

Trick-or-Treat: A Sue Sharp Snippet

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“Who is my cute little k-9 unit?” Master asked in a playful voice as he towered over her.

Button wagged her fluffy tail slowly, almost quizzically.

Let me guess, ME, right?

“Woof!” Button replied and wagged her tail a little faster. The motion made her more conscious of the plug crammed into her tight “tail hole.” Though she was mostly used to it, it still gave her the most peculiar feeling whenever she wagged her butt too hard.

“That’s my girl!” Master scratched Button’s ear in a way that made her want to kick her leg—so she did—then he lifted her off the grooming table and deposited her on the floor in front of a low mirror he’d placed there just for her. She gazed into the mirror at her reflection.

God, I look ridiculous. And that’s really saying something!

When she’d walked on two legs and still went by Sue Sharp, Button had always secretly wanted to dress up slutty for Halloween, but she had never had the courage, and she simultaneously had too much and too little self-esteem. Like so many things though she truly wanted to do, Master made her do it regardless of how much or how little she fussed about it.

In the matter of her Halloween costume, she’d chosen not to fuss at all.

Button blushed while feeling a little flutter between her hind legs at the sight of herself. While she always “dressed” slutty after becoming a full-time puppy girl, there was something about wearing the hyper-sexualized uniform of a cop that made it different. She didn’t know how, it just was. She still wore her normal pet gear, cream-colored, confining paw mittens over her hands, booties over her feet, pointy ears clipped to the top of her head, a fluffy tail plug up her little chute, and a rigid c-string attached to it to cover her “puppy parts,” all of it in the style of an annoying, yappy Pomeranian. Master had added her Halloween costume over the top.

I'm a girl dressed like a dog, dressed like a stripper cop...is there some sort of Inception joke here?

It felt strange to wear clothing at all, if anyone could still call what he'd put her in "clothing." For the spooky, slutty season, Button wore a dark blue police shirt that was too tight and only made it to the top of her midriff. On the back, in yellow block lettering were the words "K-9 Unit." The front of the flimsy garment only buttoned at the very bottom, leaving her little breasts exposed, allowing them to hang down freely when she was on all fours, and framing them nicely when she wasn't. It gave the impression that her underdeveloped chest was bigger than it really was, which she thought was just fine. On her lower half she wore a matching dark blue skirt that flared out comically and left half of her bare rump out for the world to see. Her pigtailed hair was embellished with large, blue bows. Hanging from her collar was a plastic, gold-colored police badge done up in the shape of a heart that read, "Puppy-Officer-in-Training: Button" on the front, and on the back, "Property of Robert Jericho" followed by his contact information and a polite, but firm message, "Please return if found!" The tag wasn't really necessary. The permanent laser brands, one on the left side of her butt and the other on her lower belly, and the ear tag she wore clearly identified her, but it would make it easier for the average person to return her should she ever get lost.

Button looked up at Master and wagged her tail timidly.

Are you sure about this?

Master patted her head. "You look great, Button."

I wish...well, if Master says so, it must be true. Right?

It was dusk, and Master and Button were the first to arrive at the neighborhood meeting point. Button restlessly padded back and forth next to Master's heel for the short distance her leash would allow to ward off the chill of the autumn evening and burn off the nervous energy she always got before being taken out in public. As much as she hated to admit it, she was looking forward to spending some time with other puppy girls—her friends. Master had been so busy in the weeks leading up to Halloween that she hadn't had a play date in awhile, and she found herself missing the company of someone like her. The longer she stayed as a puppy girl, the more she found that she needed and even wanted the company of someone who shared her experience. Master was everything to her and often seemed to know her better than anyone, but he couldn't possibly fully understand what it was like to be at the end of the leash.

More superficially, Button was excited for candy. She had not tasted sugar since Master had fed her a morsel of wedding cake the day they'd gotten married. That was the last time

she'd "lawfully" tasted sugar anyway. Desperate for a little sweetness, there had been a few times that she'd gotten into things—people food—that she shouldn't have. Of course, in that handful of cases she'd earned herself a red behind and an early bedtime with no supper. This would be one hundred percent "legal" candy, and Button couldn't wait!

When did I get so lame? God, I'm literally drooling.

