# Dominant Women & Their Sissy Pets.

Volume 1

By Patricia Michelle

***18 Full Color Illustrations!***

"Pinkie"

"My Pony Maid"

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# Pinkie

**By Patricia Michelle**

## Chapter -1 I could pretend to be Pinkie.

Pinky, her dog, was my wife Jill's first love, I was always her second. She had Pinkie for almost thirteen years before she eventually passed away. The loss of Pinkie put her in a deep depression that nothing I did could get her out of.

Pinkie was a beautiful dog, although an unusual one. A mix of Afghan with the longest pale, blonde, straight hair with a smooth, almost hairless body, like a greyhound, and a long, bushy tail more like that of a golden retriever.

Half kiddingly I said, "Well, I could pretend to be Pinkie until you're ready for a new dog."

Looking back I never, ever should have made that suggestion.

"You would really? I could take you out for walks in the mornings and afternoons like I did with Pinkie?" She asked excitedly.

"Yes, but we go on walks already," I pointed out.

"But now you'd be going as my pretend Pinkie, wouldn't you?" She said.

"Well, I guess I would," I said, never having an inkling of what I was agreeing to.

It was that afternoon that I found out how serious she was, but smiling for the

first time in weeks.

"Are you ready for walkies Pinkie? First take off all your clothes," She instructed.

"You want me to strip, like naked?" I asked, bewildered.

"Pinkie didn't wear clothes, did she?" She stated.Well she had me there, so I stripped.

"Hmmm, that's not quite right," She said, going to one of her drawers and taking out, of all things, a pair of pink, satin panties.

"You want me to put on a pair of your panties?" I asked, bewildered.

"My pink panties. They'll remind me of Pinkie, and don't say you don't like wearing my panties," She said, giggling.

And I couldn't deny it. I'd worn them jokingly to spice things up and had to confess how great they felt.

I couldn't believe it but almost as soon as I put them on I got a raging hard on.

"I see some one likes her panties," she chuckled.

"Her?"

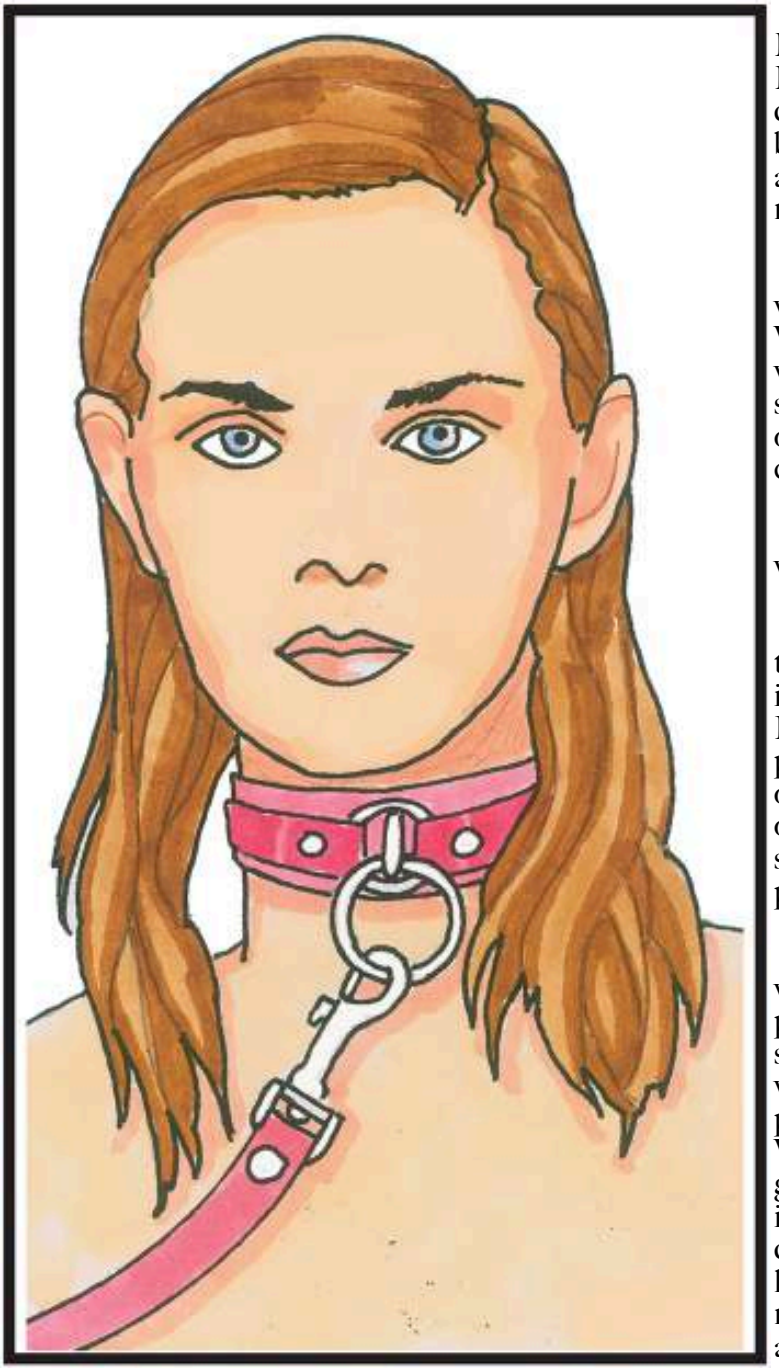
"Of course. Pinkie was a girl, so as you're pretending to be Pinkie you'll be a girl doggie. And by your reaction I think I'll keep you in panties," She decided, then shocked me by fondling me, and I swear I almost came then and there.

"If you really pretend to be my Pinkie during your afternoon walk I may just finish it," She grinned.

Well that settled it, I'd be the best damn doggie for her that I could.

## Chapter -2 My first walkies.

Which was really put to a test when she produced Pinkie's large, wide pink collar and snapped her leash on it.



"I got this at Bark & Meow, and look I even saved Pinkie's dog tag," She said, and before I could say anything she had it on me and buckled.

"Now here's what's interesting. When I picked it out the woman said, 'Are you sure this is for a dog, it's one of our biggest collars."

"I don't know what you mean," I said.

"Well, it's just that a lot of couple indulge in what's called Pet Play. Where one pretends to be the other's pet doggie, kittie or other. You'd be surprised at how popular it is," She said.

So I admitted we were doing a bit of role playing and she suggested I look up a website called petplayforfun.com. Which she said might give me a lot of good ideas about how others do pet play," I don't know why but I didn't really want her getting any ideas about how others role played. I was

already sort of regretting volunteering being her pretend Pinkie as she clipped Pinkie's leash to me and led outside.

Outside she said, "Now Pinkie no tugging or pulling on your leash, got it?"

"Okay, I can do that," I agreed, although now I was pretty sure this wasn't such a great idea after all.

She walked me along for about ten minutes when she stopped and said, "This just isn't working."

"Why isn't it?" I asked.

"Pinkie, for obvious reasons, walked on four legs, not two. Down," she said in the demanding voice she was used to giving when she wanted to get her way. So down on all fours I went.

"One other thing dogs don't talk, they bark. Once for yes. Twice for no,

understand?" She asked.

"You want me to bark, aargh," I started to say when she suddenly yanked really hard on my leash.

"I said did you get that Pinkie?" she sternly asked.

"Woof," I said, not wanting another yank. I had quickly learned shortly after we were married that when Jill wanted me to do something I'd best agree or I'd find myself in her dog house. If I'd only known.

We walked for a while when Jill said, "Let's jog."

So we started jogging. I was a runner and I found running on all fours challenging, but got carried away a few times. Each time she yanked sharply on my leash.

"It looks like I'm going to have to break you of yanking on your leash," She declared, although how she was going to do that I had no idea.

Thirty minutes later when we got back she chuckled and said, "Well for the first time that wasn't too bad. I'd give you a doggie treat but we're all our of Milk Bones."

Thank god, I really hoped she wasn't serious.

## Chapter -3 My not quite unexpected reward.

Instead she did the unexpected. She started fondling me through my panties. I couldn't believe it!

"Do you like your reward Pinkie? Bark three times if you do," she instructed.

So I did, I barked three times, I really wanted my reward! But just on the point of no return she stopped.

"We don't want to spoil your panties do we? It's the only pink pair I have. I'll get some more tomorrow in case you really show me what a good doggie you can be," She said, to my rampant disappointment.

Well, I decided that tomorrow I'd show her what a good doggie I could be.

When I asked her to remove my collar she said, "No, I want you to leave it on. It'll help me think of you more as Pinkie." Which wasn't the end of it for she started calling me Pinkie, not Brandon. Good grief, what have I gotten myself into I wondered.

"Why don't you watch some TV Pinkie? I want to look at that pet play for fun site again. Maybe I'll get some interesting ideas," She said. The last thing I wanted her to do was look at that site for new ideas. So I watched a game still in nothing but my pink panties. Which kept getting me aroused to the point that I went into the bathroom and jerked off.

## Chapter –4 It's your hair, it's all wrong.

In the morning I couldn't help asking if she'd gotten any ideas from visiting that darn website.

"Oh some really great ones!" She said enthusiastically, adding, "I even chatted online with some other women who also gave me some great ideas.

But first we have to deal with your hair."

"My hair, what's wrong with my hair?" I asked.

"Well obviously the color is all wrong, isn't it? You have, I'd say, medium brown hair while Pinkie's is nearly platinum blonde. And her hair is absolutely straight while yours is quite wavy and curled at the tips. Plus while yours is about three inches below your shoulders, Pinkie's is, or was, all the way down to her paws," She said.

"Well there's nothing we can do about that," I said.

"Actually the women I chatted with gave me a great solution that I can deal with right now," She explained mysteriously. What I really did not like was her discussing me with a bunch of strange women and their ideas of how to turn me into a more realistic dog. I was beginning not to like this turning me into a sort of duplicate of her beloved Pinkie. But I couldn't figure out how to tell her without hurting the great mood this had put her in.

All this I was thinking as she led me into the bathroom and had to sit with my back to the sink.

She spent quite some time shampooing my hair, I felt her doing something with my hair, as she did I heard her say to herself, "I think these extensions will be just the right length." I was wondering what the heck she was talking about, but forgot that as I felt her putting my hair up in curlers of all things. This was getting weirder and weirder.

When I asked her what she was doing she sternly said, "Right now you're pretending to be Pinkie. Pinkie doesn't talk, she barks. If I have to remind you again the ladies I chatted with have a couple solutions you wouldn't like to stop you from talking and making sure all you can do is bark."

I couldn't believe she actually sounded serious, but I wasn't sure so I kept my mouth shut and let her, hopefully, get all this out of her system.

I just managed not to protest when she started squeezing some horrible smelling lotion into all the curlers. The she put a bonnet, used to dry hair, on it and let me sit there for a good forty minutes.

Finally she took the bonnet off, combed my hair out and grinning declared, "Now you're beginning to look more like Pinkie, at least your hair is."

Turning me to the mirror I was stunned. My hair was now exactly the same

platinum blonde as Pinkie's, and like Pinkie's it was now straight. Not only that but straightening it and adding extensions created nearly the same length of hair as Pinkie's had been, it actually came down below my elbows.

"Well, don't you agree your hair, except for the length, looks exactly like Pinkie's," She asked enthusiastically.

Just in time I remembered to bark.

"Woof," I agreed, although I really didn't at all like what she'd done. But I couldn't bring myself to bark "No."

The problem was she obviously mistook my agreement with being as thrilled as she was and gave me a big hug.

## Chapter -5 If you're going to be Pinkie you need a tail and paws.

"So now that we've got your hair dealt with I can implement some of the other ideas the women I chatted with gave me that will help you, and me, think of you more as my doggie when you're pretending to be Pinkie.

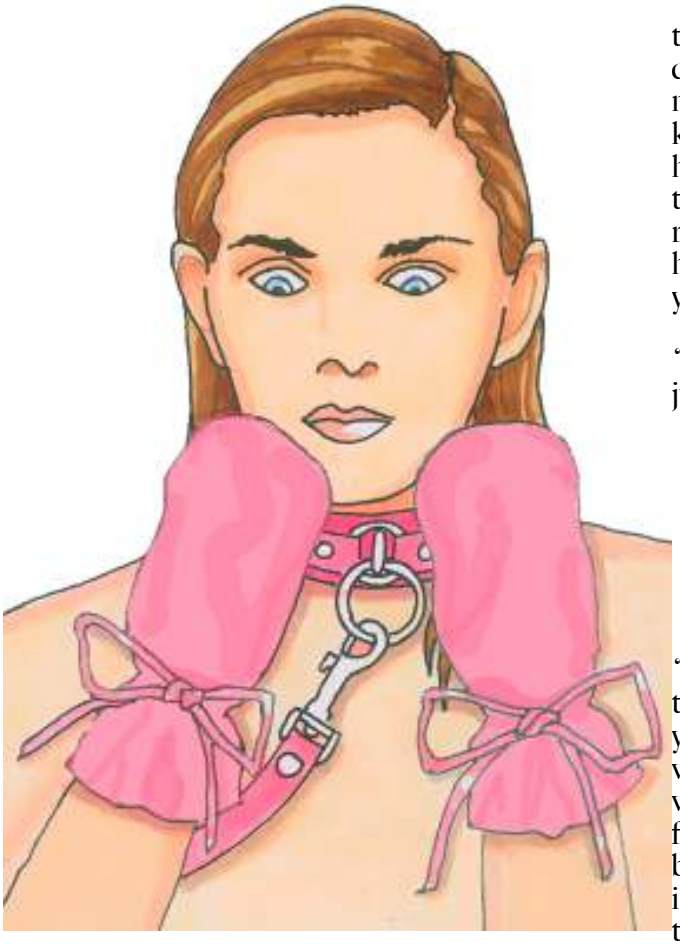
"Like what kind of suggestions?" I asked, not really wanting to hear their suggestions.

"Well most importantly, to make it realistic, you'll need a tail. There are two kinds, but we'll try the stick on one first. Then you'll need paws and doggie ears. Pinkie had short, pointed ones. Then, the women all agreed, they had the most fun obedience training their doggies. You know like, 'Sit, Stay, Fetch, Lie Down, Roll Over and On Leash training," She said excitedly.

What I was far from was excited. A tail, paws, ears, obedience training.

She couldn't actually be serious. But I could tell from her expression that she really was.

"Well Pinkie, what do you think?" She asked.



"It seems, well, a bit over the top," Was all I could manage. I didn't want to spoil her good mood. Besides she was just kidding. Looking back I should have stopped it right then. But then it was too late "Oh I really don't think so, besides I'm having some much fun, aren't you?"

"Well, it, it's a lot of fun," I said, just to keep her spirits up.

