

Overture to a Date Night: A Sue Sharp Snippet

It was Saturday and that meant date night! Like so many things, Button found it difficult to abandon the cynical, “too cool for school” kind of attitude about things that she’d had when she still walked on two legs. She had to tell herself over and over that it was okay to be excited about a little outing—a break from Master’s house and the routine he so vigorously enforced—the latter of which she still had to complete before the evening fun could begin.

The day started at the crack of dawn like always. Button worked up quite a sweat during her “walkies,” she bashfully made her “piddles and plops” while she squatted on trembling legs, and then returned home to the usual breakfast of a lukewarm bowl of water and a half a cup of dry kibble. Kibble...it wasn’t just part of a complete breakfast. It *was* breakfast, every breakfast, everyday. Sure it was kind of boring, but it was also wonderfully reassuring. Master’s apparently unwavering consistency always made her feel safe. It brought order to her chaos, and deep down she knew that’s what she needed to thrive, even if it wasn’t always easy to admit.

After breakfast on work days, Button would be crated to keep her out of mischief while Master was away, but on weekends she got to lie lazily at his feet while he read, watched TV, or played video games. Though it wasn’t always a lazy affair for her, sometimes he put her to work. He’d send her to fetch him a securely packaged snack or a bottle of water in her mouth—neither of which she ever got to enjoy—sometimes he’d use her as a footstool until her thin arms gave out, and sometimes, the best times, she’d spend nearly the whole duration with her drooly, inquisitive muzzle in his crotch suckling on his great big “knot” until he flooded her wet, little mouth with his hot stickiness. Much to her disappointment, Master didn’t seem interested in letting her play that morning, and instead ignored her that morning while he watched a boring WW2 documentary. Only occasionally did his hand drift down to pat her or scratch her behind her ears.

He’s probably just saving it all for tonight! Nothing makes a man hotter than a world war...wait what?

Button smirked to herself, and passed the time by dreaming of what he might do to her later, each thought making her squishier and achier than the last. She desperately wanted to reach down and paw herself right there, but she didn’t dare.

Bad puppy! She scolded herself. That belongs to Master!

The morning passed, and after Master had a quick bite of lunch for himself, he loaded Button into her cramped, little carrier, so he could drive her to her weekly “beauty session.” Though he bathed her himself every day—cleanliness was next to godliness after all—every

weekend he took her to a state-licensed pet-groomer to “doll her up.” Besides it being the law to bring registered puppy girls in for inspections, it was convenient as the visit ensured that she’d look her best when he took her out in the late afternoon or evening.

Bouncing around in her carrier, which was secured in the backseat, Button felt the urge between her skinny hind legs again. She bit her lip and wiggled her hips as if she could shake away the arousal. She couldn’t, but she pressed her paws into the floor of the crate and glared at them—willing them to stay away from what she knew was Master’s. She didn’t feel like getting swatted and she definitely didn’t feel like a lecture about playing with things that didn’t belong to her. All she needed was to exercise a little self-control.

Yeah, because that’s what you’re known for isn’t it, Button?

The ride wouldn’t be that long. Once she was back under Master’s supervision, she wouldn’t have to control herself. He would be there to do it for her. That thought allowed her to be still for the rest of the car ride, but it wasn’t easy.

Button held her head high as she trotted into the groomers by Master’s heel. He had seen that the inside of her thighs were slick and she’d made a small puddle of her arousal under her in the carrier during the drive. After smelling her paws he had smiled and praised her for being a “good girl” for not playing with herself without permission. Button could see that he held a white, rectangular box under his arm. He never brought anything into the groomers with him other than her, so she was curious about what it might hold. She wondered if it might be some kind of present. Master wasn’t big on presents as he believed too many gifts made a spoiled puppy, and a spoiled puppy wasn’t good to anyone, even herself. But he was very good about remembering important dates like anniversaries, holidays, and her birthday. While Master spoke to the receptionist, Button furrowed her brow and tried to remember if there was an important date she’d missed. It was hard to remember what month it was, let alone specific dates.

A slight pull on her leash, brought Button out of her thoughts. She looked up and saw that Master was handing her leash over to a familiar and gentle hand. The hand belonged to Donna, the blonde, perky, and annoyingly full-figured pet-groomer. Donna had made a career shift and split her time between working with new admissions at the ComPet draft center and a neighborhood pet-grooming-station. It made the weekly checks far more bearable for Button. They could even be a little fun sometimes, assuming Button allowed it to be.

Button watched Master hand Donna the box with a wink and a smile. If Donna had something to do with it, Button assumed that the box must contain something “clothing” related, but the anticipation was still there. She always had mixed feelings about any “adorable” accessories Master put on her. On the one hand, if he liked it, there was a far better chance that

she might get “mated,” but on the other hand she might not and she’d be stuck looking more ridiculous than usual. Of course, he’d enjoy it either way.

