. Finally, they were both unplugged and allowed to release the liquid. Sue didn't even care that Phil was leering down at her, or that there were other puppy girls around watching. She was grateful, perhaps more grateful than she'd ever been for anything in her whole life.

For the remainder of the day Cheesecake stayed next to Sue. It was almost like Cheesecake was guarding her instead of the other way around. Sue wasn't sure if it was her voluptuous companion or fear of a second punishment from the handlers, but Naan had avoided them during the second meal, potty breaks, the second play period, and every other possible time. After their ordeal neither were inclined to move much, so they lounged in the patches of shade they could find. It was kind of nice not having the pressure to make conversation and surprisingly Cheesecake wasn't terribly pushy about sniffing or licking at Sue. The one time her nose had gotten close to Sue's nether regions, Sue wheeled around so violently that even Cheesecake's normally cheerful face fell. From that moment on they seemed to have an understanding between them.

When the evening came, Sue was achy and tired as she padded into the crate room next to Cheesecake for bedtime. She didn't care if all that awaited her was the hot, cramped crate with the hard metal floor. She just wanted to sleep, but she remembered her job and stayed close to Cheesecake.

The handler who had assisted in administering the enemas stood over both of them. Sue wanted to bite his nose off for taking part, but instead she quickly rubbed her flank against Cheesecake's and yipped happily just like she had seen the pair of puppy girls do the night before.

"Aw, did you two little partners in crime make friends today? Do you want to share a crate tonight?"

Sue yipped in response. For a moment she wondered if she shouldn't have let Cheesecake sniff her, or perhaps if she should have sniffed Cheesecake. What if Cheesecake had been offended? To Sue's relief, Cheesecake joined her in yipping.

The handler glanced at the stamp on both their backsides. He guided Sue into the crate and closed the door behind her. Sue moved to the gate and looked out at him quizzically.

"Don't worry, pup, your friend will be along soon! She's got 'special' playtime first." He winked.

Sue watched from behind the narrow bars as the majority of puppy girls were crated just as they had been the night before. She was closer to the middle of the row than she had been

so she had a straight on view of the handlers and the few remaining puppy girls on the floor. From what she could see they all had an “M” in the middle of their stamps.

Suddenly feeling very protective of her new friend, Sue pushed against the bars. *I'll kill these bastards if they hurt her!*

To Sue's surprise, Cheesecake was even more happy and peppy than usual. Though she'd seemed as tired as Sue when they were crawling into the crate room, her usual spirit seemed to have been restored. She rolled over on her back and spread her hind legs obscenely in front of the handler. Her eyes were especially wide, almost pleading, as she whined and shimmied seductively.

The handler smiled. “Come on, Cheesecake. Flirt! Flirt if you want it!”

The chubby puppy girl scrambled up onto her hands and knees, put her face to the dirty floor and raised her butt to the handler. She wagged her tail shamelessly at him as she looked at him over her shoulder eagerly as she barked loudly.

“That's right, Cheesecake!” The handler praised and unzipped his pants. “Good girl!”

All around other puppy girls were putting on similar shows to entice the handlers. Some of them looked upset or embarrassed, a few looked genuinely excited like Cheesecake, but *all* of them were doing it. Sue told herself that she should look away, but she couldn't stop staring.

The handler pulled Cheesecake's tail and c-string out and tossed them aside. Stroking himself he knelt down behind her. Cheesecake's face lit up in absolute ecstasy as the handler gripped her chubby hips and drove into her without any foreplay or warning. She yelped loudly as she tossed her head back. As the handler rode her she looked over at Sue, her face was flushed, her drooling mouth was open, but her eyes twinkled as if to ask Sue, “Are you jealous?” Or maybe that's just what Sue imagined she was asking. She couldn't ignore the tingling between her legs or the fluttering in her stomach as she watched Cheesecake being mated like a real animal.

Sue backed into the kennel and closed her eyes, but she could still hear all the panting and the moaning. She realized that she was panting too and the tingling between her legs had become throbbing. Her paw slowly drifted down her belly towards the need between her legs. Then she stopped. Something told her she shouldn't. It was as if she was about to start something that she wouldn't be able to stop.

Come on...no one's watching...no one will know...No one judges animals anyway...

Reasoning that she deserved a little fun after the last few days she'd had, Sue tried to lie back like she normally would when she was...finger painting, but grunted as her tail bumped the ground.

Silly puppy! She joked to herself. *Dumb dogs do it on all fours!*

She shifted onto her paws and knees. The throbbing between her legs was becoming unbearable. She'd never felt it so intensely before and that shut out her trepidation. She put her face to the floor and raised her tail to the air and started wagging it as if enticing some non-existent owner.

She tried to think about her normal fantasy. Her brow furrowed. She tried to imagine herself floating down the aisle in her lovely wedding dress like she always did. That elegant, classy image of her was distorted—wrong. Instead she crawled down the aisle panting and drooling, dragged by a choke chain. Her dignified dress was replaced with white puppy gear trimmed with copious amounts of lace and ribbons.

Instead of being mortified of where her mind had gone, Sue pressed her burning cheek to the metal floor to balance as her paw drifted down between her legs. She rubbed it back and forth against the c-string as her neediness only grew.

At the altar, the vague figure of her fantasy man was replaced. Her heart stopped when she saw Robert standing with a golden collar in his hand and an arrogant smile on his face. He swung it back and forth in front of her eyes like a pendulum. She was hypnotized by it. So much so that she was completely docile as he slipped it around her neck.

His lips brushed her ear as he buckled it on and whispered; "Now you're my pet forever!"

Sue came back to the moment. The stupid c-string and the paws frustrated her. She pressed herself into her paw desperately, grinding against it.

I'm his! I'm his! I'm his pet! I'm his pet!

Her eyes crossed as she inhaled sharply. Her whole body went rigid and then shook as she had the most violent and powerful orgasm she'd ever experienced.

Before she could recover, the crate door creaked open and Sue scrambled up, not wanting anyone to know what she'd just done. A sweaty, panting Cheesecake crawled in next to her and lay down with a contented sigh. She smelled heavily of sex, which soon filled the tiny, overheated space and overpowered Sue's own scent.

"Goodnight, pups!" The handler said before leaving them.

Still reeling from her own orgasm Sue felt strange and tried to get comfortable in the small space. Cheesecake sniffed the air and gave her a look as if she knew what Sue had been up to. Not sure if that's what the look meant, Sue looked away and instead focused on getting comfortable. Without words, Cheesecake managed to show Sue the best way for them to lie in the crate to get the most out of the space. Even still, Sue found her front and back paws

intertwined with Cheesecake's and her head resting against the side of her friend's ample breasts.

Once they were settled, Cheesecake gave Sue a quick lick on the cheek and closed her eyes. Not wanting to be rude, Sue did the same, shivering a bit as she tasted Cheesecake's sweat. In the moments before sleep took her, Sue thought once more about Robert and the gold collar. Then she wondered for the third time that day just what the hell was wrong with her.