## Chapter –6 We'll deal with your hands and feet first.

"Oh that's so great. Let's first tackle with what you said yesterday. That when we walked and especially when we were jogging your hands and feet were getting scratched and bruised. Hold your feet up," She instructed and then proceeded to tie slippers with the leather soles she wore when her feet were cold. They came up above my ankles and had drawstrings which she tightly tied. And, of course, they were pink.

Then having me hold my hands out she put the mittens she wore in the winter on me. Having smaller hands they were a really tight fit. I had the feeling I wasn't going to be able to get them off myself. Especially when she tightly knotted the drawstrings. Naturally they too were her favorite color, pink.

But I'll have to admit they really did the trick. But then she said something that sounded all too ominous.

"I'm sure they'll do until your paws arrive."

## Chapter –7 Now we have to get you obedience trained.

"So, this morning we'll start getting you obedience trained, okay Pinkie?" She asked.

I should have said 'no.' I didn't want to be obedience trained, whatever that was. The thought was a little more than humiliating. Jill was my wife after all and she was going to spend the morning obedience training me. What guy would agree to that?

"Yes, okay," I very reluctantly agreed.

"No, no Pinkie, barkies remember?" she said, so what could I do, I barked.

Outside she cheerfully said, "Now the first thing we need to do is get you leash trained and we'll start with the 'heel' command. When I say, 'heel Pinkie' you walk, jog or run on my right side your nose always level with the tip of my right foot. Which you really have to concentrate on and never take your eyes off it. As soon as you see it turn left or right you'll react immediately and go in that direction, understand?" She asked.

"Woof," I replied, not liking this at all.

So we started and frankly it wasn't as easy as I thought it would be. I just couldn't resist looking up to see where we were going. Which she quickly broke me of for every time I did she'd yank on my leash.

"Don't look up at where I'm going damnit, focus on my right toe," She demanded angrily.

"That's not good at all, if you don't improve Marsha told me there's a way to correct you, and you're not going to like it," She stated.

Without thinking I asked, "Who's Marsha?"

"When you're Pinkie you don't talk, there's a way to stop you doing that as well if you persist. As to Marsha she's someone I've been chatting with online. Her pretend pet is Fifi. She's always wanted a French Poodle so that's what her husband becomes when they role play."

## Chapter –8 Learning to 'Stay.'

"That's enough 'heel' training for now. The next commend is 'Stay.' When I say 'Stay' you immediately stop and assume the 'Stay' position. You do that by sitting on your hindquarters with your knees spread and front paws together between them. You remain in the 'Stay' position, not moving until I give you a new commend," She instructed.

God, I was really starting to not like this at all. Especially when she ordered me to 'Stay" for longer and longer periods. And if I moved even a foot, well paw, or fidgeted even a little she really yanked on the leash becoming increasingly annoyed with me.

Which was really difficult as there was something totally unexpected that presented itself. Almost as soon as she started training me to 'Heel' I don't know why but my dick got a tremendous hard on that didn't seem to go away at all. Why I was so excited I had no idea, so you can understand when I couldn't help fidgeting.

"Now one way I found with excellent results to get your Pinkie obedience trained is to spike his drink, or food, in the morning with a couple of Viagras. Trust me Pinkie will try his hardest, pardon the pun, to earn his reward. Which, of course, you only give when you declare he's been a 'good doggie," Marsha assured me.

And it was working!

## Chapter -9 Now let's teach you to 'Lie Down.'

I next learned to "Lie Down." To do so I was to have my elbows and paws down flat with my chin resting between my paws. Christ, I was already thinking of my hands as paws.

I don't know why but in the 'Lie Down' position I was to have my feet pointed straight up. Which I found increasingly strenuous. A position hat was really uncomfortable with a stiff hard on.

"Lie Down and stop fidgeting Pinkie," she demanded.

To my chagrin she said, "I'm very disappointed in you Pinkie, so no reward for you, although it appears you could use one," She said, adding, "I can see you're

obviously enjoying this as much as I am."

She was mistaking my stiffly erect dick to mistakenly thinking I was enjoying being obedience as much as she was. And I couldn't tell her that wasn't it at all.

I swore to myself that when the took me out for my afternoon walk, much as I hated to, I'd try my damndest to be as obedient as I possibly could to earn my reward and put me out of the frustrated state I was in.

## Chapter -10 Learning to Fetch.

The afternoon walkie was much a repeat of the morning. She went through all the commands over and over until I responded correctly. Every time I did a command right she'd pat me on the heard, as she often did with Pinkie when he was being a good doggie and say, "Good doggie, what a good doggie you are, Pinkie."

After repeatedly putting me through my paces she said, "Now I think you're really going to like this. You're going to learn to 'Fetch."

Taking out a large, rubber dog bone, pink, of course, she threw it as far as she could and shouted, "Fetch."

So I ran as fast as I could on all fours, got it my mouth, which was no easy task, and ran back to her.

"When you bring it back I want you to immediately sit and keep it in your mouth until I say, 'Drop," She instructed.

To my surprise I actually enjoyed it, running as fast as I could was a challenge. Although after a dozen throws I was getting exhausted and thirsty.

"Are you thirsty, Pinkie?" She asked.

"Woof," I agreed. God, I hated barking, it was so demeaning, but I was thirsty.

"Sit, Stay," She ordered, and went into the house coming out moments later, I couldn't believe it, with Pinkie's water bowl.

"Go ahead, you can drink now," She instructed.

Could anything be more degrading than for a guy to be lapping water from a doggie dish? But what else could I do, I was thirsty.

"That's a good doggie, good doggie," She said patting my head.

## Chapter -11 I earn my reward.

"Now you've been such a good doggie I think you've finally earned a reward. I want you to stay and not move," She said.

And, oh god, she reached between my legs and very lightly began fondly and stroking just my balls with her nails keeping me just on the brink and driving me crazy.

"I chatted with Marsha last night and she suggested to really get the most enjoyment out of role playing that we try a more extended period like at least, to start, a weekend. She said sometimes she and Fifi will role play for an entire week and more. So what I'd like to try is that you pretend to be Pinkie for the coming weekend, what do you think?" She asked.

A whole weekend as Pinkie? That I definitely wouldn't look forward to. But just as I was about to say 'no' she started stroking my incredibly stiff dick.

"Woof, woof, woof," I barked, but she completely misunderstood what I was barking about so excitedly.

"Oh, that's really great. And Marsha had a few other suggestions that I'd like to try out. When I sent her pictures of my Pinkie and you pretending to be Pinkie she suggested that it would enhance our role playing if you looked more like Pinkie. Like changing your hair color to more match that of Pinkie, and while yours is long Pinkie's was almost twice as long. So we can change both just for the weekend," She said.

Well that didn't seem so drastic as it was just for the weekend, I thought. Stupid me.

What I really didn't like was that she'd actually sent this Marsha, who I was beginning to really dislike, pictures of me as Pinkie.

"Y-You showed her pictures of me," I couldn't help asking, more than a little annoyed.

"Now, now Pinkie that talking simply has to stop. And starting Friday it will. Marsha is FedExing me something that stopped her Fifi from talking, so I'm sure it will work on you," She said sternly.

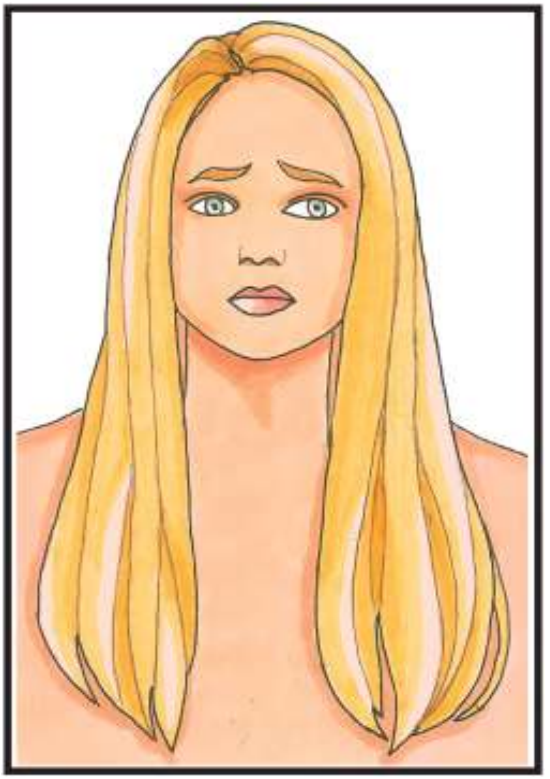
That really didn't sound good at all. But I didn't say anything that would get her more upset.

"She also noted how slim Pinkie was and suggested something to help you slim down. She also suggested something that would make your haunches stand out more, just like Pinkie's did," She stated.

My haunches? Did she mean my ass? I started wondering when she suddenly gripped my hard on and really began pumping/

God, it felt incredible and I couldn't stop myself as I erupted over and over in my panties.

"Did you enjoy your reward, Pinkie?" She asked.



"Woof, woof, woof," I couldn't help replying.

This was on a Tuesday. Over the next couple of days half a dozen packages arrived.

When I asked what was in them she said, "You enjoy surprises, don't you?"

"Well sure, doesn't everyone?" I said.

"Then I know you'll love these," She assured me, although I really wasn't so sure.

## Chapter -12 What do I need a new hair do for?

When Friday arrived I was a bit nervous having no idea what her friend Marsha

had sent her, but first she declared I needed a new hair do. She ignored me when I asked her why I needed a new hair do.

"You said you like surprises, so this will be your first surprise," was all she said with a wolfish grin.

The first thing she did after putting me in what appeared to be a beautician's chair was to drape a towel over the mirror so I couldn't see what she was doing.

I felt her washing my hair and then I think she was attaching some things to it. I really had no idea what she was doing. When she finished whatever she was doing she started applying some really foul smelling lotion to my hair.

Then, of all things, she took out a box of huge curlers and spent, like forever, putting my hair in curlers, so tight it bordered on painful. Finished she positioned this coned shaped hair dryer on me and turned it on. I wanted to tell her it was too hot, but she'd left the room. Just when I thought my hair was actually on fire she came back, thankfully removed the dryer, and it seemed, took forever brushing it out.

Turning me to the mirror and whipping off the towel she loudly proclaimed, "Ta Da, don't you look just like Pinkie!"

Oh my God, she was right! I couldn't believe what she'd done. My hair was now the exact same shade of blond as Pinkie's was. Not only that but what she'd attached to my real hair were obviously extensions, making my hair nearly twice as long.

And I was right when she proudly added, "I measure Pinkie's hair once and now yours is the exact same length that Pinkie's had been."

This, I decided, was just too much, and I was going to put my foot, or paws, down as soon as she finished whatever else she was planning. Sadly I should have protested then and there, for what came next, in a sense, sealed my fate.

## Chapter -13 I'm beginning to really hate Marsha person!

"You know how annoyed I get with your constant talking when you're pretending to be Pinkie, and you well know Pinkie couldn't talk could she?" She wanted to know.

"Well no, obviously she didn't, it's just I keep forgetting, but I really don't mean

to," I earnestly, if foolishly, actually apologized. Stupid me, but I really couldn't think of how she could really stop from talking when I was pretending to be Pinkie.

"See there you go again. Thankfully Marsha sent me this," She said, holding up a sturdy looking collar that had a box of some sort attached to the front of it with a row of buttons on the front. When she put it on me, a bit too tightly I thought, there

was an ominous 'click.' Pressing one of the button she told me to say something.

"Okay..." was all I got out when I literally got the shock of my life. I mean a real shock!

Oh my God, she'd actually put one of those anti-barking collars on me. I couldn't believe it. Even making the smallest sound at all got me shocked.

"There, Marsha assures me this will condition you to not talking when you're my Pinkie. I'll remove it when you prove to me that when you're Pinkie you remember Pinkie couldn't talk. And, just a warning, that was the lowest setting. I can always set it on medium, which you really won't lie, and the highest setting, well I hope I never have to use that on you," She said sternly. I prayed she wouldn't even have to put it on the medium setting!

## Chapter –14 Now let's deal with those buttocks.

"There now let's get this on you, left up your legs for me," She demanded. When I did she began working something up them. It sure didn't feel like a panty. She struggled with it until she got it up to my waist. As she did she kept lifting up one cheek and then the other, then rather forcefully spreading them. What on earth was she putting on me. I wondered.

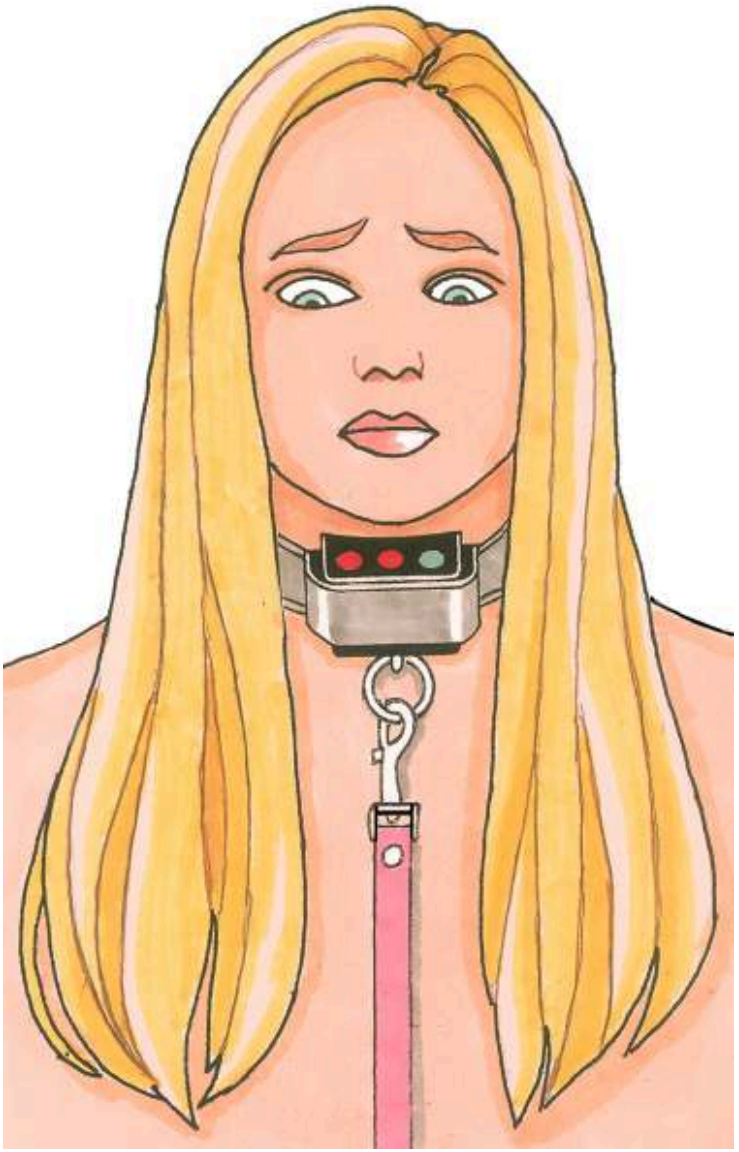
"There now, much better," She declared turning me to a full length mirror.