And that’s all that matters, right?

Master knelt down and brushed Button’s bangs across her forehead. “Be a good girl for Donna, Button. I’ll be back to get you later.”

Button licked at his fingertips and barked in response. She knew he’d be back for her, but it always helped when he said as much.

Once he was out the door, Button felt another little tug on her leash. “Come on, Button! No time for daydreaming. We’ve got a lot of work to do before your daddy gets back!”

Button blushed and followed meekly at the heel of Donna’s candy pink high-tops. Out of everyone Button interacted with, Donna had the most ambiguous way of embarrassing her. Was there something wrong with her appearance, the puppy girl wondered. Why did she need so much work all of a sudden?

The grooming room smelled heavily of doggy shampoo, making Button’s nose twitch a bit. The middle was occupied with a rectangular metal table with restraints at the corners, and a few hooks above to attach leashes and other restraints. There was a stainless steel tub with the same kind of restraints along one wall and a rectangular window down the opposite wall that allowed owners to watch the process if they were so inclined. As per usual, the tub was the first stop.

There was a steep ramp for larger puppy girls, so that they could easily be led into the tub, but for so-called “toy” breeds like Button, Donna simply dropped down, scooped up her front and back legs, and with a surprisingly deep grunt, picked Button up and deposited her into stainless steel receptacle.

Donna exaggeratedly wiped her forehead and exclaimed, “If I didn’t know any better, I’d think your daddy was feeding you more!”

Button squirmed a bit and frowned back at her. *My ‘daddy’ weighed me this morning! And I haven’t gained a gram thank you very much. Maybe you need more gym time!*

“Aw, don’t pout! I was just kidding.” Donna said and attached Button’s leash to a hook above the tub.

Button stuck her nose in the air and gave Donna a sideways glance.

“Oh, so it’s going to be like that? Well then I guess I have to do this!” Donna tickled Button under her armpits. Button scrunched up and let out a stifled giggle that she’d learned to make, so that she didn’t get shocked by the petsitter for making a *human* sound.

“There’s my happy puppy!” Donna smiled and bopped Button on the nose before continuing her work. She placed a padded rubber restraint around Button’s slender wrists before removing the light brown paw mittens.

Button waited to move her hands until Donna loosened them up with a quick massage. Button had learned that lesson rather painfully during her first grooming session. When Donna had finished, Button timidly uncurled her bone-white fingers. It was a strange sensation to open her hand fully and then to curl it back into a tight fist. It felt deliciously *forbidden*, but she continued to do so while Donna stripped off her light brown paw booties, and then placed restraints around her ankles as well. The freedom to wiggle her fingers and her toes made her a bit lightheaded and dizzy, but the reassuring pressure of the cuffs kept her grounded.

“There now, safe and secure!” Donna announced with a playful swat to Button’s upturned behind, making the puppy girl yelp with surprise.

Button shot Donna a glance over her shoulder. She wondered when Donna was going to turn off the shock collar. It was against the rules, but given Button’s unique situation as a volunteer puppy girl and their relationship, Donna usually turned the collar off, so that they could “gab” a little about what had gone on during the week. Normally, Button would have hated to have made the effort, but being unable to speak most of the rest of the time had changed the way she looked at small talk. At the very least, with the shock collar turned off, Button could have asked what the hell was in the box.

Button whined and raised her chin to expose her collar to Donna. Donna looked at her quizzically. “What’s that, girl? Did Timmy fall down the well again?” She giggled.

You know, that’s even funnier the 100th time I’ve heard it...

“Aw, does Button want her collar off?”

Button shook in her restraints and barked in affirmation.

“Sorry, puppy, it’s going to stay on today.”

Button frowned and whined.

“Don’t make those sad eyes at me! I invented puppy dog eyes!”

Damn, she’s got me there...

“Speaking of which, let’s get your contacts out.”

Button curled her lip and presented her face. If there was one thing she was sure she couldn’t get used to it was people messing with her eyes, but there was no getting around it. Fortunately, Donna was quick and steady as she always was. She was so quick, in fact, that she was able to have the old ones out and the new ones ready before Button really knew what was happening. When the first one went in, Button blinked rapidly, but she still couldn’t see anything.

Stupid contact, am I having a stroke or what?

Donna held her still and popped in the other contact. Button blinked both eyes rapidly, but all she could see was...nothing. Button shook in her restraints and whined loudly. She’d had bad eyesight for as long as she could remember, but having her sight completely removed frightened her terribly.

Donna shushed her and patted her head. “Don’t worry, puppy. They’re just what we call ‘blackout contacts.’ You’ll be able to see after we take them out. I promise!”