Trinket and her owner, Ezra, were the first to arrive. Trinket, with her fine features, slender body, and soft brown hair, was the "poster pet" for a new mental health craze that encouraged young women with a myriad of issues to sign-up for special pet service as a kind of therapy. The idea sounded awfully fishy to Button. It seemed like just another way to get more unsuspecting girls into horrible, demeaning pet service. As with many things though, she reminded herself that a puppy girl isn't concerned with the big happenings of the wide world around her. She didn't have to think of those kinds of things anymore. All she had to think about was obeying Master and enjoying the privileges he allowed her.

While both masters exchanged stilted small talk—Button got the impression that they really didn't like each other much—Button and Trinket focused on their own business and greeted each other. Like Button, Trinket was in a costume within a costume with her similarly colored pet gear on first, and a ridiculous parody of a fire fighter's uniform over the top. The costume consisted of insanely tight, yellow short shorts with holes cut to accommodate her tail and to leave her crotch uncovered. There were suspenders coming up from the waistband of the shorts that seemed strategically placed to cover Trinket's nipples, and basically nothing else. On her head she wore a miniature, red plastic fireman's cap between her pointy, clip-on ears. The most noticeable thing though was the black and white Dalmatian face paint.

Ha, you look sillier than I do, Trinket!

Trinket got a glint in her eye, suggesting that she might have been thinking the exact same thing back at Button.

After both puppy girls gingerly sniffed each other's backsides, they returned to face one another to lick at each other's noses and lips. Trinket's warm tongue slipped across Button's own and they both paused to make deep panting noises, which they'd both learned to do in lieu of giggling so as to not set off their pet sitter's shock collar for making unapproved "human noises." Button leaned forward to lick at Trinket again when she felt a slight tug on her collar.

"No, Button." Master said without looking down at her. "You'll mess up her makeup."

In the dim light, Button wasn't sure. There was a part of her that was afraid that Trinket's owner had decided to have her face tattooed in a Dalmatian print. She breathed a sigh of relief as

Trinket licked her across the cheeks a few times before resting back on her haunches with a quiet sigh.

Master and Ezra were discussing the route they might take when the creak of a small cart's wheels announced Pepper's arrival. When Master had said that Pepper would be coming along, Button had wondered how the unfortunate "truncated" puppy girl was going to keep up with them on her stumps. To her surprise, Pepper sported new, almost jet black, fuzzy appendages that were shaped like the lower legs of real dogs. She seemed to be moving rather well, while towing a small cart behind her with the words "Puppy Postal Service" scrawled on the side in crooked and sometimes backwards letters. Pepper matched the cart and was dressed in a costume clearly inspired by a postal carrier's uniform. Like Button, she wore a belly-exposing half shirt that left her breasts exposed and hanging down and a very tight, short, skirt on her lower half with a long slit up the back leaving room for her tail, both in an eye-catching red. As always, even though Pepper's mouth and nose was obscured by a black, dog-snout-shaped muzzle, it was clear to anyone by looking at her eyes that she was positively miserable. With her new legs though, she looked slightly less so. She wasn't slipping on her stumps like she used to and accidentally dragging her ample breasts along the ground like she was before, which wasn't much, but it was something.

The man holding Pepper's leash was one of the handlers from the FBP experimental division. Any time Button saw Pepper, she always had a different man holding her leash. It made her feel so sorry for Pepper. It genuinely made her uneasy when Master handed her leash to another person for even a short while. She couldn't imagine being passed around so casually.

The handler led her to Button and Trinket before saying hello and showing his credentials to the two owners. After a few moments, with a quick tug of her leash he commanded, "Greet, Pepper!"

Pepper looked up at the handler. Her defiant body language suggested that she was about to get herself in big trouble.

Trinket and Button exchanged glances. It was amazing how when regular conversation was impossible a single look could say so much. Without a doubt, both Button and Trinket seemed to be thinking the same thing. Why couldn't Pepper just be a good girl and do what she was told? Button caught herself having that reaction more and more as time passed. Whenever she saw a puppy girl having what Master called a "hissy fit" she used to always glare at the owner and think, "What did that pervert do to make her do that?" Over time, however, she would find herself glaring at the puppy girl and thinking, "What an ungrateful mutt! She should just do what she's told!" Like the "grown-up talk" of the Masters above her, she knew that it was better she not dwell on that seemingly unchallengeable shift in her mindset.

Nodding ever so slightly to each other, Button and Trinket turned around and presented their hindquarters to Pepper in an attempt to make things easier for the reluctant pup.