I couldn't believe what she'd put on me. It was flesh colored and barely noticeable. But it left my cheeks completely exposed. But not only exposed but whatever it was had forced them up and out quite dramatically making my ass look so much bigger!

"Oh my, your buttocks now look much more like Pinkie's," She enthused. Which, obviously, I didn't like hearing a bit. I didn't want haunches just like Pinkie's for God's sake.

In disbelief I heard she say, "Now let's get your tail on."

In the mirror I saw her holding a long, bushy tail and, of all things, it was pink. At the base was a flesh colored dot. Pulling off the backing she firmly stuck it on me right between my cheeks.



"There now, isn't that just the prettiest tail, and dying it pink was Marsha's idea. Oh yes, from now on I want you to wag your tail. Once for 'Yes' and twice for 'No, and three times to show how excited you are," She instructed.

Well, I wasn't going to wag my tail, damnit. Which got me a shock. When I looked she was holding a small remote.

"This is the remote that comes with the collar," She said putting her finger lightly on one of the buttons.

"Now don't you just love your tail?" She asked. Naturally I knew what she'd do if I didn't wag my tail. Resignedly I wagged my tail to show how excited I was.

## Chapter -15 Marsha sent me this to get you leash trained.

"This is a special training leash Marsha sent me. She assured me it'll have you leash trained in no time," She said.

It didn't look any different to me except at the end there was a kind of triangular plastic thing.

After she clipped it on the new collar she asked me again if I didn't love my tail. I was determined as ever that I wasn't going to wag my tail again. That is until she pulled slightly on the leash and, Christ, I got shocked.

"The harder I have to pull on your leash the stiffer the reminder you get," She warned.

Oh my god, this can't possibly get any worse. I couldn't talk or I'd get shocked, I couldn't pull on my leash or get shocked. Even more degrading I now had a tail. I could only respond by wagging my tail. My hair was now the same color as Pinkie's and I saw in the mirror what she'd been doing with my hair. She'd added long, straight extensions nearly down to my paws, just like Pinkie's had been. This was horrible. She had gone bonkers!

## Chapter -16 Time to get you slimmed down.

"Now lets' get you more slimmed down just like Pinkie was," She pronounced producing a garment that looked for all the world something like a corset, a pink corset. Surely she wasn't going to put that on me. But, naturally, she did. Wrapping it around me it came just below my breast, pushing them up slightly into more prominence to all the down to my cheeks.

With it on she began tightening the laces still it felt well snug.

"Does it feel too tight Pinkie?" She asked, and stupidly I wagged my tail 'no.'

"Oh good, well lets tighten it a little more then," she said, and this time it did feel tight.

"Does it feel tight now?" She asked, to which I wagged my tail 'yes.'

"Well, let's try it just a bit tighter. I really want to get you more slimmed down, just like Pinkie was," she said, really yanking on the laces this time.

Now it really was too tight!

Taking out a measuring tape she remarked, sounding rather disappointed, "That's four inches. Well, that's a starting point, for now."

A starting point, there was no way I could survive anything tighter, but she

seemed totally unconcerned.

Finally it looked like she was finished, thank the gods! And took me out to do walkies. Which was nothing like before. I could feel how my cheeks really stood out and how it forced my ass to involuntarily wiggle back and forth. The corset forced me to take short, little breaths. And I also learned, very quickly, not to pull, even a bit, on my leash if wanted to avoid a reminding shock.

When we thankfully got back I was totally out of breath.

## Chapter -17 Look what I got you.

"You're looking tired Pinkie, so look what I got you. I'm glad I didn't throw this away, now you can use it," She said.

I couldn't believe it, it was Pinkie's doggie bed! And she expected me to use it.

Leading me over to it I was commanded to 'Lie Down.' So I did, what choice did I have? She then attached my leash to a door stopper right next to it. So I couldn't get out of the bed even if I wanted to.

Placing Pinkie's doggie bowl filled with water just in front of me she said, "I'm going out to play tennis with the girls, you have a nice nap Pinkie. When I get back we'll continue your training."

Absolutely what I didn't want to hear.

Well I really was tired, and reluctantly had to admit the doggie bed was very comfortable so I did end up falling to sleep.

When she got back, as promised, she put me through my paces including more fetching which left me thirsty and hungry.

## Chapter -18 I really was hungry.

Which she suspected as I followed her into the kitchen. Whatever she was cooking smelled delicious. Fifteen minutes later she put Pinkie's food bowl in front of

me.

"Go ahead Pinkie, eat up I think you'll really like it," She urged.

How could I eat, I couldn't use my hands. Suddenly it dawned on me, she fully expected me to eat exactly like Pinkie did. Well, no damn way! After a few minutes which I stubbornly refused to eat she sternly said, "If you don't start eating I'm going to take it away and you'll have to wait until tomorrow."

Tomorrow! I was starved now. So, thoroughly hating myself, I started eating like a real doggie. And I'll have to admit it tasted great. Like beef stew and something crunchy mixed in. I couldn't help finishing it all.

"Good doggie, I knew you'd like it. Beef stew with Kibbles & Bits mixed in, Pinkie's favorite," She said.

Oh my god, I'd just eaten the same doggie food she fed Pinkie. I swear as soon as I got these damn mittens off this would be the end of it. She was simply going way too far!

She had to lay down at her feet, wrapping the end of the leash around her foot, as she watched TV. It was about a half hour later that I got this really urgent need to shit.

Frantically I wagged my trail until she got I was trying to tell her.

"To get Pinkie trained to do his tinkles and poo-poos you start him out on a potty. All you need to do is lace his food with a strong laxative and a diuretic into his water. Once he's used to that you can start training him outside," Marsha said.

"Oh does Pinkie need to do doggies poo-poo's? She asked.

Urgently wagging my tail I expected to be taken to the bathroom. Instead she took me into the kitchen, where I saw a porcelain potty of all things.

"I'm afraid you'll have to sit on the potty. If you try to use the toilet your tail will just get in the way," She said.

Degrading as it was I couldn't help it I hurriedly sat on the potty and proceeded to shit my guts out like never before, and then took the longest piss I think I've ever had.

I couldn't believe what I'd just done and in front of my wife. I wanted to cry in utter shame, but she didn't seem the least bit disturbed.

With that done she said, "Now lets get you to your bed, it's sleepy time for Pinkie."

## Chapter -19 It couldn't possibly get any more degrading, could it?

As I bedded down all I could think was thank god only two days left of this nightmare. I really didn't think there was anything left that could possibly be more humiliating, but of course I was wrong.

The following morning while she had her breakfast I naturally expected mine. How wrong I was.

"I only fed Pinkie once a day, but I did give her a couple of treats in the morning. So whenever I hold up a treat I want you to sit and beg just like Pinkie did," she instructed, positioning my hands in a begging position.

"Now before I give you your treat I want you to wag your tail to show me how excited you are for getting a treat," She said, holding up a large size Milk Bone just like Pinkie got every morning. Hating myself I excitedly wagged my tail so I could get my treat. To my surprise it actually didn't taste as horrible as I thought it would.

When she was finished with her breakfast I was perplexed when she took me to the bathroom and had me stand on the scales.

Sounding disappointed she said, " 131, same as last time. We really need to get your weight down. Pinkie only weighed ninety seven."

She had to be kidding. She couldn't possibly want me to weigh the same as Pinkie for God's sake did she?

## Chapter -20 I know you like a challenge.

Back in the kitchen I watched her fill a basket with maybe a dozen doggie toys. Then, outside, she took it up a small hill we had.

"You always liked a challenge so here's your challenge. When I say 'go' I want you to run to the basket pick up a toy, bring it back to me an drop it at my feet. Then keep running up, getting another toy and bring it back until they're all here. Marsha exercised her Fifi the same way and it really got his

weight down. So we'll do this everyday until you've slimmed down and look more like Pinkie," She declared.

I really was beginning to hate this Marsha, whoever she was. This was crazy she was actually trying to make me look just like Pinkie. I really wished I could tell her what I think of what she was doing.

But I had to admit I did enjoy a challenge, so I raced as fast as I could up the hill, picked up one of the toys and racing back dropped it at her feet and raced back.

"Good doggie. I see you're really enjoying this," she remarked. What she was referring to was the my stiffly erect dick I got sometime after she'd fed me. It was humiliating sporting a hard on in front of my wife, and her mistaking it for how much I was enjoying this. I just couldn't figure out why I was getting these hard ons, almost constantly.

By the sixth toy I was really getting exhausted and the damn corset thing was making me so short of breath that by the last toy I'd been reduced to a quick walk.

## Chapter -21 No way am I'm going in there!

After I'd regained my breath she said, "I'm going out shopping with the girls and I'll be gone most of the day. So I can either keep you inside or outside. If you want to stay inside wag your tail."

Which I did. At which point she led me to the laundry room. It was where she'd always kept Pinkie's cage. Walking over to it she opened the door and said, "Alright Pinkie in you go. I'll leave you your water bowl and a few Milk Bones."

I was stunned, she couldn't be serious. There was no way I was going to get in a doggie's cage and Pinkie's at that.

So I wagged my tail 'no.'

"Oh, you'd prefer to stay outside?" She asked, and I wagged my tail for 'yes.'

Where she led me was just as bad as almost being put in Pinkie's cage. She led me over to Pinkie's dog house which, of course, was painted pink. She put a longer leash on me connecting it to a sturdy wire that ran the length of the backyard.

Then she brought out the basket filled with the doggie toys from yesterday and put it at the far end of the backyard.

"To make sure you get plenty of exercise while I'm gone I want to see all the toys in that basket in front of your dog house by the time I get back, which will be around four-thirty," She said. A few minutes later I heard her car leave.

With nothing else to do I retrieved a half dozen toys then decided to take a rest. And fell immediately to sleep. When I awoke I decided I'd had enough of this. I didn't like pretending to be her dog, or the fact that she was treating me like me. Enough was enough!

Using my teeth I started tearing off the damn mittens and I had successfully gotten one off and had started on the second when Jill suddenly appeared, and she looked mad as hell.

"You obviously forgot about the security cameras we had installed around the house. When I saw what you were trying to do I had to cut my shopping short. Bad doggie!" She shouted angrily as she picked up one of the slim, wooden gardening stakes.

"Bad doggie, bad doggie," She hollered at me, and started spanking me with it. And it really hurt!

She spanked me at least a dozen times before stopping and going into the house. When she came back she sternly ordered me to 'it' and hold out my paws. First she got the mitten I'd taken off back on me then with a roll of duc tape she tightly wrapped it around each paw. There was no way I was going to tear duc tape off.

" This will have to do until your paws arrive, Fortunately I received a notice that shipping is due any day." She said.

## Chapter -22 You didn't do as you were told, did you?

"You also didn't do as I told you to do. A specifically told you to bring all your toys back here, didn't I?" She demanded to know, and when I was slow to reply I got spanked again. Quickly and painfully I wagged my tail.

"Well, you're going to get plenty of exercise," she angrily declared going into the garage and coming back with her mountain bike. And to my disbelieve she clipped the leash to the back of the bike. Getting on the bike she started pedaling and I could do nothing but follow.

We live on five acres which is pretty hilly. We'd worn a rough path from biking and jogging around it. At first it wasn't very hard keeping up with her. But then she started pedaling a bit faster and it became a struggle to keep up. Which got me a spanking with the rod.

"Keep up Pinkie (spank, spank)," She demanded.

I tried but it grew increasingly hard as I was becoming completely exhausted, which simply got me more spanks until we gratefully made it back to the house.

## Chapter -23 Just one more day.

Still pissed at me she took me inside and led me over to Pinkie's cage and opened the door.

"In or else," She ordered. Quickly I understood what "or else" meant when she slapped the stake against the cage.

It was the last thing I wanted to do. Get in a dog cage, but I also didn't want any more spanks from the stake. It really hurt. I wondered if Jill knew how much it hurt but she didn't appear to care one way or the other.

Putting a water bowl and then the food bowl, filled not with beef stew but something else.

"You're on a diet until you slim down. This is Purina Weight Reduction mix. You can eat it or not, I don't care. You've been a bad doggie today. Let's hope you're

better behaved tomorrow," she said not only slamming the door shut put putting a padlock on it.

The next morning it was Sunday, finally. In the morning she really put me through my paces. I tried my best but still got spanked.

That night I was put back in the cage, so relieved that in the morning my being Jill's pretend Pinkie would be done with. Thanks God!

In the morning I eagerly awaited returning to normal, a guy once again. So I was totally shocked when let out of the cage she led me outside to the dog house, fastening the leash once again to the overhead wire.

She then did something totally unexpected. She clipped my phone to the front of my collar.

"Now to make sure you get your exercise whenever you hear the phone ring you'll race up to that tree," she said, pointing to a tree about seventy yards away. "On the tree is a bell which you'll ring, then race back before the phone rings again. If it rings before you get back it'll be spanky time when I get back," she warned.

About a minute after she left the phone rang. I had no choice, I ran, on all fours, as fast as I could up to the tree, rang the bell and just got back before the phone rang. I'd just gotten my breath back when the damn phone rang again. Five minutes later it rang again. I couldn't believe that less than a minute later it rang again. I swear my nerves were shot never knowing when it would ring again. I was totally exhausted and honestly didn't think I could make it up that hill too many more times.

I forgot about the phone when I got a sudden urge to take a piss. I didn't want Jill watching so I wearily made it up to the tree, went behind it and not wanting to piss all over myself lifted one leg and pissed against the Tree.

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"Pinkie just went behind the tree, lifted his leg and pissed," I texted Marsha.

"Excellent. He's learning all by himself. Time for step two," She replied.

## Chapter -24 Guess what your ears have arrived.

"I've got a great surprise for you and because you were such a good doggie when I was gone I think you deserve a reward," She said.

Now that sounded great as I had a raging, stiff dick. I really couldn't understand it, almost as soon as I was fed my dick would spring to frustrating attention. But what she said next didn't sound great at all.

"Your surprise is that your ears finally arrived today," What my ears. what was she playing at? This is the day everything, at least me, gets back to normal.

"Now stay very still while I clip them on," She ordered. The last thing I wanted was a pair of, I presumed, doggie ears, but I was also certain that any resistance I tried putting up would really get me in dog house, again.

I felt her sliding something over one ear followed by several snaps. Then she did the other.

"Perfect, and what's best is they can't accidentally come off," She declared, leading me over to a mirror. When I saw myself I was shocked.

I now sported long, pointy, pink ears, exact replicas of Pinkie's.

"Don't they look so perfect on you and I even found a pair in pink," she gushed, then put some newspapers down on the floor and positioned me, on all fours, right in the middle of them.

