

A Sue Snippet -

Morning Routine 2 – Breakfast

While Button was very happy to have the opportunity to stretch after eight long hours in her tiny crate, she was still grateful when “walkies” were over and she was back inside the house, away from the caresses of the chilly morning air and the gazes of the remorseless gawkers. While Master kicked off his shoes and unclipped Zeus’ leash, Button caught her breath and mopped sweat from her forehead with her fuzzy paw mitten. Zeus moseyed past her and into the living room with his nose up in the air.

Well, la-di-da, lord Zeus! Button mocked him silently as he passed, but she made certain to wait to do it until his back was to her.

She inhaled sharply when Master tugged the leash and gave her a pat on the behind. The feel of his rough, hard palm against her soft skin and the sudden pressure of the collar against her throat made her tail wag instantly. Ever since she’d started dwelling on her formally private, dirty little desires, she had become so easy to set off and manipulate. All he had to do was touch her, it didn’t matter where or how, and her mind instantly became entirely focused on what was happening between her “hind” legs.

“Come on, girl! We’ve got to make breakfast,” Master announced, and she eagerly followed.

He led her to the kitchen counter and then looped the handle of her leash over a hook anchored to the wall. The hook was just out of her feeble reach, she knew this because she’d tried more than once to get to it, so the simple device was very effective at keeping her right where she was. Not that she really wanted to be anywhere else. She liked being at Master’s feet in general and she liked watching him cook. Even if she didn’t get to eat it, the bacon and eggs frying in the pan smelled like heaven. Her little nose twitched as the savory aroma tickled her nostrils making her stomach rumble and her mouth water.

Button looked up at Master with sad, imploring eyes, raised her paws just under her drool-slick chin, and whined quietly. The slight turn of his head told her that he had noticed her display, but he made a show of keeping his attention purely on cooking. She wriggled into a squatting position and started bouncing and whining just a little louder. Still he appeared to ignore her even as her panting increased and her little “teats” bounced in a way she knew he liked. She *loved* it when he ignored her, provided he ignored her in the right way. She would have been devastated if he truly neglected her, but pretending for the sake of their game was something else entirely. When he acted as if he was so far above her that he couldn’t even be bothered to look down at his pathetic, panting, puppy it only made her want to try harder to get—to *earn*—his attention.

The slight grin on his lips was the first sign that she was finally getting to him. The next was the growing bulge in his sweatpants. She plopped down from the begging position and started sniffing around his foot. Button knew if she were a better puppy girl—a properly dirty one who really knew her place—she would have licked his feet without the slightest hesitation, but she still had a long way to go in some ways. She stuck to sniffing her way up his foot, to his ankle. She pressed her “snout” into knee and crept up his thigh.

“Down, Button!” His voice was light, but firm, with a slight tinge of tension.

Button grinned to herself and kept going until she felt his hardness pressing through the sweats against her inquisitive, sniffing nose.

“Down, Button!” His voice sounded a bit shaky. It wouldn’t be long before it sounded desperate. She’d make sure of it.

Button nuzzled him and breathed in his raw, heavy scent. Surrounded in him, she felt tension melt from her narrow shoulders as her heart simultaneously beat faster. He groaned above her as she rapidly rubbed her nose back and forth against him, and she knew that she was winning. Knowing that if she didn’t keep pressing her attack she’d probably get scolded instead of what she really wanted, she stuck her tongue out and began to lick him frantically.

“Button!” he practically choked.

A piece of bacon slid off the spatula and dropped to the floor. Master pulled away, leaving Button licking stupidly at the air.

“Bad dog!” He rebuked.

Button shrank down and whined. Out of the corner of her eye she saw the greasy piece of meat on the floor. It had been so long since she’d had the opportunity to taste food besides kibble and doggy treats. It had been even longer since she’d *actually* tasted food besides kibble and doggy treats. It took all of her willpower not to immediately jump on the bacon and gobble it right down. Even though it was just sitting there, practically begging her to go for it!

Stupid bacon! She pouted. First you get me scolded, and then you just sit there tempting me! Why won’t Master just pick you up already?