The handler chuckled. “Oh, Pepper, so we’re having one of our *difficult* days, huh?” He grabbed the sullen puppy girl’s head and drove her pointy snout straight into Trinket’s crotch making them both yelp—though Trinket yelped louder.

“Hey!” Trinket’s owner snapped. “Not so rough!”

“Sorry!” The handler replied. “Didn’t mean to...” He seemed to genuinely mean it.

When he seemed satisfied he did the same with Button, though at least she had the opportunity to brace herself. Button closed her eyes; the pressure of the hard, dog snout muzzle pressed the pesky c-string into her “puppy parts” making it rub delightfully against her sensitive, silky skin.

It’s just a greeting. It’s okay to enjoy it...you’re not nasty, well you ARE, but in a way that’s okay...

The pressure was taken away all too soon and Button and Trinket flipped around to return the favor. While Button politely waited her turn, she couldn’t help but notice in the harsh light from a nearby street lamp that Pepper’s rump was covered in red marks that could have only come from a training crop.

Oh, Pepper, I wonder what you did this time!

Button carefully sniffed around Pepper’s c-string and took care not to bump the marks. When they were both finished with the back end, Trinket and Button took turns licking at Pepper’s muzzle, since she couldn’t possibly lick back.

Having nothing but the vacant smile printed on the muzzle; Pepper’s ability to communicate was even more simplified than theirs. Button looked her in the eye sympathetically, at least initially, before narrowing her eyes to give a disapproving look. Pepper, who had a defeated look in her eyes, narrowed them back as if to say, “He had it coming, bitch!”

The three pups were just about finished up with their little ritual when loud, happy barks and the bright jingle of a bell announced the last of their group, Princess and her frazzled owner, Joey. Princess bounded forward, her white paws practically glowing in the dim light, with Joey in tow, barely holding onto her leash.

She scrambled right past Button, Trinket, and Pepper and instead went straight to the two owners and the handler. There she bounced and whined for attention. The three men laughed and held out their hands. She eagerly licked them as she bounced in a lewd squatting position.

Button felt herself bristle. Though she should have been used to Princess' wanton behavior, she absolutely *hated* it when another girl made eyes at Master. He was *hers* and no one else's!

With her jaw clenched she fought down the growl. There was no sense in getting shocked over Princess acting like a floozy.

Besides, it's just fine for Master to do whatever he wants...

Button tried to comfort herself with part of a mantra she learned in obedience school, but she never could get past the idea that he belonged to her as much as she belonged to him. Not in a legal sense of course, since she was quite literally his property, but on a much deeper level.

"Joey," Master said. "I thought we agreed on a costume theme for the girls, you know, service animals doing service..."

Button noticed Princess' costume for the first time since she'd literally bounced into the group. She was wearing a black and white maid outfit, with copious amounts of lace trim and ruffles. There was even a little, lacy white cap on her head and a useless, white apron tied around her waist with the strings tied into a huge, prominent bow at the small of her back. As per usual, her midsection was squeezed in with a corset, making her ample chest look even more prominent.

Joey scratched the back of his head. "Yeah, about that..."

Ezra laughed. "You let her pick out her own outfit again, didn't you?"

Pepper's handler shook his head.

"Hey, it's still service animals serving! She's just doing it as a maid. Maids *serve*!"

Everyone, including Button and Trinket, but not Pepper, gave him a disapproving look.

"She wouldn't leave the rack at the store after she saw it. What was I supposed to do?"

"Tell her 'no'?" Master smirked. "Ah, what's done is done. Come on, girls. Say 'hi' and let's get moving before all the treats are gone."

Joey was blushing slightly and he said in a voice that sounded more like a request than a command, "Come on, Princess, say 'hello' to your friends."

Princess' head snapped around so fast that Button swore she was Linda Blair. She scampered to where the other three pets were sitting. Once she was in the middle of the half-circle they made, she hesitated, her face darting from one to another and then back again. As always, Princess was as energized as she was indecisive.

Pepper made the mistake of making eye contact with her first, and with a happy, high-pitched bark, Princess bounded over to the cringing, cart-bound puppy girl. Princess put a paw on the back of Pepper's head and forced it down so that her rump raised-up. Pepper howled into her muzzle as Princess licked her backside with gusto, seemingly oblivious to the red marks stretched across it.

Joey started to apologize to Pepper's handler, but the man waved it away mumbling something like, "Ah, don't worry about it. It's good for her!"