Reaching down behind my spread legs she started fondling my balls.

Whatever softness I was feeling instantly evaporated and my dick was agonizingly stiff once again. Her fingers gradually, thankfully, made it my quivering dick. In minutes I was silently begging her to keep going. Which she did but then suddenly said, "Good doggie Pinkie. Now do doggie squirties for me."

I was too far gone to realize what I was doing and shot gob and gob splattering the newspaper with it.

When the last spurt finally ended I suddenly, shamefully realized what I'd just done. She'd used newspapers with Pinkie to get her paper trained. And now she was

training me the same way! First it was the pink ears and now this. I was disgusted with myself, nearly cried.

## Chapter -25 Your paws have arrived, isn't that exciting?

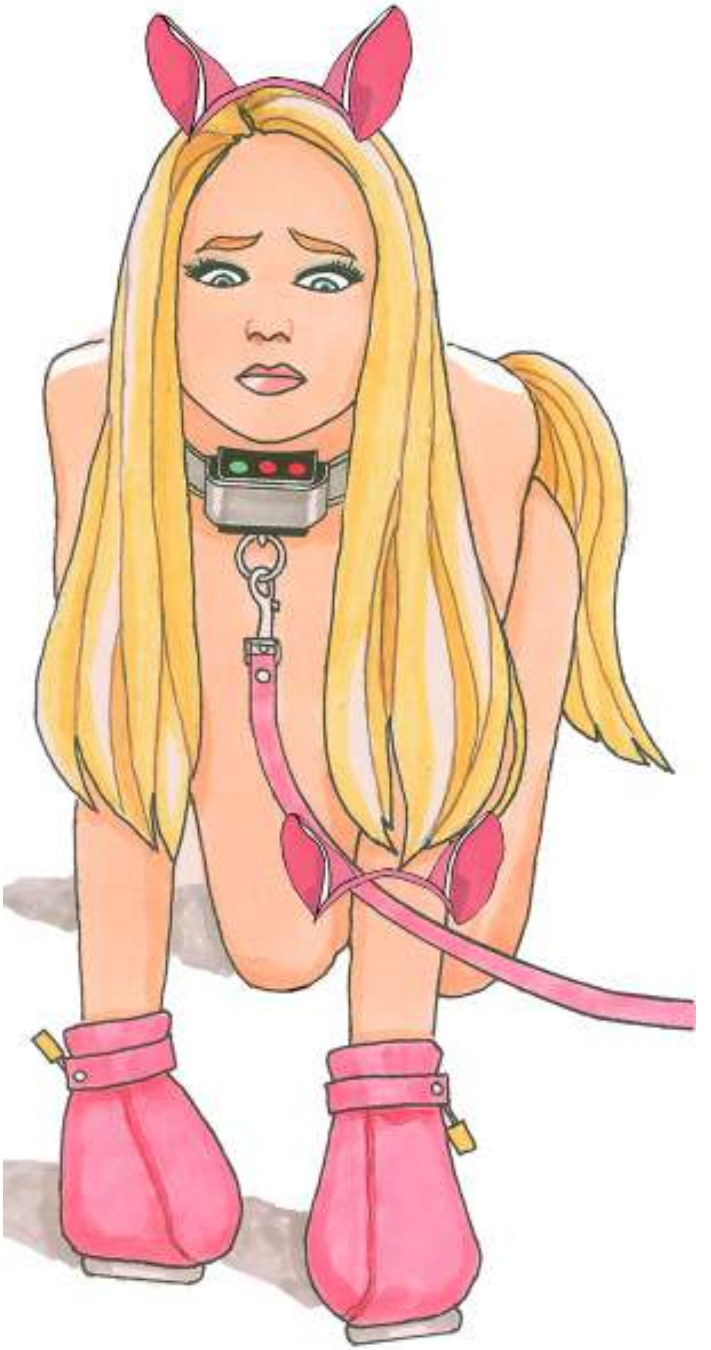
What she said next made it even worse. "Now the only thing we're waiting for are you paws. Then we'll finally be able to get those mittens off you."

Oh please, I silently begged, not another three or four days of this. I prayed that when they did arrive Jill would have her fun, put them on me and hopefully get bored pretending I'm Pinkie and I could get back to being a guy again.

Tuesday, then Thursday went by, then came Friday and a UPS truck delivered a package.

Excitedly Jill opened the box. "Oh how great your paws, they've finally arrived. I can't wait to see them on you," She exclaimed.

Fine, I thought, put them on, have your fun and



then that's really it I decided.

Removing the mittens on my hands and feet she showed me one them. They kind of looked like the mittens I'd been wearing only made of pretty stiff leather. They were, of course, pink. Rather padded looking with a shiny finish and I guessed they'd come up to about three or four inches above my wrists and had a zipper in the back, and a wide, buckling strap around them.

"Let's start with your back paws first. Raise your right leg up for me and hold it there," she instructed.

So I did, not understanding why. Then I felt her inserting my foot into one of the paws. I could feel my foot slip into grooves in the mitten, or paw. When she zipped it up in back the fit was very tight I felt my foot arched and I could barely flex my foot. After tightening the strap I heard a click. Next she did the same with my left foot.

"There, they really look good," She announced. I had no idea what they looked like but when I tried to relax my back legs both feet stayed rigidly arched. Only the tips of my toes could touch the floor. What the hell?

"Now let's do your front paws," She said. This time I could see the paws. What I saw at the bottom of each were tiny, circular metal plates. They sort of resembled horse shoes. I couldn't understand their purpose. In a couple of minutes she had them on. And like the back paws they arched my hands to the point where only my bent fingers were touching the floor. Then I understood what the 'click' had been when she tightened the strap and she applied a tiny, padlock. She had actually locked them on my hands. And there was nothing I could do about it.

"Isn't that great, I ordered the deluxe style. More expensive but they come with straps which lock on so they don't accidentally slip off and with a water proof finish there's never any reason to take them off like when I have to give you a bath," She explained.

The way she described it was like she didn't plan on taking them off any time soon. What ever happened to Monday and we would be finished with all this nonsense, or so I thought.

Attaching my leash she said, "Let's do walkies now Pinkie and see how you do in your new paws. Marsha tells me it takes maybe a week or two so until you get accustomed to them.

What, a week or two, this is insane was all I could think as I tried walking in my new paws. I immediately understood why she'd said it would take two or three weeks. I nearly toppled over with my first few steps. For now I was walking, sort of, on the tiny metal plates that made a clicking sound with each step I tried to take. I hated hearing those clicks with each step I took. I felt so unbalanced especially on my back paws as I was now walking, or trying to, on just the tips of my all too arched toes.

I tottered unsteadily around in circles for I don't know how long. Just to keep from toppling over I had to concentrate as hard as I could which left me exhausted and more than a little depressed.

Leading me over to my doggie bed, thankfully not my cage, she said, "We'll do walkies every day until I see you've learned to walk reasonably well then we'll go outside and get you trained to jogging."

At this point I thought she'd completely lost it. She was treating me like a was a real dog and there really was nothing I could do about it.

## Chapter -26 Oh my, how disappointing, it's raining.

Eventually I made it outside and after several days I manage to work up to a jog, albeit not a very fast one.

It was one day that it was raining out that I thought she'd have to cancel my walkies. Not understanding why she led me into the garage where there was a treadmill which she often used on rainy or days that were too cold.

"Up you go Pinkie," She ordered. Once I was on it she clipped my leash to the front, then pushed a couple of buttons and it started up. Naturally I was forced to keep up which wasn't so fast. At the speed it was going it was easy to keep up. But after about ten minutes it not only sped up but the incline went up. This time I had to struggle to keep up which I was doing but then, minutes later, it sped up yet again and the incline became steeper.

When I eventually couldn't keep up, to my shock, I got a stiff shock. I'd forgotten the leash was attached to my collar and the tug on it produced a shock. Desperately I redoubled my efforts. About ready to collapse it suddenly slow down. She'd programmed the damn thing!

Sweat was pouring off me when it suddenly stopped and minutes later Jill

came in and said, "I'm sure you'd rather be exercised outside Pinkie, but isn't this just perfect for when it's raining? I programmed it for just two miles, tomorrow, if it's still raining, we'll go for two-and-a-half miles."

To my dismay it was still raining the next day.

I barely made it that two-and-a-half miles hoping against hope that it would stop raining.

Taking me off the treadmill she weighed me.

"Oh great you've already lost six pounds. Just another fourteen to go and you'll almost the perfect weight," she declared.

Doing the math I realized I now weighed 125, and she said, "just another fourteen to go?" That was crazy. It would mean I'd weigh just 111 pounds, which she'd declared would be my perfect weight. My perfect weight for what I wondered. Unfortunately I was soon to find out.

## Chapter -27 Now, let's get you slimmer down.

One morning I heard her talking on the phone. It must have been that damn woman, Marsha. I'm sure I was the topic of the conversation, but I only caught bits and pieces.

"So, I need to get her registered..."

"But after gotten Pinkie's weight down..."

"You'll send your groomer..."

"Pretty her up..."

"You're right, you're sure I should do it..."

I had no idea what they were talking about, but I was sure it wouldn't be anything good. I had no idea how many days went by. I had no idea what day it was.

Finally one day she triumphantly declared I was down to my weight. It couldn't possibly mean I now actually weighed 111 pounds? Surely not.

"What a good girl you are. So now it's time to slim you down some more, then I'll the groomer Marsha recommended," She said. I didn't miss the fact that she'd started calling me "girl." I suppose here was some logic to it since the real Pinkie had been a girl.

The following day I couldn't believe it when she took off that corset slimmer thing. God, it felt great. But, of course, that didn't last long as I felt another being wrapped around me. The she started lacing it, getting it tighter and tighter. Way past what she'd tightened the other to.

I wanted to shout, "hey, it's getting too tight damn it." But obviously I couldn't. I was gasping for breath when she finally stopped and with a tape measure was stunned when she happily proclaimed, "There a perfect twenty-two,"

Twenty-two inches, my waist? No that couldn't possibly be.

To my disbelief she added, "Well, at least that's a start, and now I can call Marsha's groomer to come over and pretty you up."

Groomer? Pretty me up? Neither sounded good at all.

Later I heard her back on the phone.

"You can come tomorrow at nine, that's perfect. She's a mixed breed. Yes mostly fuzz but I'm sure you can remove that. Of course bring whatever decorative accessories you think will look best on her."

It should have made sense, but it didn't.

## Chapter –28 Pinkie gets prettied up.

The following day at nine in the morning the groomer arrived to do whatever. I was surprised as she was quite young, maybe twenty-four, dressed in jeans, sneakers and a T-top. All I knew was that her name was Gloria.

"So this is Pinkie, isn't she just too adorable. Let me get set up and then I can get started," she said. Now she was calling me 'she' too. Taking out a metal contraption which she unfolded and snapped into place. It looked like a capital 'I.' In front and in back were two holes each. All had hinges which she opened.

In a suddenly no nonsense voice she said, "Put your front paws in these openings."

When I did as she ordered she swung the open part closed latching them. What the hell, my paws were now fixed stationary. Then she did the same with my back paws. The result, I couldn't more a muscle.

"Now head up," she next ordered, taking out a steel rod with a sort of half cup at one end. Screwing in one end she firmly raised my head up further and further until my chin slid into the half cup. Then she raised the rod up a bit more until I was almost staring straight up and couldn't move my head at all.

"So, I'll start on the fuzz," She declared and started rubbing my torso, then my arms and legs. Next she creamed my face making sure not to get any in my eyes.

To be honest it felt nice for a few minutes, then it started getting warm, much too warm and then really hot!

After several minutes that I found unendurable she gratefully began sponging it off then applying a lotion that made my whole body feel good.

To my horror I realized what she'd done. She'd removed all my hair, everywhere, except, thankfully one.

"Now the tricky part," She said. Oh my god was all I could think as she grabbed my as always erect dick and started rubbing cream all over it and my balls. The same thing occurred, warm, then hot, then way too hot before sponging me off.

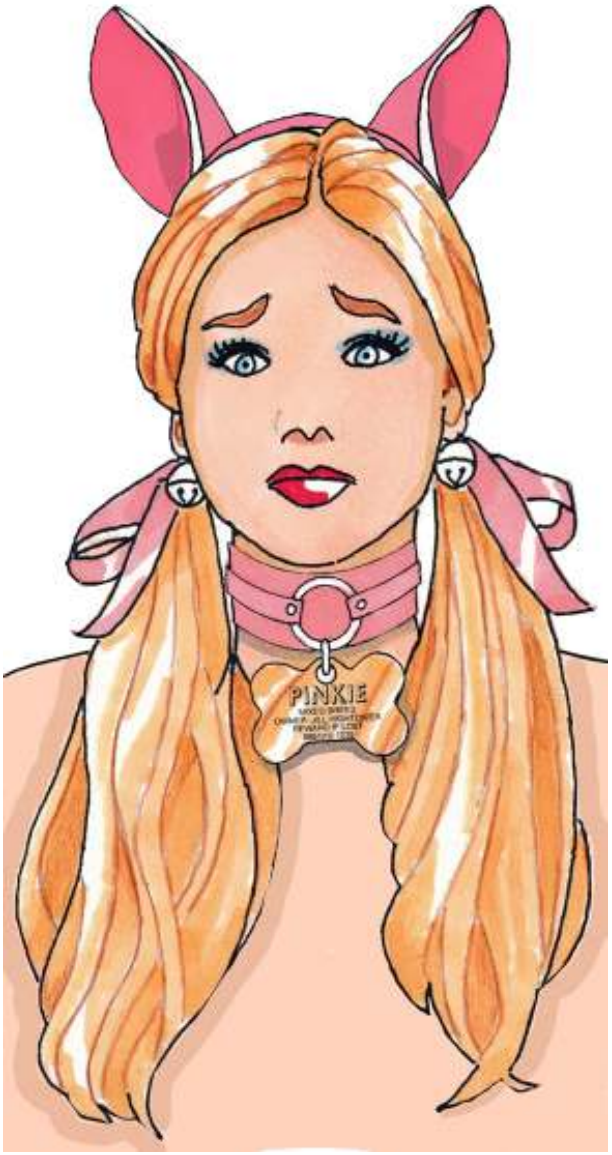
"My goodness, she certainly has a well endowed appendage, which I'm sure you'd want decorated before showing it off," She commented.

Showing it off, what the hell was she talking about?

"Yes, decorate it however you think it will look best," Jill said. I honestly didn't know who to hate most. Jill, that Marsha woman or the groomer.

## Chapter –29 I'll start on her face and hair first, then decide on what next.

"I'll do her face first then we can decide on accessories and what decorations




look best on her," She stated, working on my eyebrows, I had no idea why. Which was followed by a sort of mask that fit over my lips outlining them. She pushed a button and I felt like a hundred little bee stings on my lips which thankfully lasted just a few seconds.

