

Sue Snippet – Morning Routine Part 3 – Shower Time

Button teetered ever so slightly as she squatted on the bathroom scale. Master insisted on weighing her every morning. He said that it was because her health was important to him, but she suspected that he just wanted an excuse to make her hold a humiliating position with her legs wide open. She stared down at the rectangular weight display and held her breath. The moment before the numbers flashed always seemed to take forever. She glanced up at the mirror Master had thoughtfully placed at her level.

It was still an odd, humbling experience to look at a mirror, even for just a split second. Whenever she saw her reflection, she still expected to see Sue Sharp, a young, independent woman, not Button, a young and very much owned puppy girl. The black paint on the tip of her nose and the “whisker” dots on her cheeks were slightly fading. It was nearly time for a touch-up. Her eyes darted back down past the light brown, fuzzy paw mittens binding her hands and the heart-shaped pasties covering her nipples to her tummy.

Have I gained weight? Have I lost weight?

“Still 92 pounds, good girl!” Master praised and ruffled her hair. After losing a few pounds at obedience school and in her first few weeks in Master’s home, her weight had finally stabilized just like Master wanted. Her healthy, but unappetizing diet and all the crawling had burned off the little bit of “baby fat” she had and made her skinny “front legs” and “hind legs” put on the barest trace of muscle while still maintaining an overall soft appearance.

Even though she knew that the only reason she had met her weight goal, and why she was the healthiest she’d ever been, was because of Master’s vigilance, she barked happily and shook with pleasure at being praised and petted. Master looked at his phone, presumably checking the time. Button felt her happiness fade a shade or two. Master would be leaving her for the whole day soon.

She hated missing him so much.

She hated *needing* him so much.

Master peeled off his shirt and dropped it on the ground next to her and started sharpening his straight razor on the strap he hung by the sink. Button eyed the strap warily, remembering how it had felt the one and only time Master had introduced it to her behind.

It was her fault.

It always was.

She’d been warned plenty of times not to nose around his ankles while he was shaving, but she didn’t listen, and her mischief caused Master to nick his neck. Never punishing her more than she needed to be, Master brought the strap down only twice on her upturned rump. Button bawled and bawled afterwards, not just because the strap really, really hurt, but because

Master had called her a “bad dog” and she felt awful for making him cut himself. Preferring not to dwell on her mistake, instead she smiled to herself as she thought of what happened after the punishment when they made up and Master whispered in her ear “I know you can do better. I love you, Button.”

Button sniffed at Master’s discarded shirt. Master always gave her his shirt while he shaved to distract her and prevent her from getting herself in trouble again. It smelled strongly of his sweat and his deodorant, both of which she found calming. She’d never really cared for sweat, hers or otherwise, but when she was in the correct puppy girl mindset, there was something about Master’s concentrated smell that she just couldn’t get enough of! She buried her snout in the damp cloth and quietly murmured muffled doggy noises as she languidly swung her tail back and forth.

Sighing contentedly, she rolled onto her back with the shirt clutched between her clumsy, padded paws and watched Master carefully scrape the razor along his face, his arm and side muscles tensing slightly with each motion. When he’d finished he slapped on aftershave with a slight wince and started brushing his teeth. Button rolled back over onto all fours.

While the razor is away, the dumb little doggy will play! She thought devilishly.

She crept closer to him and clamped her teeth down on the cuff of his sweatpants.

Master kicked his leg, but not nearly hard enough to shake her off. Button growled playfully and tugged back.

Come on! Don’t act like you don’t want it!

Master gargled mouthwash and spit.

“Okay, that’s enough, Button.” Master pulled his ankle free from her teeth and knelt down in front of her with a tube of toothpaste for puppy girls in one hand and a red toothbrush with a bent neck in the other. He sniffed her mouth and exclaimed, “Gross, doggy breath!”

Button stopped panting, retracted her tongue, closed her mouth, and glared at Master.

You try eating nothing but gross dog food and you see how fresh your breath is, jerk!

Master smirked back. “Come on, Button, open that pretty little mouth. I’m going to make it all better.”

She turned her face away stubbornly.

“Come on...” He coaxed. His voice was light and playful, but commanding as always.

She growled quietly in response while trying to prevent the corners of her mouth from twitching upward.

“Oh, so it’s like that, huh?” He grinned and she looked at him coldly out of the corner of her eye.

Yes, it’s like that!

She felt Master’s fingertips brush against her belly and she stifled a giggle. Terribly ticklish, and not having all that much resolve as she really did want her teeth brushed, she giggled in the sort of wheezing way puppy girls did due to the threat of a shock from the collar for making an “unapproved *human* noise.”

“That’s better!” Master said and squeezed a liberal amount of dark green paste over the bristles of the brush. “Now open up or I’m going to get the dental gag.”