Princess was just as vigorous when it was her turn to get her nether regions sniffed. She rushed to the front of Pepper, and without waiting for the reluctant puppy girl to try to move, pressed her crotch right into the hard, snout shaped muzzle and rubbed herself against.

Button's mouth fell open. She looked at Joey who wasn't even paying attention to what his pet was doing.

If I did that, Master would spank me and take me right home! Why does Joey always let her get away with acting like this?

When Princess was finished saying "hello," Pepper's face, at least the parts that were visible, were covered with the happy pup's licks. Her left eye twitched with annoyance as Princess moved onto Trinket.

Trinket, always a people pleaser, or in this case, puppy pleaser, timidly raised her behind and presented it to Princess. She received the same busy tongue to her nether regions and then to her face when they switched around.

God, Trinket, try to grow just a little bit of a backbone, why don't you...

Button's nose twitched with Princess' familiar, pungent scent. It was odd to think, but Button reckoned that she could probably tell her friends apart by their smell as easily as she could their faces. She was privately kind of proud of developing that little skill.

It's very dog-like to recognize your friends by their smell!

Princess' hindquarters came closer and closer to her face. Button curled her lip.

It's not very dog-like to show disgust when your friend puts her puppy parts in your face!

It wasn't so much the puppy parts as it was their state. Joey had clearly been over-using the vibrator that was embedded in the white c-string that covered Princess' crotch. Princess' scent was very powerful and her juices had run down her thighs, leaving damp streaks.

Ew, and Master called me sloppy!

Button reminded herself that puppy girls love smelly, dirty things, or at least they were supposed to. As Princess pressed herself against Button's nose, Button reluctantly began to lick. She'd tried to be dainty and lick around the trails of Princess' arousal, but her tongue was soon coated in the rambunctious puppy girl's taste. Button shivered and Princess wagged her tail back and forth and barked happily.

Okay...that's enough, Princess...Come on, Princess...

When Button had finally had enough, she bared her teeth and nipped Princess on the inside of her thigh. It wasn't enough to draw blood, or even to bruise, most importantly it wasn't enough to set off the petsitter, which made sure that she couldn't do anything truly aggressive, but it was enough to make Princess yelp and back off.

After receiving a much more reserved sniffing of Button's backside, Princess eyed Button cautiously as they sniffed at each other's snouts.

That's right, bitch! Who's the alpha?

Princess gave her a mischievous look back that seemed to say. "It's still me, and don't forget it!"

With the greetings finally finished and the owners and the handler having worked out the route, the trick-or-treating could begin. Pepper's handler announced that they could put their candy buckets in Pepper's cart.

"She won't mind at all!" He explained.

Pepper's subtle eye roll said differently, but nonetheless they all placed their buckets and they were off.

The wheel of Pepper's cart creaked, and with the jingle of Princess' bell and everyone's ID tags, it sounded like a small gypsy caravan was making its way down the sidewalk in the cool night air.

Button was happy to finally be moving. Moving meant she didn't feel so cold. Moving also meant that she was getting a step closer to maybe getting some candy. While he was getting her into her costume, Master had slowly and patiently described the "rules" of trick-or-treating as a puppy girl in a group. Basically, at each house the four of them would have to compete to see who would get the treat. The puppy girl who abased herself the most would get the candy. Button wasn't at all confident that she had it in her to act more disgusting and pathetic than her puppy friends, but for the chance of tasting chocolate, she sure as Hell would at least try!

When they reached the first house, Master and the other men stood back and urged the four pets to go up the walk to the door. Button found it strange to be out in public and off her leash, even if it was for just a few paces. From their low place on all fours, the door seemed strangely intimidating. Even Princess appeared uncertain as they all looked at each other for guidance.

Ha! It's the blind leading the blind!

Finally, with an especially irritated huff, Pepper crawled forward, the wheels on her cart creaking, and pawed at the door while whining. A few moments later the door flew open. A rotund man stood in the doorway dressed in the cheesiest Grim Reaper costume Button had ever seen, but she jumped and squeaked like all the others when he yelled, "Boo!"

He and the owners and the handler laughed at the silly, skittish pet girls.

I thought the Grim Reaper was supposed to be like a skeleton...you got a long way to go, chubster!

"Alright, pups! Who wants a nice, yummy treat?" The fat Grim Reaper asked. He held out a "fun sized" Kit Kat bar. The rustle of the package and the memory of tasting chocolate and sweet, crunchy wafer made her mouth water.