"What do you think, any bigger?" the girl asked.

"No I think they're perfect now, a big improvement and I love the red color how it shines, and you did wonders with her face. Blue eye shadow and those huge, curled eyelashes, and eye liner really make them pop and look so much bigger. You did a great job prettying her up, " Jill said.

"I sure she'll be one of the prettiest doggies at the show," The girl added.

What I definitely didn't want to hear was how pretty I looked. I was a guy for Christ sake. And what's this about a show?

"Now hair style, any preference?" she asked Jill.

"Well, I always loved putting my first Pinkie's hair up in pigtails with big ribbons," Jill replied. Did she really tell the girl to put my hair in pigtails just like she often did with Pinkie's?

"Oh my, her hair looks absolutely perfect in pigtails, doesn't she" Jill gushed.

"I agree, it also would look great in a ponytail, high on her head," the girl said,

and then added, "Why don't we show Pinkie how pretty she now looks."

After lowering my head so I could look straight ahead she held up a mirror for me to see. Oh my God, please tell me the image looking back at me isn't me. But it was. There was no sign of, well, me left. My face looked totally girlish with huge eyes, flutteringly long, curled eye lashes, pink lips formed into a much large cupid's bow shape. That was all simply awful, but she'd actually put my hair into pigtails fastened with bows and ribbons and unbelievably fall nearly to my paws. Jill had absolutely lost her mind!

## Chapter –30 Now let's get her accessorized.

"And for accessories what's very trendy right now are bells. If she's belled you'll always be able to hear where she is, plus they do make a delightfully tinkling sound," The girl suggested.

"Bells sound great to me," Jill agreed.

Bells? I don't want to wear any damn bells, I thought. But naturally I couldn't do nothing as she went about attaching bells to my ears first. Nor could I see what she was doing fiddling with my paws, but I prayed she wasn't putting bells on them too.

"Now with her quite substantial appendage this would be the perfect place for a bell," She said as she tacked something at the tip of my dick and then attached something to it. My god, had she put a bell on my dick?

"What's perfect is while I put a bell right on the tip of her appendage there's a hole at the tip to allow her to do her tinkles without ever having to remove the bell," She explained. I couldn't believe it, she'd actually put a bell on the end of my dick and Jill thought it looked great.

That couldn't possibly be any more degrading. Surely she couldn't put bells anywhere else. But again I was so wrong for she attached a bell to each nipple for God's sake!

Holding up a mirror so I could see she asked, "What do you think Pinkie?"

Looking at my image I now sported bells on my ears, two bells on each paw, a bell on the tip of my dick, with a bell on each nipple. Jill seemed enchanted by them

and my girlishly made up face and pig-tailed hair. She obviously was determined to turn me into a real dog. She had really lost it was all I could think. But then she just had to add one more humiliating thing. She attached Pinkie's dog tag to my collar, which read, "PINKIE, Mixed Breed, Owner-Jill Hightower, Reward If Lost" and then her phone number.

## Chapter -31 What could possibly be next?

"What's next?" Jill asked.

"Well, she needs a real tail. This one just looks so fake," the girl stated as I felt her remove the one I had. With my head now back looking up almost at the ceiling I could see her assembling a stand, much higher than my head. To it she clipped a large red rubber bag. What, for heaven's sake, could that possibly be for, I wondered. As I watched she filled the bag full of some liquid.

Then to my alarm I felt her spreading my cheeks, of all things.

"Just relax Pinkie, this won't hurt at all," She said. If I could have I would have jumped to the ceiling when I felt something being insistently pushed into my rear. True to her word it really didn't hurt, I just felt so violated. She kept inserting it until I heard a "plop."

"Before installing a real tail it's necessary to clean her out for long term wear. So you're not constantly having to remove it and then reinsert it. I'll start with a quite filling three quart enema. The bag is filled with a mixture of warm water and detergent. She won't feel any discomfort until possibly the last quart. Once I install her tail it won't have to be removed for at least three days," She explained to Jill.

Jesus she was going to give me an enema! I don't think I remember ever having had one I was thinking as I felt my insides beginning to fill up. As she'd said it wasn't unpleasant that is for a while, then I began to feel really full, much too full!

Gratefully I finally heard her say, "That's it a full three quarts, so now as it does it's work I'll plug her so she retains it and after say twenty minutes attach this bag and she can relief herself in it."

I swear I was never so relieved, pardon the pun, when she pulled the plug out.

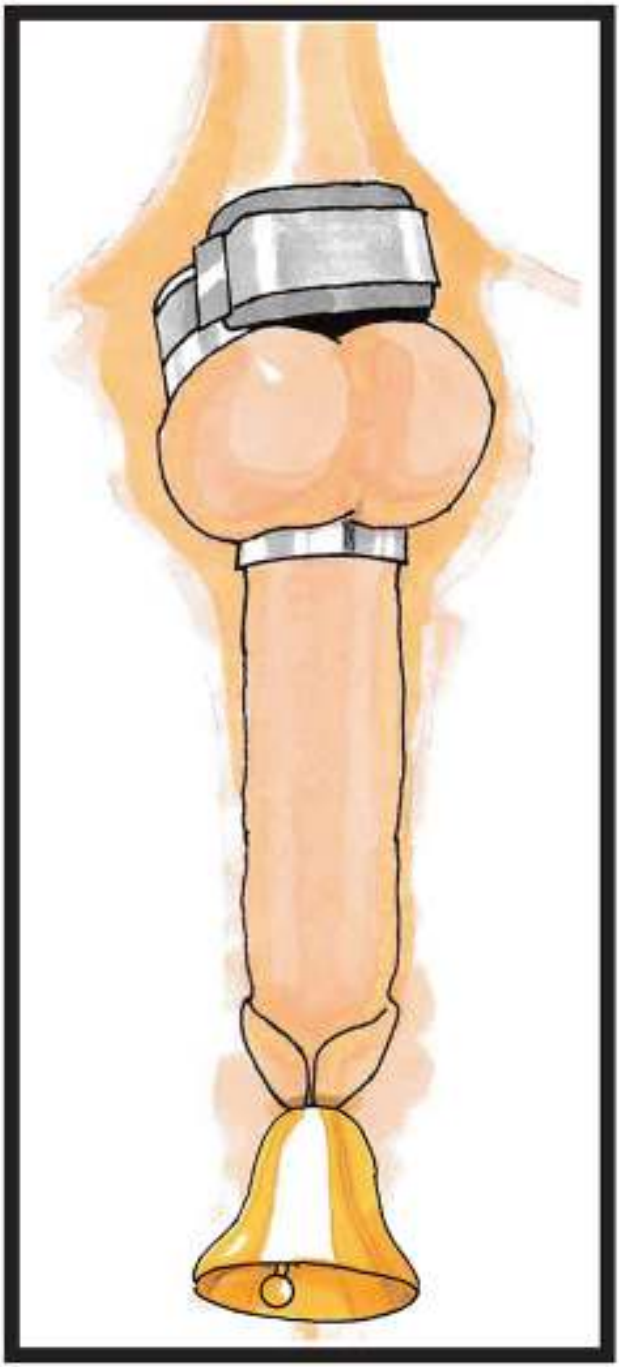
My relief didn't last long as I felt her inserting something else into my rear-end. I hardly felt it, that is until it started getting bigger and bigger inside me.

"There now it can't accidentally slide out. Don't you just love how long and bushy it looks, and I even found one that matches her hair," She said.

"Oh absolutely, I can see what you mean now. This really does look real. Hold the mirror up and let Pinkie see her new tail," Jill said.

What I saw was a pink tail, swept up and then down nearly to the floor and to my dismay it did look more real than my old tail.

"As a secondary benefit the chrome, stainless steel retention plug is weighted



three pounds which will cause her hindquarters to involuntarily swish back and forth as she walks," She added, as she removed me from the stocks that had held me completely immobile.

## Chapter -32 One last thing.

"Okay, so now I get to the finishing touch, that I'm sure Pinkie will love," She said, as I felt her sliding something around my balls then heard a click. Then another something around the base of my dick and heard another click.

"These are called stimulators which are attached to each other. Notice that there's a similar anti-barking device attached to the ring around it's balls. The difference in this one is that it's meant to vibrate it's organ, which you administer to Pinkie as a reward. There now let's try it out. Could you put some papers down and I'll position her right in the center of them," She asked.

I had no idea what was going to occur after she had me over the papers.

"You look so adorably cute and you were such a good doggie for Gloria that I just have to give you a reward," Jill said. Which sounded really great after the degrading

humiliation of the past hour. Fully expecting her to first fondle my nuts and then move on to stroking my dick I was shocked speechless, if I could actually speak, when my balls and dick suddenly started vibrating. And my dick, I couldn't stop it from growing to it's full quivering stiffness.

I heard the girl say, "Now try turning it up some."

Turning a dial on the remote she was holding the vibrating increased in intensity bringing me to the very brink of spurting my load.

"Oh my, it looks like you're really enjoying your reward, you can do doggie squirties now, Pinkie," she said. And I did, not able to control myself, shooting gobs in great splats on the newspaper. It felt so great, but as the last gob left me I never felt so degraded in my life. I not only had shot my load onto the newspapers in front of Jill, but the girl as well. But the worst was as I jetted on the paper the bell at the end of my dick was jiggling madly.

"There now there's no reason to spend your valuable time giving Pinkie her reward. Besides many women find actually fondling and stroking their pets unseemly and distasteful," She stated. God I really hated what she'd done to me and now this was the ultimate humiliation.

"Well I think I've done my best. She looks so cute, doesn't she. I'm sure her trainer will be very impressed. I hope you got the one Marsha recommended. She had her Fifi trained in almost no time. Although her method are rather severe as she has takes a tolerance approach," She cautioned.

"Yes, I was able to get her even on short notice. She's actually coming tomorrow," Jill said. Hearing this I wretchedly wondered just what tomorrow would bring. She'd actually hired a trainer? Frankly I thought by now I was pretty well trained. But, of course, I was wrong, very wrong.

## Chapter -33 The trainer from hell.

I found out around nine the next morning when Jill showed in a girl in, of all things, tight jodhpurs, gleaming, black, high heeled boots, a starched white blouse and short, black gloves. This did not look good, and to top it off she actually looked younger than the groomer.

They talked pleasantly for a bit, then the girl walked over to me and sternly

said, "You will instantly do as I order Pinkie or you'll get corrected with this."

"This" was a wicked looking, wooden cane.

"Understand Pinkie?" She asked, and when I didn't immediately wag my tail I felt a hot searing pain on my left cheek and then another on my right.

"Do you understand now, Pinkie?" She asked, and frantically I wagged my tail. I quickly resolved that whatever she wanted me to do I'd better do as fast as I could.

Now then, let's do walkies for me so I can check her gait," She said, leading me around in circles for many five minutes.

## Chapter –34 Correcting Pinkies gait.

"Her gait is much too long and not at all graceful or refine. So the first thing I'll do is shorten her gait and then refine her walk. She'll eventually be taught to prance, taking, quick, short, dainty she's being walked. Then she'll be taught how to trot," She explained.

How she was going to do that I soon found out. She took out a short chain with two small collars attached. Fastening one to each paw in front. Then a second one to my back paws.

Ordered to do walkies once again I immediately tripped and fell over.

For which she caned me again, once on each cheek.

"Up Pinkie, walkies," She ordered.

This time I was fearfully much more careful. I did better but she still disciplined me if I tripped or jerked the chains.

Clinically to Jill she said, "These are her 'starter' gait trainers that limit her gait to five inches, I'll train her for a week and then shorten the trainers by an inch."

"Until when?" Jill asked.

"Until her gait is no more than a refined, graceful two inches," The girl said.

Surely Jill would think that was absurd, instead her only comment was, "My goodness she'll be walking very daintily," then asked, "Do you think

she's ready to be photographed? Id really like to her registered."

## Chapter -35 Realigning Pinkie's posture.

"On the IPOS website? Not yet. We need to get her posture realigned first. Right now her hindquarters are above her head when they should be level with her shoulders with the back legs bend at a thirty degree angle. I'll bring a set of back leg correctors tomorrow and more highly arched paws that she'll need. Then too her figure trainer you have her in needs to be replaced with one with more arch to it which will greatly show off her hindquarters."

I had no idea what she was talking about, and what the hell was something they called the IPOS? Whatever tomorrow would bring didn't sound like I was going to enjoy tomorrow. I fell asleep wondering what else could be done to me.

All too soon tomorrow arrived and so did the trainer who scared me to death.

The first thing she did was attach something very rigid above and below my back legs. She then angled my right foot up at the knee until I heard a click, then did the same with the left. Then she replaced the back paws with ones that I felt were much more angled.

Whatever she'd attached I suddenly couldn't extend either back legs in the least they simply remained bent. What the heck had she done?

Next she replaced my waist trainer corset with one that wasn't laced any tighter, thank goodness, but felt more arched.

"There now you see how the hindquarters are greatly enhanced with this figure trainer? With the leg adjusters forcing her back legs down the hindquarters are now perfectly level with her shoulders. The leg adjusters, buy the way, they're made of light weight aluminum, painted flesh color so from even a short distance they're not really noticeable," She said.

"Your right, they really aren't noticeable," Jill commented.

"Now I'll get her head correction collar on her. Luckily I found one in pink," She said,

forcefully lifting my head up till I could no longer see anything in front of me then put a collar of some kind on me. When she let go my head stayed exactly in the position she'd angled it. I couldn't move my head even a fraction up or down and barely side to side.

"There that does it as far as correcting her posture. When you have the photographer come ask the groomer as well. You'll want her really prettied up. Oh yes, ask her to bring a curve, adjustable tail sheath to give it a more graceful upsweep, as well as one for her hair. For the profile shots you'll want her hair in a high ponytail so as not to obscure her ears," She suggested.

## Chapter -36 On stage to be photographed.

Two days later the photographer arrived along with the groomer and trainer. While the groomer was doing my hair, then powdering my face and ass, well hindquarters the photographer was setting up a portable stage adding a gold plaque that read "Pinkie."

When she announced that she was ready the trainer led me up onto a table, and did something that momentarily freed by back legs. But then bent them even further up until they were actually against my cheeks with my paws pointing straight up. And with a 'click' they remained like that.

"Whenever Pinkie hears the 'Present' command she'll instantly assume this pose position," She said to Jill. The one thing the trainer didn't do was talk directly to me, but it was quite clear what I was to do when ordered to 'Present.'

After several profile shots she had the trainer pose me with my ass facing the camera.

"It has great hindquarters, doesn't she? Could you move her back paws slightly away from her hindquarters so I can get a good shot of them," She asked.

Why did I find having my ass, hindquarters as they called them, more degrading than the other shots? Maybe it was the photographer saying what great hindquarters, I had. Or perhaps she referred to me as "it."