At the mention of the gag, Button opened her mouth wide without hesitation. She despised the dental gag, except for when she loved it! It made her feel so stupid to have to sit there with her mouth propped open, drooling, and even less intelligible than she already was. Wearing one was one of her least favorite parts of visiting the vet because it made her jaw ache and stretched her lips, but if she were in the right situation, she had to admit, it was fun when *Master* put it on her.

The faintly minty paste was less-intense than human toothpaste. Even though she was perfectly capable of gargling and spitting like a person, like most puppy-girl-products, the toothpaste was designed to reinforce the idea that she was just an animal. So, it was mild in flavor and could be swallowed safely. The soft bristles massaged her teeth and gums as Master gently held her jaw. When the brush hit her back molars she almost choked. Her unusually strong gag reflex was a problem in more ways than one.

It was such a simple act, brushing her teeth, but like being walked so she could “potty,” and being fed, it made her feel so dependent and helpless. It reminded her how self-destructive she could be when she was left on her own and how grateful she was that Master had “rescued” her from herself. On command she stuck out her tongue and he brushed it, getting all those “smelly germs” out her “pretty mouth.”

When Master had finished, Button licked her lips and enjoyed the faint sweetness of the toothpaste, while Master rinsed the brush and set it down on the counter. He pointed towards the walk-in shower. “Okay, girl, bath time!”

Barking happily, she scampered to the shower, stopping just short of entering. “Come on, give me your tail!” Master coaxed.

Button presented her behind to him and whined as she felt the plug being removed from her tightness for the second time that day. With it went the c-string that covered her puppy parts. She tingled and wiggled at feeling her nether regions exposed to the cool air of the bathroom. She closed her eyes and bit her lower lip. More than anything right then, she wanted to paw herself, but she resisted the urge, knowing that she wasn’t allowed without permission.

“Sit up, Button!”

Sitting back up, Master removed the pointy, light brown ears from the top of her head. The rest of her gear would remain on as was standard protocol for bathing a puppy girl at home. Even if she was a voluntary pet, she was only allowed out of the gear for vet visits and her weekly trips to the groomers, and even then only when she was properly “secured” on the exam table or in the stainless steel wash tub.

Finished with her, Master reached down to remove his sweats. Button bounced up onto her knees and bit the elastic waistband. She wanted him and she was running out of time. It was strange, before Master, before she’d had any kind of physical relationship; she’d masturbated to tame images in her mind of perfect weddings and gentle romance. Even after she begrudgingly began to accept her dirty desires—her need to be dominated and humiliated—she never really liked looking at men in porn, instead preferring to look at other young women and imagining herself in their predicaments as she furiously rubbed herself to orgasm after orgasm. Master, however, was not men, he was man, the man, the *only* man.

She wanted to see him—right then and always.

Button snarled and tugged his pants down bit by bit. Master made no attempt to stop her and simply smiled down at her as she dragged the sweats and his boxer shorts to his ankles. She struggled with getting them past his feet, growling louder and shaking with frustration, until the second cuff came away from his heel and she tumbled backwards into a heap on the cool, vinyl floor with a yelp.

“Oh, are you alright, Button?” She heard Master say above her.

She was fine, but she whined and shook a bit from beneath the cover of his pants. He knelt beside her and lectured her in the way only he could, authoritative, overbearing, but laced with genuine care. When he spoke to her like that it had the same effect on her puppy parts as his fingers or a vibrator brushing them.

“What have I told you about messing around? You could have cracked your empty little head open!” He pulled the sweats away to reveal her mischievous, panting, grin.

“Woof!” Button yipped and scrambled back up onto all fours to see Master’s great big “knot” right above her. For some reason it was easier for her to think of it that way. Maybe it was her conservative, sheltered upbringing, maybe it was some other prominent influence in her life, or maybe she still had some lingering natural prudishness. She never did like thinking, let alone talking, in anatomically correct terms like “penis” or “vagina” or “intercourse” because they felt too detached and clinical. Nor did she care for thinking in terms like “cock” or “pussy” or “fucking” because they felt too crude. For whatever reason, thinking that Master was going to stick his great, big “knot” in her wet, little “puppy parts” and roughly “mate” her was just fine. Nice girls weren’t supposed to think about or want such things, but she wasn’t a nice girl, not anymore. She was just a little animal and no one would expect a little animal to be able to rise above her base instincts.

As she lunged at him, a part of her screamed *Don't, he hasn't showered yet. This is icky!* But she pushed that part—the part that was still Sue—the part that was a nice girl—aside, and instead thought *Button doesn't care! Button is icky!*

Her nose pressed into the soft, warm, wrinkled skin where Master's scrotum met his shaft. It was like burying her face in his shirt times a thousand. She was overwhelmed, barely hearing him gasp her name. He wasn't right where she wanted him, but she was getting him there. Button flicked her little pink tongue rapidly against his sensitive skin making him groan. The strong taste of him made her stir inside, even as the part of her that was still reluctant felt ill. She wished she could see his face as she busily lapped at him, feeling her heart beat faster as he groaned louder and her puppy parts grow hotter and wetter as he grew harder and harder.