All four pups popped up into the begging position at the same instant as if they were all back in obedience school. All four stared intently at the package as they balanced on the balls of their feet, their hind legs spread, their paws in front of them, their tongues hanging from their open, panting, drooling mouths, and their eyes wide and pleading. All except for Pepper, of course, the muzzle keeping her mouth hidden, she managed to make her eyes convey even more neediness than the others to compensate.

For long seconds the four of them bounced and begged. Button made the mistake of making eye-contact with the man, and that triggered sudden shame. It was like being in a dream and suddenly becoming self-aware of it. She wasn't an animal. She was a young woman who deserved respect and dignity. She deserved the right to make her own decisions. They all did. They shouldn't have been begging for a sweet morsel like pitiful, little beasts.

She felt a hot blush come over her whole body and reflexively felt her tongue starting to retract and her legs start to close. As she was ramping down, Princess was ramping up. Her whining became louder, drowning out Trinket and Pepper, and her bouncing became more vigorous. Her voluptuous "teats" bounced right along with the rest of her, and pulled the portly Grim Reaper's eyes to her. They made eye contact, but instead of making her back down, it only emboldened her. She shook herself frantically and crossed her eyes, while allowing a long string of her drool to drip off the tip of her tongue.

The chunky Grim Reaper smiled. “I—I think we have a winner!”

The Kit Kat was only the first of many tiny candies dropped into Princess’ bucket. As they traveled from house to house, it got fuller and fuller. It wasn’t just her bucket getting filled though. Trinket had the second most out of the four of them, and even Pepper managed to set aside her uncooperative spirit and get herself a few pieces. The only one with an empty bucket was Button. She hung her head low as she crawled with the others to the next house. She focused on Master’s heel to ground herself. Why did she make eye contact with that stupid, flabby Grim Reaper? It ruined the whole thing. Now she was ping ponging between feeling like an utterly degraded young woman and feeling like a bad dog who didn’t know her place.

Master must be so disappointed in me...

She looked up from his heel and saw that he was looking down at her. His comforting, stable, strong hand touched the top of her head as if to reassure her. He paused and let the others get a few steps ahead.

“Don’t worry, Button. You just need a little encouragement,” he mumbled down to her, winked and pointed the remote at her.

Button’s whole body went rigid as pleasing vibrations emanated from her heart-shaped nipple pads, the c-string covering her puppy parts, and the plug shoved up her tail hole. Master wasn’t inclined to put her into “in heat” mode that often. She suspected because he enjoyed watching her blush and struggle through the daily activities of a puppy girl. When she was turned on, and her brain was shrouded in the pink haze of arousal, she found everything about the life and the often humiliating and sometimes gross things she had to do far more palatable, even attractive if he had her really going.

“There’s my good girl. Now, let’s try again. Okay?”

Button trembled, and not from the cold. She looked up and managed a weak, uncertain “w-woof” and they trotted to catch up with the others. It was a block before they reached the next house. Button panted loudly and crawled shakily. The game of ping pong in her mind was over. The haughty, degraded young woman had walked away from the table. All that remained was the puppy girl and she was too busy chewing and drooling on the ball to care or notice.

Before the owners took them off their leashes to send them up another walk to another door, Button wagged her tail slowly, trying to cope with the building, intense need inside of her. Both her lower holes clenched. Her puppy parts at nothing, and her tail hole around the plug. The other three were looking at her. They all had to know her state. Even if they weren’t

looking at her, her scent surely gave it away, but Button didn't care. Wasn't she just as entitled to have a little brainless bliss? So what if it was harder for her to get there?

The walk to the door felt longer than it should. Button could feel her juices escaping the edges of the c-string and running down the inside of her thighs. And she didn't care about that either. She *didn't* care! Before anyone else could, she crawled right up to the door and started pawing at it. She wagged her inflamed backside at the others more as a reflex than to taunt them. The door opened and Button stared up at a middle-age couple dressed as Gomez and Morticia Addams. They looked like they were both about to start some dumb shtick, but Button was too frenzied to wait. Without returning to the line with the others she popped up into a wide-legged squat and started begging.

The couple chuckled and looked down at her. They said something to Master about her being "very eager" but she couldn't really hear them through all the blood rushing in her ears. She could feel their judgment while they looked down at her with the most patronizing expression. She could feel the shock from the other owners and their pets at her sudden change in behavior.