Could anything be more degrading than to be called an "it?"

But if I thought that degrading the next pose she had me assume was actually more so. I was turned to face the camera.

## Chapter -37 My god it's appendage is huge!

"Could you spread it's legs so I can get a clear shot of it's organs. And Jill it's organ needs to be as erect as you can possibly get it," She instructed. So Jill using the remote turned it on and I couldn't help become as stiffly erect as she assured the photographer it could be gotten. The last thing I wanted to do is have my agonizingly erect dick photographed, especially with a bell fixed t it's tip.

"My god it's appendage is the biggest I've ever seen, especially on a mixed breed. When you show it, or put it on display, everyone's going to be so jealous and stunned at it's size. Gloria would you powder it's organ and rouge it's knob and secondary organs I want to get a really close up of it's appendage and bell. Which looks so perfect on it," She remarked.

I wanted to absolutely die as she moved the camera within inches of my quaveringly stiff dick.

Curious the photographer asked, "Does it actually function?"

"Oh yes, but only as a reward, and you can't believe the squirties they seem to go on and on shooting tons of gobs all over the paper," Jill said.

When she thankfully finished photographing my dick she moved on to close-ups of my face.

"Jill, can you get it to smile for me?" She asked.

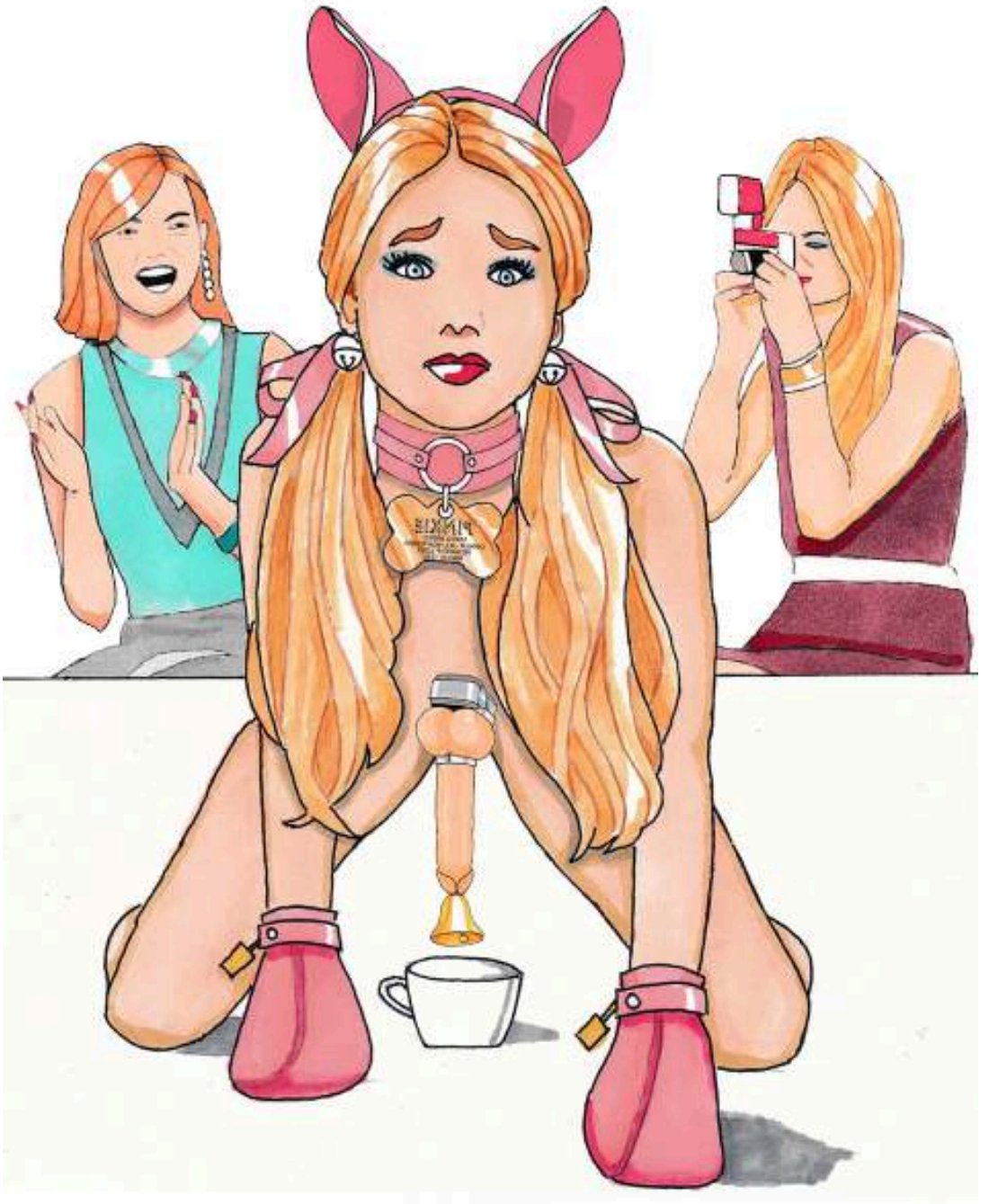
"Smile for the photographer Pinkie, if you want a reward when she finishes," She ordered, turning the vibrating up till I was on the brink of erupting.

Frantically I put on the happiest, biggest smile I could as the photographer clicked away.

## Chapter -38 Doing squirties for everyone.

I couldn't believe what Jill said next.

"Would you all like to see Pinkie's appendage do doggie squirties for you?" Jill asked.



And enthusiastically they all did.

"Will someone get me a coffee cup?" She asked, adding, "I always have Pinkie do squirties in a cup so she doesn't make a mess all over."

"Everything better stay in the cup or you'll clean up every drop that misses, she warned, turning up the vibrator and at the same time ordered, "You can do doggie squirties now Pinkie."

And I did, praying that every squirt landed in the cup. It was so intense, God I don't know for how long I squirted and squirted. When I squirted the last gob I nearly fainted.

"Oh my God, I have to get a picture of this," Diane exclaimed, taking out her camera, while shelly was clapping and laughing her head off.

"My god, it must have squirted at least a couple pints, if not more, almost filling the cup to overflowing! I counted no less than 16 squirts, absolutely amazing. Too bad you didn't capture it," The groomer said to the photographer.

"Oh but I did, I put the camera on video and got between it's hind legs and caught every squirt," The photographer said.

"Does it always squirt like that?" The trainer asked.

"Usually so if I limit it to say once every couple of weeks," Jill stated.

"Well you absolutely must post it on Pinkie's website. And have it do squirties for everyone when you show Pinkie off," The trainer suggested.

As usual I felt utterly degraded after I'd been rewarded. What could be worse than shooting your stuff in front of four women? Nothing! And what's this about posting it on a website, I didn't have a website. And I'm certainly not going to do it in front of complete strangers, no way.

## Chapter -39 Creating Pinkie's website.

"Let's load it's photos and video to the computer, then go to the IPOS website, American Chapter. I'll help you fill out all the details," The groomer said.

"Come Pinkie, you can watch while we make a page for you," Jill said, leading me to her office.

With my head angled up by the damn collar I was able to see the computer screen. I couldn't believe what came up when she typed in "IPOS." The website read, "International Pet Owners Society." Then she clicked on "American Chapter" and then on "New Pet." On the screen appeared a series of questions.

The first asked the New Pet's Gender.

"Put in 'Mixed Female/Male," The Groomer instructed.

Next it asked for Type Of Pet? Dog, Cat, Pony or Other?

Jill checked Dog.

Then it asked for Breed. Which caused a bit of discussion.

"Well Pinkie obviously has some Afghan in it, with it's long hair, tall upright ears and sleek body," The trainer said.

"But it's tail is definitely a retriever's tail," the groomer pointed out.

Jill type in "70% Afghan, 30% Retriever."

"Check seven as it's obedience level, although I'll quickly have it up to a ten," The trainer assured Jill.

When it asked for the size of it's organ she typed in, "Seven and seven eighths."

"That, I'm sure, will get a lot of attention, I've never seen a mixed breeds appendage that measures nearly eight inches," The trainer stated.

Jill spent about fifteen minutes uploading all the photos that were shot, and I cringed in total dismay as she next uploaded the video of me doing squirties.

When they'd all gone Jill said, "I'm so proud of you. You really impressed everyone. And you look so adorably pretty, even prettier than my first Pinkie."

Which left me in emotional turmoil, especially when she kissed me on the nose. Where I had been devastated at what they'd done to me I felt an idiotic sense of pride when she'd said how much I'd impressed everyone and that I was prettier than her

first Pinkie. I fell asleep with very mixed feelings.

## Chapter -40 Pinkie learns to prance.

Reality reared it's ugly head the next morning when the trainer, who frankly terrified me to death, showed up.

"Today I'll teach Pinkie how to prance, which she needs to learn when you show her," she told Jill.

I had no idea what prancing meant, but I soon found out. Prancing meant placing one paw precisely and daintily in front of the other as I was walked. Which wasn't as easy as it sounded as I quickly found out. The slim chains limiting each step to no more than five inches forced me to take short, mincing steps. Then putting one paw exactly in front of the other became a study in balance on my tiny toes.

It was made even more difficult as she'd brought a bundle of wooden boards than looked like one by fours. Which she laid down and connected until they formed a single board I guessed fifty feet long.

"I'll walk Pinkie up and down the practice board. She simply has to put one paw in front of the other to stay on the board. She'll need to concentrate as hard as she can as each time she doesn't she'll get a swat to correct her," She explained heartlessly.

The first few times up and down the board it seemed every few feet I got a swat, a painful one. Which caused me to concentrate even harder.

At the end of the training session Jill said, "I have a bit of a problem. I'm going out of town on business for the next two weeks. what can I do with Pinkie?"

"Oh that's no problem, Pinkie can board with me. I can keep her in one of the kennels. I also have a young junior trainer and working with Pinkie will give her some real experience," she said.

## Chapter -41 Boarding Pinkie and a new trainer.

I really didn't like the idea of leaving Jill, but, of course, I had no say in the matter.

The following day I was loaded in her van. We drove for maybe an hour when, on a leash, I was unloaded.

Coming up next to her was a girl I swear didn't even look out of high school. I learned she was in her second year of college, so maybe twenty.

She was dressed in a sleeveless white shirt, tight pants tucked into black, high heeled boots.

"Ginger this is Pinkie. You'll be in charge of getting her trained. It's owner wants to enter her in the upcoming show," She explained.

"Oh aren't you the cutest doggie. I just love her name. What breed is she? She asked.

"A mixed breed. We're guessing 75% female, 25% male, although I would have thought closer to 40% male when I saw it's organ, take a look," the trainer said.

"My goodness, it really is abnormally well huge for a mixed breed isn't it?" the girl remarked.

"Yes, nearly eight inches and you should see it do doggie squirties, pints if not gallons. Now Ginger, I'd like you to concentrate on training her to prance she's still awkward even though I have her gait trainers set all the way at five inches. She also needs to learn to heel in the Present position. You have her for two weeks. If you can get her gait down to the maximum of two inches, teach her to do walkies in the Present position and get her obedience up to nine or even ten I'll give you're a healthy bonus."

"I'll try my best, but one problem, I have morning classes," The girl said.

"No problem, just put her on the walker and program it for say four hours, that should do it," The trainer advised.

## Chapter -42 Pinkie learns what zero tolerance means.

Kneeling down at face level the girl said, " I know you can't understand me Pinkie, but you'll be my first pet Colleen has let me train and I want to impress her. And I want that bonus. When I see you obviously trying your hardest I'll give you lots of praise, but, be warned I have zero tolerance if I find you're not trying your best and you'll be disciplined with this, it's called a pet slapper."

What she showed me thankfully didn't look as if would hurt like that damn cane did. The slapper, as she called it, was about a foot-and-a-half long and maybe three inches wide and looked made of flexible patent leather.

She suddenly ordered me into the Present position and then Lie Down forcing my head to the ground with my ass sticking up in the air.

"Whap, Whap," she slapped each cheek and then two more. Christ! It actually hurt worse than the cane!

"That's what you get when you're a bad doggie," she warned.

When she said she had zero tolerance she really meant it. In the Present pose my legs had to be perfectly perpendicular to the ground my back paws pointing straight up.

Once properly posed she said, "We'll start with remaining perfectly still, not moving even slightly a paw or the smallest wiggle for two minutes. Then work you up to five minutes which is the length of time the judges will expect you to remain perfectly still. However you receive bonus points for every fifteen seconds past that," She said.

I had no idea what she was talking about. Judges, what judges?

When she was satisfied with my walking and prancing in the Present position she shortened the gait trainers to four inches and I had to learn to prance all over again.

A couple days later when she showed up she wasn't wearing her trainer's outfit, but jeans, t-shirt and sneakers. I realized it must be Monday and she was off to her classes.

## Chapter -43 Pinkie's time on the walker.

"Colleen told me when I'm in classes to simply put you on the walker. This morning I programmed it for four hours," she said, attaching some kind of box to the front of my collar. I had no idea what a walker was, the programming she referred to or what the box was meant for.

She led me out to what looked like a large corral with a circular wooden track.

In the center was a tall, metal tripod about twelve feet high with a long rigid arm extending out over the wooden track. Dangling from it was a long leather leash. In disbelieve I realized it was what they used to exercise horses with. Good god, surely she wasn't going to attach me to it.

But that's exactly what she did.

"Now Pinkie, when I start the program the speaker on your collar will give you commands, you simply follow them. When you hear the command 'Stay' the walker will stop and then start again. Try to keep up, and since you've never been on a walker before, for today only, I've set the shocker at the half setting. You'll also encounter several obstacles you haven't encountered before so I'm giving you more time to deal with them than I normally do," She said.

What new obstacles I couldn't help wondering, but I stopped wondering when she pressed a button and the arm immediately began moving me around in a circle on the boards.

When I hesitated, still not believing that I was to be exercised like a horse, the leash I was attached to grew taunt and I got shocked. A real jolt. Jesus, that was a half setting! I didn't have time to feel outraged. I either responded instantly to the commands and forced myself to keep up with the movement of the arm or I was shocked.

## Chapter -44 Pinkie encounters new obstacles.

Half way around the track I encountered a ramp it was about three feet long and was a struggle to get up to a flat top about five feet long and then a down ramp. I got another jolt when apparently I was too slow prancing down the ramp.

Three quarters of the way around I encountered another set of obstacles.

A series of ten low gates about six inches high which I was forced to jump over all the while prancing with the hated gait trainers set at just four inches. Miserably I found out what happened if I knocked one of them down, I got shocked.

Worst of all were the steps. I had to prance up five narrow steps no more than three inches wide and then down the same. Obviously treacherous I strained to get up and then down them.