Button carefully looked up at Master who was in turn looking back down at her. To her surprise, he had a sly smile on his face, instead of the stern glare she had expected.

Oh, so you’re testing me are you? Well, I’ll show you!

Button sat back and fixed Master with a casual, haughty stare. She ignored the bacon entirely with her eyes, but her nose was a different matter. Her stomach gurgled loudly, but she remained as still as a statue.

Master chuckled. “Good girl, Button.” He patted her on the head and took the bacon out safely out of her reach.

She felt a pang of regret that she’d missed her chance to eat something yummy, but the pride of showing Master that she was well-behaved and getting praised for it far outweighed missing out on a mere shred of meat. The light pat on her head made her squirm pleasantly again and she looked back longingly at Master’s crotch. She wished Master would stay home with her. Things like work, money, bills—people responsibilities—seemed further and further away and more and more incomprehensible to her with each passing day.

After Master set his own place at the table he filled two sets of dog dishes on the floor. One pair consisted of two large, stainless steel bowls with the name “Zeus” emblazoned across each one in strong, black, block letters. The other pair was made up of two smaller, pink plastic bowls with the name “Button” written across them in wispy, white letters. Master filled one of each pair with fresh water and then filled the others with the appropriate food—high quality dog food for Zeus and equally high quality puppy chow for Button.

When he’d finished, Master unclipped the leash from her collar and said, “Bowl, Button!”

Button scurried to her spot in front of her pink bowls. She savored her momentary freedom during the short trip across the kitchen. There was no crate and no leash; there was just Master’s command to guide her. She’d been under such tight control for weeks and weeks even short moments of liberty were wonderful, but also a little scary. When Master was in total control of everything there was no room for her to make a mistake—no room to disappoint him. When she reached her spot in front of her bowls she breathed a sigh of relief. She was back safely inside her defined limits.

The sound of the kibble hitting the stainless steel bowl had summoned Zeus like always. He ambled up next to her and with his usual dignified expression. Master took his seat and started eating leisurely. Zeus lowered his face into his bowl, the crunching sound indicating that he was eating too. Button’s tummy grumbled again. She bit her lip and waited. When Master had first brought her home—as a puppy girl—she’d been “allowed” to eat at the same time as Zeus. After a week of nothing but puppy chow, however, Button had thrown a little fit and flipped her bowl when Master wouldn’t give her a share of his breakfast. In addition to a scolding and getting her tail warmed, Button got no food that day; and each day since then she had to wait until Zeus was finished eating before Master would give her permission, so that she might appreciate her meals just a little more. Like many things Master did, Button thought it

was unfair, but she had to admit that she did appreciate her puppy chow a lot more after she was forced to wait for it.

Her stomach gurgled and she found herself drooling as much as she had while Master was cooking. The scrape of the knife and fork from the table and the munching on the floor next to her were maddening. Even though it was top shelf stuff, the puppy chow smelled awful and it tasted worse—most likely by design. During break times, some of the other puppy girls at obedience school told her that she'd learn to love kibble, but that hadn't yet happened and she doubted that it ever would. Her motivation was hunger, not taste. Master only fed her a cup of kibble at breakfast and a cup of kibble at supper—the exact amount recommended for a puppy girl her size—and an occasionally doggy treat once or twice a day if she was extra-good and extra-lucky, so she was always hungry. As Master and Zeus enjoyed their meal all she could think about was getting a mouthful of the light brown, heart-shaped nuggets. There was perhaps a time when her ambitions were a little loftier, but she didn't care to dwell on that.

Thank God Zeus has that big mouth! Button thought as the monstrous dog finally sat up and licked his chops. Her eyes shot over to Master who was still casually eating and looking at his phone. *Oh, come on, Master, I'm starving!* She wiggled a little, hoping the jingle of the tag on her collar might get his attention. Zeus glared at her, and Button, more famished than brave, glared back at him. *Oh, shut up. At least you got to eat already!* His hard, unblinking stare made her quickly break eye contact and sit still.