Button moaned quietly as she licked her way down his whole length until she reached the thick, purplish head peeking out at her from the foreskin. She licked the tip once, tasting and feeling Master's stickiness. She looked up into Master's eyes, her paws rested on his bare, hairy thighs, the tip of his knot against her moist, slightly parted lips. He owned her legally. He was bigger and stronger than her even if she weren't hobbled in puppy girl bondage. He controlled every aspect of her life. Despite all that, in that moment he seemed powerless even as he towered over her while she knelt in front of him. It was odd and absurd.

Drunk on power and not waiting for his permission, she drew him into her mouth, feeling his slick, swollen head slide past her smooth, dewy lips and into her hot, drooly mouth. She massaged the bottom with her eager tongue making Master moan and twitch. Then slowly she began to bob her head back and forth, keeping her big brown eyes on him as she did. It was a challenge for her just to take the first few inches of him without gagging. She resolved that if she couldn't be like the really good puppy girls, and take her Master's whole knot, then she would at least try to make up for it with intensity. Her pace quickened until his face became a blur.

Master seemed paralyzed by her—his empty headed, little puppy girl. She loved it. It wasn't so much the control she thought she had. It was that Master trusted her to do something without his direct control. It was the feeling that she could show him how much she loved him with that little bit of freedom. He only *seemed* paralyzed, however.

Button gave a start when she felt Master's strong hands clamp onto the sides of her head. Being held still, Master's face came into focus again as she felt his fingers interlace with her hair. With her mouth still filled with him, they locked eyes. She could tell by his intense look that her playtime—her freedom—was over and that he was about to show her who was actually in charge. Her heart felt as if it would beat out of her chest. The rapid thumping was in-synch with the pulsing heat between her hind legs.

Holding her firmly, he moved her back and forth slowly and gently. Button looked up at him nervously. She knew that he was just warming up. She knew he would push her past her so-called limits. Inexperienced as she was, even when they made love--especially when they made love--it was still a time for her to be educated and trained.

The moment he went too far, she felt herself seize up and start to choke. Mewling, her paws pressed against his legs to push away. It was pointless. She was too weak to get away. Though they both knew it, Master grunted, "Put your paws behind your back!"

She looked up at him, still suckling on the head, with imploring, pleading, tear rimmed eyes.

He shook his head. He was red faced and breathing heavy. "You wanted this, Button."

It took every ounce of self-control she had, but she did as she was told. Her paws trembled behind the small of her back. She repeated a little mantra she'd learned at obedience school to help calm herself.

Master knows best...Master will take care of you...Master knows best...

"Good girl." He said and resumed moving her back and forth along him. Every few strokes he went ever so slightly deeper.

Button choked and felt tears start to run, but she dutifully and obediently didn't try to stop him.

Master knows best...I asked for this...

He moved her faster and faster and deeper and deeper. Finally, as he pulled her into him, he thrust his hips forward, crushing her nose against his pubic hair. His thick head plunged into her tight, protesting throat. He growled like an animal himself as a spurt of his seed shot out. Master's grip tightened on her hair painfully and then loosened as she gagged. The moment his control relaxed, Button recoiled, gasping and sputtering. Then the rest of his hot, sticky load squirted onto her rosy, tear streamed cheeks.

For a moment they both stayed where they were, panting in unison. Master's phone alarm brought them both back to their senses.

"Oh, crap!" Master exclaimed.

He should have been walking out the door right then. With no time for a shower he quickly returned Button's clip-on ears and tail-plug to their respective places before hustling her out of the bathroom past a bewildered looking Zeus and into her crate. He tossed a few chew toys in after her and slammed the door shut behind her before hastily refilling her water bottle. Then he hurried back towards the bedroom, swearing under his breath the whole time.

Button shivered in disgust as Master's seed began to cool on her sweaty, overheated skin. She wanted to wipe it off, but she knew she'd get scolded if she got it on her paws. Her puppy parts were still hot and needy under the c-string. Her little plan had backfired and had left her covered in cum and even hornier than before!

Master re-emerged from the bedroom tying his tie. Button whined and banged on the bars, hoping to get his attention.

Please clean me off!

Master didn't even give her a glance as he took inventory of his effects, checking for phone, badge, gun, etc.

Button barked pleadingly.

Please! I can't stay like this!

Master hurried over and touched the top of the crate and looked down at her. "Gotta run, Button. Donna will be here this afternoon like always to take care of you. I'll see you tonight. I love you, my little pup!" He winked at her.

Hearing the front door slam, Button's heart sank. On a normal day it was lonely and boring in the crate. She missed Master already. She wanted to be cleaned. And more than anything she wanted the horrible itch between her legs to be scratched.

Jerk...at least he could have left his shirt for me to cuddle with...

The End