I was led three times around the boards and to my dismay the walker suddenly sped up. Forcing me to keep up or else get shocked. Three times around and it sped up yet again. I made it but I was so exhausted I knew I couldn't possible make it around again at that speed.

To my intense relief when I made it around to the starting point. I couldn't believe it, it actually stopped right where there was my doggie bed and a dish of water. I lay down, lapped water and rested for about twenty minutes when I heard the command 'Prance' and the damn thing started up again, the same series of circuits. Slow, then faster then really faster.

I was in the third cycle when the trainer cam out, sat down on a bench with a cup of coffee and just watched me. She appeared totally unconcerned with my struggles. After about ten minutes she just got up and left.

I was resting in my doggie bed when the girl showed up.

"There your are Pinkie, taking a rest are you? Well, how did you like the walker? Isn't it great!" She said, all bubbly, as if I was supposed to be excited being exercised like a horse.

I almost forgave her when she put a whole slice of apple pie in my food dish

## Chapter -45 Pinkie is prettied up, not knowing why.

It was a few days later, I had no idea what day it was that she paid closer attention to grooming me. I was brushed, powdered, rouged, lip gloss added and my hair put up in pigtails.

It wasn't too long after that the trainer showed up with three elegantly dressed women. Without thinking I sat up in the Present position as they approached as I'd been trained to do and to my shame my dick was at high mast.

"This is one of our boarders. It's name is Pinkie and as you can see it's a mixed gender and mixed breed," She explained to the women.

"My goodness, it's appendage is really abnormally large for a mixed gender, isn't it," One woman remarked, pointing to my stiff dick.

"Yes, I've personally really never seen one that big on a mixed breed myself,"

The trainer agreed.

"I do hope it's owner puts it on display at the show. It's sure to be a big hit. Do you think it's owner will put it up for sale, I'd certainly be a bidder. I'm sure she'd be looking at five figures," The second woman stated.

Show? What show? This is the third time it had been mentioned and I still had no idea what they were talking about. But what truly frightened me was the woman asking if my owner, Jill, was going to put me up for sale. Surely they weren't serious, this sounded so insane.

## Chapter-46 Pinkie's owner thankfully returns.

I swear I was never so relieved to see Jill show up a couple days later coming to fetch me.

"I think you can raise it's obedience level to 9.5. Ginger has done wonderful work with her even getting her gait down to the required two inches," The trainer said.

I was so thankful to be back home again away from that hated walker. The coming days were much easier. The girl did show up in the afternoons but apparently I was so well trained her workouts were more reinforcements than anything.

I'm not sure how many days after I got back that Jill said to her, "Since you've spent all this time training Pinkie I think you should be the one to show her and put her on display for the judges. Of course I'll pay you well along with a bonus for each ribbon she wins."

"Oh, that would be great. I'm sure Pinkie will be a big hit, especially her appendage. One suggestion Colleen had is that you intend for it to do doggie squirts for the audience that you put a retainer on it until the show for the best effect," The girl said, adding, "She gave me one that I brought along I can put it on if you'd like."

" Yes, of course," Jill agreed.

What the hell was a retainer I wondered, but minutes later I found out.

The girl left and came back moments later holding a bag of something which she wrapped around my dick. The something turned out to be a bag of ice. It was

shockingly cold and in the briefest time it has shriveled up to what felt like nothing. I felt her putting my dick into some apparatus, I didn't know what, but hearing a click. When, by accident, I passed by a mirror I saw my dick reduced to thimble size in a silver, chrome tube that had a padlock on it. I was so shocked my mind just couldn't register my dick locked in a metal tube.

"There, we'll keep it in it's retainer until the show," the girl said.

When feeling came back it effectively preventing my dick from becoming even the slightest erect. And it tried it was more than a little painful. Fortunately after several tries it stopped trying.

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## Chapter-47 Getting Pinkie ready for the Fall Show.

As a week passed I got increasingly nervous every time they referred to the up coming Fall Show in Las Vegas as I still didn't have a clue what they were talking about.

Finally the following Thursday the groomer and both trainers all showed up.

After measuring me the trainer, sounding satisfied said, "Excellent a perfect twenty inches. The judges will be impressed."

Then the groomer added, "I brought a new tail for her. It's called a hindquarter expander."

Removing my tail she inserted the new one that wasn't really any bigger than the previous one. That is until I felt it expanding on both sides. I could see her pumping on a bulb. Each time she pumped my cheeks expanded out on either side. When she finally stopped she measured my ass, okay hindquarters.

"Much better, it's added two inches to both cheeks. Notice how much more they now stand out. When she walks or prances her hindquarters will wiggle much more noticeably," She declared.

When she finished she said, "I also brought some decorative jewelry I'd like to try on her secondary organs."

She then asked the girl, "Would you pull down it's organs as much as you can, really stretching them and let's see how many rings we can add."

I felt what could only be a ring being snapped around my balls, then a second, a third and let again a fourth.

"Can you stretch them even more, let's see if we can get a fifth ring," She directed, getting a fifth ring around my super stretched balls making them feel like taunt marbles.

"Excellent, each ring is a three quarters of an inch, so we've managed to extend them by three and three quarters. Notice how they really set off her secondary organs, quite decorative, don't you think?" she asked.

"Oh they really do," Jill exclaimed and they all agreed with her.

## Chapter-48 Off to the show.

Early the following morning I was put in the back of Jill's SUV. I guess it wasn't too bad they gave me a flavored chew toy and there was a TV in the back seat for me to see turned to Animal Planet. The windows were so tinted that I had no idea where we were going. I don't know how long we drove as eventually I fell asleep.

Finally we descended into what I suspected was an underground garage.

When we parked the girl put me on a leash and we headed for an elevator. I had no idea where we were until I saw a sign by the elevator that read Bay View Hotel. I knew it, it was in San Francisco. In the elevator Jill pushed the button for the lobby. On my god, no they weren't really gong to parade we through the lobby of a hotel on a leash! I could just imagine everyone pointing and laughing. It would be utterly degrading.

But to my shock nobody did either. I couldn't believe what I heard.

"What a beautiful doggie, what's it's name." I heard.

"Her name if Pinkie," Jill replied with pride in her voice.

"What a stunning figure, and it's tail, is it real?" another woman asked.

"Oh my, yes," Jill answered.

Walked up to the reception Jill gave her name.

"Yes Ma'am, a four room suite on the fifth floor, right above the show Room."

"That's perfect, do you happen to have a doggie cage, we forgot hers," Jill asked.

"O course, I'll have the bellboy bring one right up," She said, as if a woman registering with a pretend dog was nothing out of the ordinary. I guessed not for walking up next to us was a woman with a pretend kittie. It looked as much as you could get the unfortunate guy to look like a kittie.

The suite was luxurious and just as they relaxed with drinks a bellboy brought up a folding cage.

## Chapter -49 Meeting and Greeting.

Around five they all started to get ready for the show's 'meet and greet' cocktail hour. Half an hour later, all of them looking quite glamorous the girl put me on my leash and we headed off.

The first to greet us was Jill's evil friend Marsha who I marked as the main reason I'd become what I now was.

I knew she had a pretend dog named Fifi. But coming face to face with him was an even bigger shock. For Fifi was a male, I overheard her say that he was her former husband who for too long treated her like a punching bag. The shocking thing was he looked as much like a female poodle as you could make a male who still retained his organ. In introducing her pet she referred to it as 'Her' Fifi. His, or her, paws were tufts of white, her ears exactly like a poodle's. Her slim tail curved straight up to a big, fluffy white tail that had a big, white ball which had a bell attached to it. The tip of her nose was black just like a poodle's. When she sat on command I saw, like me, she had a white bell on the tip of his dick. We regarded each other with a hint of sympathy for our plight.

"My goodness, doesn't your Pinkie look so adorable. You've done really great in just a few short months, and oh my God won't all the other owners be dying of envy when they get a look at it's appendage once you get it out of it's retainer," she gushed. I truly did hate this woman!

As we walked around I got over my initial shock. Here was a room full of pretend pets. Doggies, kitties and to my total surprise several ponies. Looking at

their crotches they were obviously male ponies but except for what was between their legs many you'd mistake for female ponies, poor things.

After a couple hours we went back to our suite. The girl put some blankets in the cage and then put me in it. Then they all went out bar hopping. As I fell asleep I couldn't help thinking of the bizarre scene I'd beheld. A room full of women and their pets. Interesting I thought, there were no male pet owners. And it was obvious that all those women looked upon their pets as real pets, not pretend pets. Also, to my dismay, it was quite apparent that Jill regarded me as a real doggie no longer a pretend doggie.

## Chapter -50 Put on display.

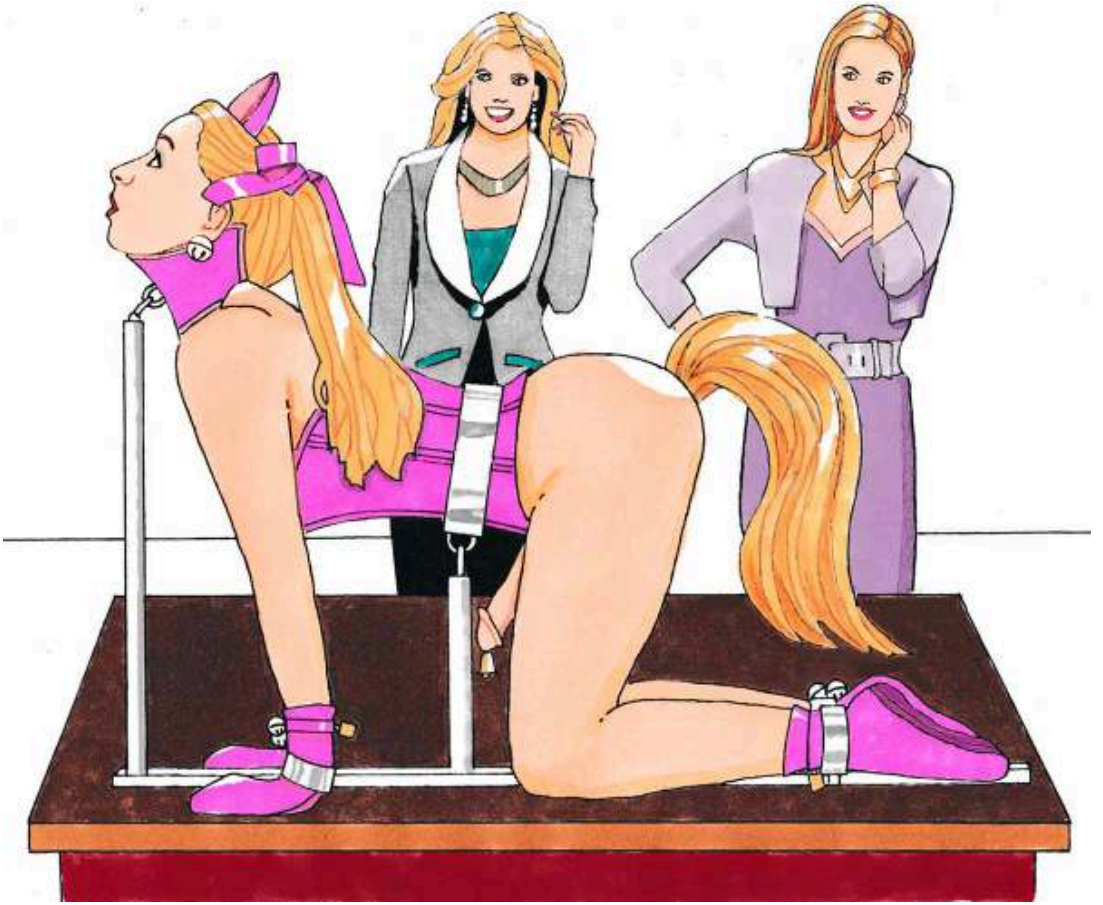
The following morning it seemed like the groomer spent forever making me up. When she finished Jill put me on my leash and we eventually entered a large ballroom. When we got to the sign in table the woman behind it said, "Mixed Gender and Mixed Breed to the right. There'll be a pedestal with her name on it."

She was right. There was a pedestal with my name on it. I really wasn't sure if I would fit on it or not. But I did, just barely. On the pedestal was a sort of metal frame that had 4 shiny metal cuffs attached to the front and back of it. Plus there were what looked like adjustable vertical poles with ominous looking metal bands and hooks. The trainer positioned me on all fours and before I could react cuffed and locked my front and back paws to it. With my head basically immobilized by the posture collar holding it up so I could only see the ceiling she raised one of the vertical poles and attached my collar to it. The pole in the middle she raised and attaching a metal band to it tightly locked it to my waist. The result was I couldn't move a muscle. I was truly now on display.

The last thing Jill did really surprised me. She removed the retainer on my dick which began vibrating just enough to make my dick hard as a rock but not enough to do doggie squirties. Then she raised the pedestal up to eye level and said, "You be a good girl now for the judges Pinkie." And left me there.

About fifteen minutes later four women with clipboards came over to where I was. Obviously the judges, of what I had no idea.

They spent a lot of time examining me and taking seemingly dozen of measurements with a tape measure and ruler, even examining my teeth, which I found more than a little degrading.



"My goodness, for her first time being shown I'm quite impressed, especially her figure, just twenty inches." One of them said.

"And pink is really her color isn't it, she looks adorable in it," another commented.

It was when they examined and measured by dick and balls that they became really excited.

"My god, it's appendage measures eight and one sixteenth. I've never seen one that big on a mixed gender have you? It could be a record," A third remarked.

Eight and one sixteenth? Had I grown three sixteenths? Perhaps it was the state of my dick. I was stiff as I think I'd ever been and it raised my level of frustration

beyond what it had ever been, yet held as I was there was absolutely nothing I could do about it. I prayed they wouldn't touch it by accident as it would be impossible to stop my shooting all over the place.

"I love the bells, don't you they're so 'in' now days. And the bell on the tip of it's appendage is a great touch," Maybe the first said.

One of them, excitedly said, " I just went to the IPOS website and checked. And her appendage is the biggest one on a mixed gender by almost three-quarters of an inch. Good doggie, you're a world record holder."

Imagine me a world record holder. I never held a record in anything before. I momentarily felt a sense of pride until I realized what it was before.

Eventually they moved on to the next pedestal. A few moments later I heard the PA speakers blare out, "Ladies and owners may I have your attention. I've just been informed that Pinkie, a mixed gender, mixed breed, appendage is a world record holder congratulations to it's owner!"

A huge round of applause followed and shortly there was a crowd of women in front of me admiring the size of my dick. A day ago I would have found it totally degrading, but I couldn't help basking in all the admiring comments and congratulations Jill received despite what she was being congratulated for, the size of my dick!

