

A Sue Snippet -

Morning Routine 1 - Walkies

After the nice response I got from the journal entry “A Moment in Sue’s Possible Future” and the caption “Ditzy’s First Date,” I decided that I would try writing additional small stories about Sue and Robert’s life together after Sue becomes his house pet. In the future, I intend to jump back and forth between the main cases and these snippets.

Please note that certain details are subject to change. For instance, in the first blurb Sue had been renamed “Bitsy,” but in this first snippet I’ve decided Robert would have named her “Button” after Robert described her as “cute as a button” in the third case, and for other reasons that will become apparent later.

Enjoy!

Sue—Button—had never been a morning person, but Robert—Master—was. That meant that she was either going to become a morning person, or rather a morning pet, or suffer. Button scrunched up her eyes and whined when the kitchen light flipped on. For the time being, Button had chosen to suffer. She shifted on the fuzzy, white kennel mat and stretched carefully so as to not hit the narrow metal bars of the crate. She was still getting used to the tight, light brown paw-mittens on her hands and the equally constricting paw slippers on her feet, which further limited her stretch. After letting out another long whine at the apex of her abbreviated stretch, Button sat up slowly so as not to hit her head on the crate’s ceiling.

Master stood in the doorway of the kitchen drinking out of a blender bottle and watching her. He wore gray shorts and a sweat dampened, white t-shirt. Even dressed down like he was, unshaven, and with his dark, blond hair mussed in all directions, Button couldn’t help but think he looked handsome. Even though it had only been eight hours since she’d last seen him, and she knew that it was pathetic, she missed him. Button thought it was terribly unfair that Master crated her at night instead of allowing her to cuddle in the bed with him, but he always did everything by the book. As he’d explained it, being allowed on the furniture would only confuse and spoil her. Unfair or not, she still missed him, and what’s more, she needed to pee. So, instead of dwelling on things she couldn’t control, she began to pant loudly and shake her behind making the light brown tail attached to the bulbous plug crammed into her tight rectum wag back and forth.

“Good morning, Button!” Master chimed. “Time for walkies!”

Button felt a tingling beneath the light brown c-string that covered her crotch. Her “puppy parts” often were set off by the strangest things. Master had only recently started using

such cutesy words with her after she'd made the mistake of confessing to him in one of the rare times she was allowed to speak that the more he talked down to her, the more turned on she got. She hated how much she loved him to disregard her intelligence. She wagged her tail a little bit faster.

Master unhooked the simple latch on the crate. She could have easily let herself out if her hands weren't trapped in silly padded paws. It was just one of many simple things she could no longer do. It was hard for her to accept at times, but the helpless feeling she got whenever she became aware of how dependent she was on him also set off her "puppy parts" just as much as patronizing language. She wagged her tail just a little faster.

"Out, Button! Come on!" He urged with a light tap on the top of the crate.

After eight hours of being cooped up in "puppy-jail," Button didn't need to hear the command twice. She darted out the open door and reveled in the exhilaration of freedom. The feeling was short lived, however. The moment her head cleared the opening, she felt the leash clip onto her black, leather collar. The sudden pressure of the stiff, unyielding leather collar against her throat when Master gave her a gentle, guiding tug made her hips wiggle again. The feeling of him in control was just as exhilarating; in fact, it was much, much better than a fleeting moment of independence.

Button sniffed at Master. She would have known that he'd already exercised with her eyes closed. She'd never really liked sweat or strong smells, but she reminded herself that a dirty little dog did, so that meant *she* did.

I am a dirty dog...I am a dirty dog... she repeated in her mind over and over as she sniffed anxiously at his leg. Maybe it was just because she spent most of her time at that level, but she liked it when Master wore shorts. She liked to stare at his pronounced, muscular calves and feel the prickle of his leg hairs against her nose.

Perhaps those wig-wearing, 18th century ladies were onto something when they talked about men's "handsome legs."

Button tried to be subtle as she slowly sat up, gliding her dainty "snout" along his long leg towards his crotch. She inhaled deeply and drew in his musk.

Her nose was pressed to the top of his thigh when Master tugged on her leash and scolded her, "No, Button, bad dog!"

Button scrunched down on the floor and whined submissively. It was just another thing that she didn't think was fair. *Master* was the one who decided where and when and how they'd "play." In fact, Master decided where and when and how *she'd* "play" on her own too. Then

again, she knew that if she were left to her own devices she'd probably—definitely—rub herself raw. So, it was probably just as well that Master was in charge of that too.