And that’s supposed to make me feel better? I’m blind, you damn bimbo!

Button stopped shaking and hung her head. It was just another situation where her feelings didn’t matter. She was temporarily blinded, there was nothing she could do to change that, and that was that.

Puppy girls are just happy to be, right?

Donna patted her more. “Who’s a brave, little puppy? That’s right, you are! You are!”

Button perked up a bit. She did like getting praised, even if it was for something so minor. The worst thing about the whole situation was that if Donna opened the box, Button wouldn’t get to see the contents.

“Now that that’s settled, who’s a smelly, dirty little puppy?”

...Me?

“Come on!” Donna urged and scratched her under the chin. “Who’s a smelly, dirty little puppy?”

“Woof...”

“That’s right! You are! You are!” Donna ruffled her hair. “And who’s gonna make puppy smell all clean and nice? That’s right, me!”

After removing the nipple pads, pointy, clip-on ears, fluffy tail and plug, and c-string, Donna got to work. Button got all the usual treatments, body hair removal, which left her smooth as smooth could be, and she got cleaned *inside* and out. Though the prior was not all that fun, and was a little painful and really gross, Button relaxed in the warm soapy water and placed herself entirely into Donna's soft, gentle hands. Without being able to see, her sense of touch had intensified. The feel of Donna's slippery fingers against her inner thighs, her belly, and her hanging breasts made her shiver. She wasn't supposed to be having those kinds of feelings during bath time. Her cheeks burned as she breathed heavily through her nose.

"Oh, did puppy find something about her new eyes that she likes?" Donna teased Button's clitoris with her middle finger making Button gasp. Donna giggled. "It does make things more-intense when you can't see, huh? You should try it with a good pair of ear plugs too. Can't see, can't hear, all you can do is *feel*! I bet puppy would *love* that! Maybe I'll mention it to your daddy..."

Button could barely hear her. All she could think about was the finger making slow, light circles on her delicate, sultry skin. Button's mouth fell open and she panted loudly as her tongue lolled. She ground herself against Donna's fingers and let out a pitiful noise.

"I think that's enough of that." Donna announced and withdrew her fingers.

Button whined louder and blindly wiggled her hips in a vain attempt to find something to rub against, while Donna emptied the tub and rinsed her.

"No more, whining, puppy!" Donna chided lightly. "Your daddy will take care of you later, I'm sure."

He'd better!

After a quick blow drying and a careful, clumsy walk to the grooming-table, Button was ready to be "dressed."

Though she couldn't see the paws mittens and booties being returned, Button could immediately tell that they were different. The paws, for instance, had what felt like sleeves, which came up to her elbow. Both were also considerably softer than her usual gear too, but still comforting in the restriction they offered. With her sight gone, and already being worked up, the smooth, satin texture made her whole body flutter. Next, she felt the familiar sensation of lube being rubbed on her anus. She braced for the plug. Her backside wagged involuntarily once it was back in place. Even though it still hurt going in and out, she felt unusual without it. Not only because of the absence of pressure, but because it represented another form of very intimate control over her.

Only Master—and my babysitter, I guess—decide when I get to make my plops!

When Donna attached the c-string onto the tail, Button felt something was off, and then when she felt the same pressure against her “puppy parts” she knew something was different. Button gasped as she felt something thick, unyielding, and well-greased sliding upside her tight little place. It went deeper and deeper inside of her until she felt it at the entrance to her cervix. Button contracted around it as Donna secured the big thing inside of her. Covered in a thin sheen of sweat, Button could not tell if it hurt more than it felt good, or if it was the other way around, or somewhere in between.

“There we go! Two hungry little holes down, just one to go.”

What do you mean, ‘one to go’?

Button had no time to ruminate on Donna’s comment, before something tight and stuffy went over her nose and mouth. The leather straps securing it dug into Button’s forehead and the back of her head. Something was propping her mouth open just enough to be uncomfortable. Then she felt another thick thing against her tongue. The bulbous thing didn’t taste like she expected. She’d prepared herself for a foul rubbery flavor, what she got made her contract even tighter around both intrusions in her burning lower half. It tasted like Master! Button ran her tongue along the bottom of it eagerly as Donna slowly pushed it inside of her very willing mouth. Button’s gag reflex had greatly reduced with a lot of practice and training. Still, she struggled a bit with the last inch or so. Donna soothingly talked her down until the “knot” was in place, stuffing Button’s mouth and filling it with Master’s unique, soothing flavor.

“I bet puppy likes that, huh? Yes, she does!”

Button felt something around her midsection, suddenly growing very tight. “Okay, pup, I’m going to need you to suck in for me. We’re going to give you a pretty, little waist!”