I am a dirty dog! I am a dirty dog! How do dirty dogs say 'hello' when they meet people? How do they show they're friendly?

Button strained to get as high up as her restrictive gear would allow her and stuck her face right in front of Gomez' crotch. Other knots, by Master's rules, were off limits to her, but she could still show everyone that she was the dirtiest dog. She latched onto his leg and started humping it. Caught up in absolute lust with no particular object she just wanted to feel sensation.

"Gross!" Morticia exclaimed. "Hey!" She called to Master. "Tell your mutt to get off my husband!"

Button snapped her head towards Morticia in mid-hump. She barked once, scrambled off Gomez's leg and then plunged her face through the long slit in the woman's black dress and to her crotch. Other knots may have been off limits, but she could be as "polite" as she wanted with other girls, regardless of if they walked on two or four legs.

Button lapped at the crotch of Morticia's lacy black panties making the woman issue a combination of moans and outraged noises.

Who's gross now? Ha! You should be down here with the rest of us!

Every time her dignity threatened to get in the way, the buzzing between her hind legs silenced it just as Master's large hand clapped over her mouth silenced her when she was being noisy during mating time. The gasps of the lady, the laughter of the men, including Gomez, seemed far away as her neediness built and built. She grabbed the waistband of the panties and tried to yank them down, but she was suddenly pushed away with a loud, firm, "No!" from Morticia.

Out from under the skirt and on the welcome mat, Button looked up. Gomez smiled at her, Morticia scowled as she awkwardly adjusted her underwear.

Button thought about going after her again, but frantic as she was, the word "No!" made her cower and think twice. She scrambled up and tried to think of what else she could do to outshine her still motionless puppy friends. She was dripping on the welcome mat, she was so wet and leaky.

Good puppies always clean up their messes!

She hesitated for a moment, with her face halfway down to the small puddle she'd made, but then the vibrating intensified and the hesitation melted away and so did she. Button gagged a little when her tongue touched the mat.

Good puppies ALWAYS clean up their messes!

She wagged her tail and lapped and licked. Never mind the taste of dirt mixed with her love sap, she was a dirty dog, that's what dirty dogs did! Nothing was too far below them!

When she finished she popped back up, only to notice that she'd made another puddle while she was cleaning up the other. She furrowed her brow and started to lower her face to clean the second one.

"Ha!" Gomez stopped her. "We'll be here all night if you keep this up, *Officer-in-Training: Button!*" He produced a king sized chocolate bar and held it under Button's nose. She sniffed it and shook with utter delight.

Oh, God! I want it! I want it!

She wasn't sure if she was thinking of the chocolate, or Master, or both. She wasn't sure about anything.

"You're not actually going to give it to that disgusting mutt are you?" Morticia huffed.

"Well, she was the *friendliest*."

"You're an asshole!" Morticia stormed back into the house.

Gomez petted Button. "Don't pay any attention to her, Button. You're a good dog." He looked over her head at Master. "You've got quite the little pup here, buddy!"

Master thanked him with a polite nod. The sound of the large chocolate bar hitting the inside of Button's empty-bucket was the most satisfying thing she'd heard in a long time. The wide-eyed stares of her friends didn't bother her. The low hum between her legs ensuring that while she wouldn't be able to reach orgasm, she would be kept in the lovely haze that made her immune to judgment, even if that judgment was probably—definitely—justified!

Wagging her tail slowly back and forth, Button followed Master away from what she'd learned was the last house on the route. Soon after, she said good night to all her puppy friends and Master helped a very tired little Button into her crate in the backseat of the car.

"I'm very proud of you, Button." His fingers played with her damp, sweaty bangs. "You showed off just how good of a little doggy you can be."

Button squirmed sleepily. Master's praise was better than all the edging that she'd gotten.

"But you know..." He said. "I really shouldn't let you have this." He held up the big chocolate bar.

What?

“Chocolate isn’t good for dogs you know...”

WHAT!?

“You should see the look on your face!” Master grinned at her. “Tell you what... You can have one square tonight while we watch a scary movie, and then if you’re extra good, I’ll let you have one square after dinner on each Sunday from here until you’ve finished the bar. How does that sound?”

He talked as if she could actually answer! He talked as if she could actually answer *and* disagree!

Button scowled all the way home.

The End