The click of nails against the kitchen's tile floor announced the arrival of Master's first dog, Zeus. He paused just inside the doorway looking almost stately before sauntering across the kitchen to Button. He was a huge, fawn-colored English Mastiff nearly three times Button's weight. Even when Button was Sue, and she was standing on two legs, Zeus came up to well above her waist. While she was on all fours he towered over her, which was more than a little intimidating. His black, wrinkled face was fairly unexpressive and his eyes seemed almost bored and, if Button had to put a name to it, judgmental.

Button braced herself for Zeus' usual "good morning." His wide slobbery tongue slid across her whole face making her shiver in disgust.

When she didn't immediately reciprocate, Button felt another light tug on the leash. "Say 'good morning,' Button!" Master reminded.

Button sighed inwardly and gave a quick lick to Zeus' snout, the taste making her shiver again. She felt a hair on her tongue and spat several times to flick it away. Master gave her a stern look.

"Don't be rude, Button."

She stopped spitting. The hair was off her tongue anyway. All things considered, she was just happy that she didn't have to "greet" Zeus like she had to greet other puppy girls.

As the three of them headed for the front door, Button could feel the pressure in her bladder building. Though she was only fed twice a day, she was allowed as much water as she wanted. At night when she got lonely for Master, or simply whenever she was bored, which was often, she would suck on the mold of him attached to the end of her water bottle and imagine he was praising her. It was fun while she did it, but in the end she just ended up frustrated and with a painfully full bladder by morning.

Master was just about to put the leash on Zeus when his phone rang.

Is there another man on the planet still using a song for his ringtone? And a Nickelback song?

Thankfully, the song only got as far as "Look at this photograph..." when the Master answered.

"Jericho. Yeah, yeah...No, I'm still at home—I was just about to take the dogs out...No, it's no problem. Hold on a sec..." He held the phone to his chest and pointed at Button before

ordering her to “Stay.” Then put the leash handle in front of Zeus’ mouth and said, “Hold.” The dog bit the handle and held it in his teeth. “Watch her, Zeus.” Master put the phone back to his ear and walked away.

Button looked longingly after Master and then warily at Zeus who was watching her keenly. Somehow, despite him being a real dog, Zeus managed to maintain an air of dignity and authority that made Button feel ridiculous by comparison. He sat there next to her like he was carved out marble while she bounced awkwardly because of her full bladder. Zeus narrowed his eyes at her. He bared his teeth ever so slightly and let out a low growl. Button’s eyes went wide and she quickly became still.

Zeus never had patience for her “nonsense.” After having been supervised by him many times, Button was confident that Zeus would never actually hurt her. Then again she’d probably never find out since all it took most of the time was his stony gaze to immediately make her kowtow to his authority.

Fortunately, Master soon returned. He took her leash handle back and clipped another leash onto Zeus’ collar. “Did she behave?” He asked Zeus.

Zeus yawned.

Liar, I was a perfect angel!

The crisp air made Button shiver as she crossed the threshold into the clear, spring morning. Zeus trotted by Master’s right side with his head up, looking almost like a thoroughbred horse, while Button scrambled and stumbled by Master’s left side doing everything she could just to keep up with both of them.

She was panting and sweating when Master stopped at the crossroads. She stopped the moment he stopped. It wasn’t just because she was tired and grateful for a momentary break. She was learning to follow his guidance and anticipate when she needed to go and when she needed to stop simply by the change in the tautness of the leash.

Normally they went to the right along a secluded path, but to her surprise, and dread, Master guided her left to what Button knew would be a fairly busy path with lots of foot traffic. Despite the pain in her bladder, and knowing better, she whined and strained against the leash.

“Heel, Button!” Master commanded and gave the leash a gentle tug.

Hearing the order she immediately jumped to his heel without a thought. All she had to do was follow. Button focused most of her attention on his heel as they stepped out onto the sidewalk. It wasn’t new to her to be around people. During her short introductory course at obedience school she’d met lots of people and other puppy girls. Even there she found it

embarrassing when all attention was on her. It was much worse on the street in a suburb where puppy girls weren't that common. She tried to block out the looks, the remarks, and the obvious pictures being snapped of her. She wished Master would tell them to put their phones away, but he never did.

They arrived at one of the "puppy potties," which were stations that had been setup for ComPets and voluntary pets like her to relieve themselves outside like proper animals, but without leaving a mess. The station was a simple patch of unnaturally green, fake grass. Next to the patch there was a metal pipe coming out of the ground with a short, rubber hose attached that ended in a simple brass-colored spray nozzle. The pet was expected to squat in the middle of the patch, do her business, and then be cleaned off by her owner with the hose. Then the owner would press a button on top of the pipe, after the pet was clear, and the patch of grass would flip, dumping the waste into the sewer below and presenting the freshly sanitized opposite side for the next pet.