Breathing rapidly through her nose, Button involuntarily clenched down on all three knots inside of her as Donna pulled the strings on her corset tighter and tighter, until the poor puppy girl feared she might lose consciousness from lack of air.

“There we go. Wow, I would have said these were cruel and unusual punishments before, but if they can give a skinny little puppy like you this kind of shape, maybe I was wrong! Now, I want one!”

Ow, you can have mine!

Button sucked and squeezed in a daze as Donna busied herself tying ribbons, and applying finishing touches to her. She felt like a Thanksgiving turkey about ready to go on the table, absolutely stuffed. The finishing touch was a great big bell attached to Button’s collar, which chimed merrily with each little motion she made.

Donna hefted Button off the grooming-table and guided her carefully through the door. Though Button couldn't see it, she was made-up in luxurious black pet gear, with dark pink, ruffled trim that matched the usual bows in her hair and on her tail that she usually wore. A black corset cinched her midsection down, making her look almost shapely—or at least as shapely as someone with her petite frame could. Over her mouth and nose she wore a matching muzzle that was made to resemble a happy dog's snout, which secured the knot into her mouth. She didn't know it, but the whole ensemble was what the fashion designers had dubbed “the little black dress, but for puppy girls.”

Button trudged along, the knots filling her made each step wonderful and agonizing at the same time. Donna kept the leash tight to guide her, and Button had to really move to keep up and avoid getting choked. When they stopped, Button strained her ears to hear what was going on around her. They must have been at the front desk. Other puppy girls were being checked in and checked out. Owners and stylists were chatting casually and about business. Her heart leapt when Master's voice cut through the static.

“Wow, Donna, she looks amazing!”

“Oh, it was nothing...”

“No, no, you've really outdone yourself this time.”

“Well...just doing my part! Oh, I almost forgot, here is the remote for the extra attachments.”

“Thanks. Was she a good girl?”

“She was a little huffy at the start, but I think she's pretty *pacified* now, aren't you, Button?”

Button's cheeks burned. She hated it when they ganged up on her. She tried to reply with a muffled, “Woof!”

Donna and Master laughed.

“I guess she shouldn't talk with her mouthful, huh?” Donna added.

“Yes, we'll have to work on her manners a bit, I guess! Anyway, let's try it out.”

Wait, try what out?

Button heard the clicking of the remote, and then suddenly the three knots inside of her started vibrating. Button shook uncontrollably. She somehow was trapped between trying to

push the horrible things out of her and on holding them inside. Her tired, frantic mind short-circuited and she found herself turning circles.

“Look, it’s chasing its tail! How cute!” One onlooker remarked. Donna, Master and everyone else in the room laughed.

The hand on her leash suddenly became firmer. She was vaguely aware that Master must have taken it from Donna. With a sharp tug he stopped her from turning in pointless circles. Though she was moaning pitifully and struggling to move, Master guided her through laughter to the street after saying goodbye to Donna.

“Come on, Button, keep up!” He gave her leash another light tug. She groaned and picked up the pace. She felt herself building closer and closer to orgasm and she was glad that Master had taken her away from all those people. She didn’t want to “make cummies” in front of everyone, but just as she reached the top of the rollercoaster, the vibrating stopped.

“Ah, I see we were about to have the big O. Well, you can forget about that. The sensors embedded in the gear will detect when you’re almost there and shut all the fun down, that is, unless I turn off the sensors.”

With her puppy parts still contracting and retracting around the still, silent knot, Button groped blindly forward until her paws found his legs. She clung to them and whined loudly with her tail in the air, wagging desperately.

“I’m not turning them off, Button. They’re going to stay on for the whole evening. Consider it foreplay, but only if you’re very good. If you are, I’ll let you have the real thing when we get home—and that includes finishing. If you aren’t, well, maybe you can sleep in the new gear tonight and we’ll see about it tomorrow.”

Button whined louder.

No! No! No!

Master tugged the leash, making the bell jingle. “This isn’t a good start, Button. Now come on. We’ve got dinner reservations. Oh, and next time we see her, make sure to thank your little friend, Princess, for your new ‘outfit.’ It was a gift from her and her. Her master says that she picked it out all by herself.”

Button blinked back tears.

Oh, I’ll get Princess for this, I’ll—

Her plotting was caught short as the knots inside her started their terrible quaking again. She whimpered miserably and sucked hard on the fat thing in her mouth, Master's taste both calming her and making her lust climb higher and higher. Tears of frustration ran down her torrid cheeks. It took all her concentration to just put one paw in front of the other and follow Master to the car. There was no room for thinking about getting back at anyone. She'd just have to survive.

She was already peaking again.

It was going to be a very long night.