Master set his phone down. He sighed, scraped the plate for one final bite, dabbed his mouth with a napkin and then carefully folded it. He sighed again with the contentment of being full and finally looked down at her.

“Eat, Button.”

Ignoring Zeus' disapproving stare, Button plunged her face into the bowl. As her face went down her tail went up. Though famished, she remembered to eat just like a proper puppy girl should. She placed her paws evenly on either side of the pink, plastic dish. She opened her mouth wide to take in the biggest mouthfuls she could. She chomped and chomped rapidly while she grunted and snorted, making her sound a bit like a little piggy, all while she wagged her tail to show him how grateful she was for the “privilege” of being fed.

The muddy, slightly-sour tasting food was gritty and dry. Her jaws ached halfway through from all the chewing, but she dutifully kept her face in the bowl even as she took breaks. She wondered if Master was watching her humiliate herself just for his amusement. She never knew if he did, but she wagged her tail a little faster just in case.

Zeus regarded the strange, nearly hairless puppy that his master had brought into the house with a combination of pity and disgust. He did not understand what his master saw in her. She was clumsy, smelled funny, and clearly not very bright at all. She struggled constantly with even the most basic of tasks. Just that morning he'd watched her struggle to even pee correctly! He had always liked to take things at his own pace, and as he had grown older that pace had become far more *relaxed*. Ever since Button had come into the house, however, he'd been forced to take on some of the responsibility of raising the mischievous pup. He was happy that his master had at least reeled her in a little by crating her during the day. Before that she got up on all the furniture the moment his master left each morning and got her strange smelling wetness all over the cushions.

All he wanted to do was shuffle back to his old rug in the other room and take a nap, but instead he had to watch *her*. She did everything so slowly! She walked slowly, she did her tricks slowly, she sat up slowly, she lay down slowly, and she ate slowly!

He wrinkled his brow and huffed. The little mongrel was making him wait, but more importantly she was making his master wait. So, he resolved to hurry the small, flat-faced mutt along.

Button sighed and took her fifth break from eating. She wished that her fingers were free so that she could massage her jaw a little. She was just about to resume when suddenly she felt Zeus' hot, wet, plank of a tongue against her inner thigh making her flinch and gasp. With her backside involuntarily wiggling, she started to raise her head out of the bowl to protest, but a heavy, rough paw on the back of her head forced her back down.

Button whined and squirmed feebly. The compact bits of kibble pressed into her cheek made her wince. She waited for Master to call Zeus off, but he didn't. Button got the hint. It wasn't the first time she'd been warned about taking her "sweet time" during meals, but it was definitely the most forceful warning she'd yet received. Still whimpering, she opened her mouth and wormed her tongue around until it touched and retrieved the nearest morsel. She crunched on it loudly to show them both that she was eating again.

"Zeus, release!" Master commanded, and a moment later Button felt the crushing weight of the paw removed from the back of her head.

Button ignored the soreness in her jaw and the dryness in her mouth and quickly gobbled up the remaining mouthfuls. She sat back with a contented sign, feeling very accomplished for the second time that morning.

"Water, Button." Master commanded.

Button eyed Zeus warily. To her relief the big dog merely snorted and prowled off towards the living room. She lowered her head to the bowl and started lapping. Lucky for her she didn't have to finish the whole thing, and so she quickly drank her fill and sat back up.

Master ran a paper towel under the sink and tilted her head up towards him. "Who's my messy girl?" He chuckled.

Button panted and barked twice. *I am! I am!*

The simple act of him cleaning the kibble crumbs from her pale cheeks reminded her how helpless she was. She blushed. It was embarrassing and wonderful all at the same time to put herself entirely in his hands. Thinking about her vulnerable state while Master firmly, but gently wiped her off made her start to fidget again.

When he'd finished he said, "Alright, girl. Shower time!"

He clipped the leash back onto her collar and led her in the direction of the bathroom. Button panted and barked once to show her enthusiasm. Thoughts of finishing what she'd tried to start while Master was cooking filled her mind.

End of Part 2

Stay tuned for "Morning Routine Part 3: Shower Time"