Zeus trotted over to the pipe and lifted his leg. Unlike Button, he didn't have to wait for Master's permission. When he'd finished he returned to Master's side.

"Your turn, Button," Master said with a gentle pull towards the station, "time to make your piddles and your plops." Several passersby had stopped to watch. They chuckled at Master's command.

Why does he have to call it that? Oh, God...I can't do this in front of all these people!

When they took the path to the right, she'd always been able to use a relatively private station. If even one person was simply walking by she found it difficult, if not impossible, to go. There were four people actively watching her. She couldn't hear them, but she could tell they were talking about her.

"Hey, Robert, long time no see!"

A man around Master's age smiled and waved as he approached. He was fairly trim, tall, but not as tall as Master, with black hair and brown eyes. To his right there was a dark-haired puppy girl crawling at the end of a leash with generous slack. Button did a double-take as she recognized them both from one of the first, and most-memorable pet welfare checks she'd performed.

The owner's name was Joey Hartmann. He had named the puppy girl, Princess—which was appropriate, because Joey spoiled her like one. *Sue* had never seen an owner so smitten *and* so genuinely lenient. It was, in fact, the only inspection where she'd had to cite rules about maintaining the ComPet minimum standards of discipline.

It was clear that Joey was still a doting owner. He walked slowly giving Princess ample time to keep up with him. She was dressed in very expensive looking, white pet gear. The cuffs of the paw mittens and the tops of the leggings attached to the paw slippers were both trimmed with ample, white ruffles. A matching, ruffle-trimmed corset cinched her already tiny waist and made her large, hanging “teats” seem even bigger. While the corset looked very tight, Princess didn’t seem to mind. Her unusual, violet eyes and open mouthed, drooly smile were as bright as the jingling from the bell attached to the wide, white collar around her neck.

Master and Joey shook hands.

“It must be two years!” Master exclaimed. “How have you been?”

Button listened to them talk. Apparently Joey and Master had been good friends in college, but they’d lost touch for a while. After a few exchanges about what they were up to, the conversation quickly turned to the animals.

“And who is this?” Master asked, pointing to Princess.

Without waiting for Joey to introduce her, Princess perched up on her hind legs and barked.

Both men laughed. “Oh, this is Princess. I’ve had her for nearly two years.”

Master offered his hand to her. She sniffed it and licked it. Button felt a pang of jealousy well up in her small chest. She didn’t care if the other puppy girl was just “saying hello.” She didn’t like *any* other girls; whether they walked on two legs or four, touching *her* Master.

“You still have Zeus I see.” Joey said. “Who is this?” He motioned to Button as he scratched Princess’ ear.

“This is Button.” Master patted her head.

Joey offered his hand to her.

Button looked at Master and he nodded down to her. “Manners, Button,” he mumbled.

Timidly, she licked Joey’s hand, but she kept her gaze on Master. Out of the corner of her eye she saw Princess and Zeus exchanging licks across their snouts.

“Princess!” Joey exclaimed, but didn’t make any effort to restrain her. “I’m sorry,” he said to Master. “She loves meeting new people and pets...”

Master shook his head and smiled. “Don’t worry about it! She’s just being friendly!”

Button's jaw dropped open. Master would have *never* allowed her to act that way! If she'd even started acting so wildly she would have at least gotten a scolding if not a swat on the behind!

Joey showed no signs of controlling Princess as the perky puppy turned her attention to Button. Button felt a slobbery tongue slide across her face for the second time that morning. At least Zeus had the restraint and dignity to only do it once. In fact, he had an expression akin to revulsion as he watched Princess lick and lick and Button cringe and gasp. She recoiled from Princess' busy, flicking tongue only to feel Master's strong hand behind her head blocking any escape.

"Manners, Button," he repeated.

Trying to lick back would have been like trying to get a word in during a conversation with an extreme extrovert on their fifth cup of coffee. Only then did Joey finally take a little owner's initiative.

"Okay, Princess, okay! Let Button say, 'hello' now!"

Princess whined and pouted, but she stopped licking. Button sighed. She was thankful for a moment to breathe. She stretched up just a little. Unlike most other puppy girls, Princess wasn't that much bigger than her. Button parted her lips and stuck out her little pink tongue, then licked Princess across her pale cheek once before sitting back on her haunches with another sigh.

"Wow, what a difference!" Joey remarked.

Master smirked and patted her head. "Button is a little shy as you can see."

Princess cocked her head to the side and looked confused at Button's reserved nature, or maybe it was a look of recognition in her wide eyes. Button couldn't know for sure, but she felt her blush flare back up at the mere thought of being recognized. The last time they were eye to eye, she'd had rubber gloves on and was checking the skittish, new puppy girl's teeth for signs of neglect. Finding herself on the same level as Princess, or just below it, gave Button a whole range of feelings all at the same time.

Master's light tug on the leash along with a "stand" command pulled Button from resting on her haunches to all fours. Princess darted behind Button with a yip and buried her face in Button's newly presented crotch. It was really the second part of saying "hello" that Button loathed. She grimaced at Princess' lapping, whisking tongue and hot, rapid breath on the sensitive skin of the inside of her thighs and around the c-string.

Before Master had to say it, she thought it.

Manners, Button...

She turned her head reluctantly to the side to face Princess' wagging, fluffy white tail. A pleasurable shudder went through her as her new acquaintance's tongue continued to slurp at what had been her most private places.

The sooner you do it, the sooner it'll be over...

She didn't even have to get close to notice that Joey hadn't followed the recommendation she'd made to stop putting Princess into "in heat" mode so much. Clearly he'd already been running the vibrator nestled on the inside of her c-string that morning. Princess' arousal was quite pungent and her juices had escaped the edges of the c-string and started to run down the inside of her thighs.

Come on...you don't want to embarrass Master do you?

She closed her eyes and gave Princess a quick touch with her own moist tongue. She gagged a little as the taste of Princess' sap and sweat washed over her taste buds.

Only hearing Master say, "Good girl," made her keep licking. After a few swipes she pulled her face away and looked up at Master with imploring, puppy-dog eyes.

"Okay, Button," he said after several long moments. "That's enough. Come on!" Master guided her onto the station out of the reach of Princess' friendly snout. "You don't mind her going first do you?" He asked Joey.

"Go ahead. You were here first!" Joey replied.

The sudden sensation of Master pulling out her tail plug made her jump. Her rectum muscles protested and clung to the intruder as he eased it out of her making her moan weakly. He handed her tail and the attached c-string to Zeus. He held it in his teeth by the tail end. Button suddenly felt more exposed than ever, and she was worried that everyone would see that she was more swollen and wet than she should have been after Princess' greeting.

Button closed her eyes and tried not to think about everyone that was watching her, the gawkers with their phones, Joey, Princess, Master, even Zeus. She took a deep breath and squatted, taking care to spread her hind legs apart so she wouldn't wet her back paws. Master hated when she did that. Even though her bladder was painfully full, she just couldn't go. She shifted and tried to imagine that she was by herself, in a bathroom with the door locked and sitting on a toilet like a human. She furrowed her brow.

That's not right...I'm not a person. I'm just a dog. Dogs don't get to use toilets like people. Dogs make their "piddles" and "plops" outside. So, I make my "piddles" and "plops" outside...

"Hey, uh, I don't want to be that guy, but I have to get Princess home so I can go to work..." Joey said apologetically.

Button opened her eyes. She met Princess' gaze, and for a moment the cheerful emptiness seemed to be replaced with a brief flash of mischief. During the welfare check, she'd remembered quietly coaxing Princess to pee in a sample cup and becoming frustrated with the puppy girl's shyness.

"Is she not housebroken yet?" Joey asked.

Oh, God, I want to die...

"Not entirely, no, but she's learning quickly. She's having accidents about half as often as when I first brought her home."

Button felt like she really was going to die as Master candidly discussed her "potty habits." She strained again, but nothing would come out. She started to tear up and sob. She was *so* frustrated with herself! She wasn't even embarrassed that the people were watching anymore. She was embarrassed that she couldn't just be a good doggy for Master and "make piddle."

"I think we need a little extra encouragement..." Master knelt down beside her. His strong hand brushed her belly and then pressed in to palpate her bladder. He whispered in her ear letting his lips brush her skin, "Come on, Button. You can do it. Be my brave little puppy. Go on..."

Button felt herself relax from his touch and his words. She didn't need to imagine that no one else was watching. Master telling her she could do it was all she needed. She whined as a warm puddle began to grow beneath her.

"Who's my brave girl?" He stroked her head. "Good girl, Button! Good girl!"

The water from the hose was cold on her nether regions, but she presented herself for cleaning obediently, feeling like she could handle anything at that moment. The feeling lasted through having the plug returned to her tight back entrance. After she was put back together, Button licked Master's hand gratefully.

While Princess did her business quickly and without the same drama, Master and Joey exchanged updated numbers. They briefly discussed scheduling a play date for "the pups" and

then they parted ways. Button wasn't thrilled by the idea of a play date. Though she knew they were likely going to be part of her future as a puppy girl one way or another, so she figured she might as well get used to the idea.

“Don't sulk, Button.” Master chuckled as they made their way back home. “I think Princess could be a good influence on you...” He added, “for some things anyway...”

End of Part 1

Stay tuned for “Morning Routine Part 2: Breakfast”