## Chapter -51 The judging.

Early evening the groom spent a lot of time on me. When she declared me ready the girl came in holding my leash. She stunned me as she no longer dress in her trainer outfit. She was dressed in a stylish equestrian outfit. With a long black skirt and sharply tailored jacket, black gloves, gleaming, black boots and top hat with a half veil. Her hair was done up in a tight bun and her make up very sophisticated.

Putting me on my leash we ended up again in the ballroom. Only this time it had been reconfigured with temporary bleachers and in the middle was a wooden ring identical to the one she'd been training me on including all the same obstacles.

To a round of applause I heard an announcer say, "And now we have Pinkie, a mixed gender, mixed breed owned by Ms. Jill Manchester being shown my it's trainer Ms. Gloria Green."

"Show them what a well trained doggies you are, Pinkie, make your owner proud," She whispered in my ear. Then took me through my paces three times around the circuit and over the obstacles. I didn't falter once, which, for some insane reason, I was proud of.

When she stopped me in front of the judges I 'sat' for them and got a huge round of applause.

"Good girl, Pinkie, you really showed them," The girl said, giving me a big hug, as did Jill when she came out of the stands. It made me feel even prouder of what I'd accomplished.

Instead of going back to the suite we all headed outside and down a sidewalk until coming to an outdoor café. By now I was no longer nervous being seen outside. Obviously San Francisco was undoubtedly the only city

In the country where you could walk a pet doggie on a leash down the street and almost nobody gave it a second look. My big reward was a bowl filled with bits of sirloin steak and mashed potatoes. Wow!

## Chapter -52 A special demonstration by Pinkie.

The following morning the groomer spent some time getting me ready for the awards ceremony. Back in the ballroom the pedestal that I'd been on was back and I was fixed immovably up on it again. I had no idea why or what was about to transpire.

Perhaps ten minutes later I heard over the PA speakers the announcer say, "Ladies and Owners Ms. Jill Manchester has graciously consented for her doggie, Pinkie, to give you a most entertaining demonstration. Please go over to it's display pedestal. The demonstration will begin in five minutes."

Huh? What's this all about I wondered as a crowd began forming in front of me. I was even more perplexed when the girl placed a tall measuring glass beneath me.

Five minutes later the announcer said, "As you know Pinkie's appendage is now a world record holder for a mixed gender, mixed breed it's owner has graciously consented to show off Pinkie's appendage doing squirties for you."

What, surely not doing doggie squirties in front of all these women. God, how

positively degrading is this going to be?

I didn't have more time to think about it as I suddenly felt my dick and balls begin to vibrate. I was just of the verge when it suddenly started vibrating madly and I couldn't stop myself. I squirted gobs and gobs and gobs right into the wine glass. Over and over for I swear two minutes before I was totally drained and would have collapsed if I could have.

Holding the measuring glass the Jill proudly announced to everyone who'd witnessed by involuntary eruption, "Pinkie just squirted nearly three pints, the most ever. Certainly another world record."

Which was followed my thunderous applause.

Strangely I didn't feel the utter degradation I was sure I'd feel. Not with everyone wildly applauding. I actually felt a sense of pride as I was now undoubtedly a second world record holder.

When all had quieted down I was taken off the pedestal and the awards ceremony commenced.

I couldn't believe all the awards I garnered. I won the first prize trophy for "Best Mixed Gender, Mixed Breed," Yet another for "Best Figure," a ribbon for "Best Decorated Mixed Breed" and a second place for "Best Obedience" trained. Which didn't disappoint Jill as it was, she said, my very first showing.

"Don't be too disappointed Pinkie, I'm sure by next year's show Colleen will have you obedience trained to a perfect ten."

Oh my god, this wasn't a one time thing?

My dismay was at least somewhat tempered when we went back to the same outside café and my doggies dish was filled with spaghetti and meat balls, and when I'd finished that a dish of ice cream. Holy cow, I was in doggie heaven!

My good mood totally evaporated when I heard Jill say, "Pinkie made quite an impression didn't she? I really think the size of her appendage and getting her to do spuirties for all the guests was truly the highlight of the show. Did you hear the applause! In three months I want to enter her in the International pet show in New York. Let's look into renting a luxury RV with lots of room for her cage and we can make a wonderful trip cross country. We'll have owners from around the world to admire her appendage but especially when we have her do squirties for everyone. I'm

positive it'll be the highlight. Doesn't that sound great Pinkie, a trip all the way to New York?"

It was hard to believe, just a few months ago I was Jill's happily married husband. Now I was her pet Pinkie!

# My Pony Maid

## Chapter -1 I always wanted my very own pony.

Ever since I was a little girl I wanted my very own pony. A dream my parents couldn't afford. When I grew up, graduated from college, became a success in business, started by own business then sold it for a tidy sum I still harbored dreams of having my own horse. My dream had grown from a pony to a horse.

When I looked into the reality of actually acquiring one I really became discouraged. Despite living on fifteen acres out in the country I had no barn or stable. Then there was the near constant upkeep; Food, hay, daily grooming and vet bills.

So sadly I put away my dream. It was simply too much effort. That was nearly a year ago. Now, however my dream has been answered. I now have what I've always wanted. Her name is Cupcake, a yearling, but it's not quite what you'd expect.

## Chapter -2 You have two options.

To explain I have to go back to my divorce and my cheat of a husband. We had a maid, Maria, a poor Mexican woman just trying to make it in the states to send money back to her family once she got across the border.

What I eventually found out was that Jason was fucking poor Maria. And it wasn't consensual. Actually he was blackmailing her. She either let him have his way with her or he'd report her to immigration. Unforgivable, it disgusted me.

So with Betty, my beautician, we devised my revenge. Betty normally cut men's hair as well, as she did Jason's on a regular basis. The next time he needed a haircut he was going to much, much more.

As soon as he sat in her chair, and before he could even think to react, I strapped his wrists to the arms while Betty spread his legs and strapped them down as well.

Naturally he bellowed outraged as I wrapped a belt around his neck and fastened it to the back of the chair.

"What the fuck are you two up to? Get me out of this chair, now!" he hollered.

Continuing to ignore him together we cut and scissored all his clothes off.

Finally I said, "Maria tearfully finally confessed what you've been doing to her. Blackmailing her into fucking you. And if she didn't you were going to have her deported. What you did is beyond contempt. So the first thing you're going to do is sign this divorce decree. In it I get absolutely everything you own."

"If you think I'm going to sign that you're out of your mind," He said hotly.

Which is when Betty held up a pair of rusted gardening sheers and cupped his nuts between them.

"So lover boy you have two options. You can either sign the divorce decree or Betty's going to geld you," I said.

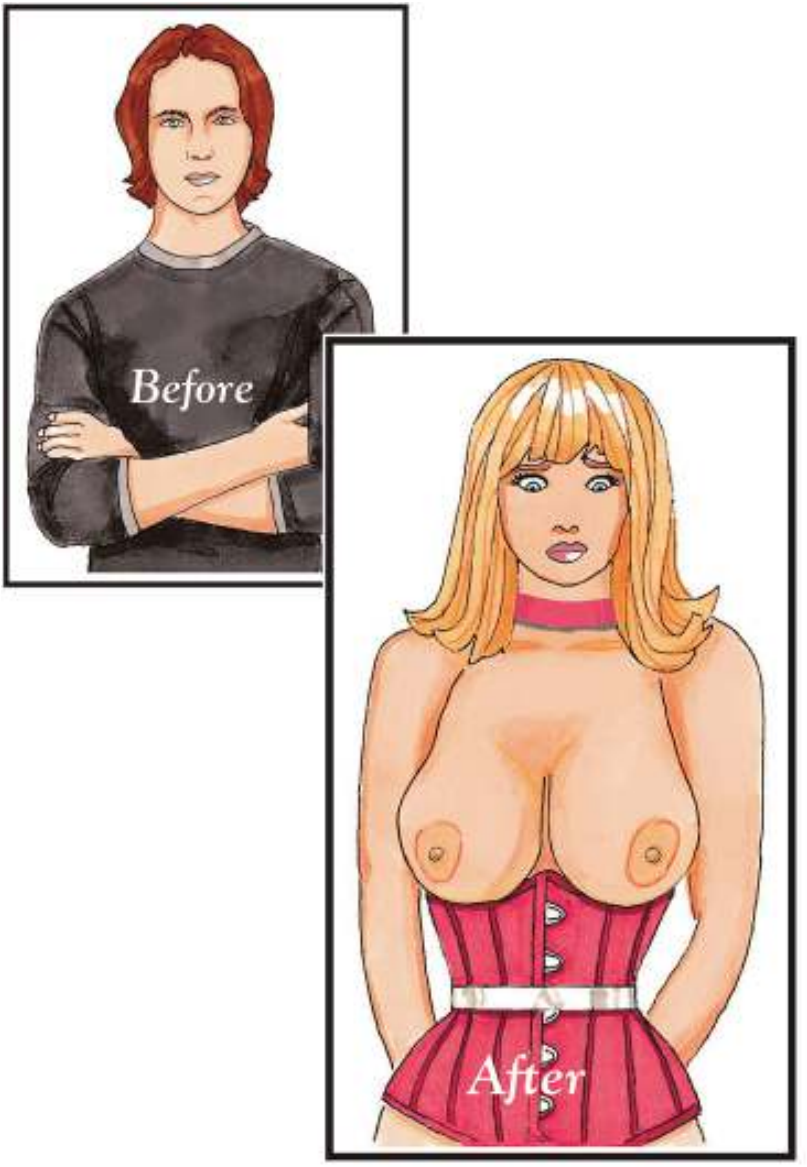
"Should I do one at a time, or both all at once," Betty asked, dead serious, then added, "I think after we cut off his nuts we might as well cut off his dick."

I freed one hand, and put a pen in it. "Well, which option?" I asked.

Not surprisingly in complete terror, he signed his own divorce rather than have his nuts cut off as he truly believed Betty intended to do.

## Chapter -3 Guess who's going to take her place?

"Now since you appear to be so enamored with Maria we've decided that you're going to take her place. I felt so sorry for Maria that I gave her 450,000 and sent her back to Mexico with enough to support her family.




"So, you're no longer Jason Coldwell, but a nineteen year old maid named Maria Sophia Gonzales," I stated.

"And like Maria you're here illegally and any time I feel you're not acting as I expect my maid to I'll simply call immigration and have you deported," I said gloatingly.

"Y-You can't be serious," She stammered in disbelief.

"Oh, just watch, " I said, as Betty held up a wand.

"This is the latest in permanent laser hair removal. I'll start with her face and work down to her ankles," Betty said gleefully.

"In talking with

Maria she said you really seemed to enjoy her large breasts. So while Betty does her work I'll be gluing on the biggest, most realistic breasts on you, permanently I might add," I explained.

"Y-You can't..." She protested.

"Oh my, what an annoying chatterbox," Betty declared, producing a tube of what appeared to be clear lipstick which she applied to her lips. She pinched them together and held them there for about twenty seconds.

"There, that should do it," She said.

When she tried to talk we both enjoyed the look of shock as her lips wouldn't move. They were stuck together.

Finished gluing on her huge breasts I then dyed her hair the same blonde color as Maria's, put it all in rollers and then permed it.

While Betty continued to work I attacked her face. First adding large eyelashes, then arching her eyebrows, dying in bright blue eye shadow, eyeliner and finally dying her lips a bright, cherry red.

"You won't have to worry about applying your makeup every day, Maria, it's permanently dyed in," I smirked.

We broke for lunch with Betty half finished, simply leaving her there.

When we got back as she worked down to her ankles I pierced her ears gluing on dangling bells which we both thought hysterical.

Then I held up a set of nails for her to see.

"These are hardened steel nails. Once I glue them on it'll be impossible to try to cut or file them off, you won't make a dent," I proclaimed.

Betty finally finished mid-afternoon. "Now for the piece de resistance. Why don't you show her?" She offered.

Holding up a flesh colored triangular shape I gloatingly watched her eyes grow big as saucers as I explained what it was.

"Maria didn't have a dick, so, of course, you don't either. What she has is a

pussy and this is yours. Notice the hard, plastic cup glued to the inside. Now this is surgical glue," I said, coating the edges and firmly pressed it over her crotch.

"Now here's the thing. Your pussy can get excited but it'll be impossible to ever get any relief. Every time you do it'll remind you of what a disgusting excuse you were as man," I said, immensely satisfied with her shocked expression.

## Chapter -4 Time to get you dressed.

"Let's get her dressed," I said to Betty, who couldn't help grinning at what was to come.

Unstrapping her hands we quickly buckled them together and hoisting them up and securing them to an overhead light pole.

The first garment was the frilliest pair of panties we could find. Sheer black with white ruffles. The next garment we couldn't wait to show her.

"Now that you're a girl you need a much more girlish figure. You have to admit for a girl your figure is deplorable. But we're sure this will help you acquire a girlish figure you can be so proud of," I said, holding up an hour glass corset made of the heaviest latex with rigid, steel stays.

Once we had it on her we started tightening the laces. Pretending to be concerned I asked, "Does it feel too tight?"

Foolishly she nodded, "No." So we really yanked on the laces.

"Does it feel tight now?" I asked.

Frantically she nodded, "Yes."

We ended up tightening the corset five inches. Which reduced her thirty inch waist to twenty-five.

"Well that's a modest start. Still not very girlish though. As soon as she adjusts we'll have to tighten it a lot more," I proclaimed, then added, "I know you're not used to wearing a corset. They're so restrictive that I know the first chance you get you'll try taking it off. So, we'll add this."

What "this" was was a steel belt that went around her waist that I padlocked in back.

Dangling from the corset were six suspenders on each leg to which we clipped sheer, black, seamed nylons.

However if she thought the corset was the worst she'd endure how wrong she was when I gleefully held up the black, five inch stiletto heels with a wide ankle strap.

"And here is your new footwear. Being short Maria always wore heels so as you are now her so will you. I can't imagine trying to walk on five inch heels, the highest I've ever worn are three inches. I know as soon as I turn around you'll want to take them off. So after we put them on your feet we'll buckle the ankle strap and fasten them with these padlocks," I smirked, as we forced her feet into them then locked them on.

## Chapter -5 Laying down the law.

Then it was time for her uniform. A conservative, black dress with skirts and petticoats several inches above her knees. Short sleeves with white cuffs and a high, white, collar starched rigid and we hope would be none too pleasant. The only un-conservative part of her uniform was the U-shaped cut out that left her more than amble jiggling tits well exposed.

We both laughed ourselves silly watching her mince and stumble on her heels out to the car.

Once back home I stood her in front of me and laid down the law.

"I presume the corset isn't very pleasant?" I asked, to which she vigorously nodded that it wasn't.

"Or your heels, just about impossible to stand in let alone try walking in them, aren't they?" I asked, and again she quickly agreed.

"Well if you think you're going to muddle through all your duties as my maid and make a half hearted effort you are so wrong. If you perform all your chores perfectly I'll loosen your corset. If I inspect them and their not it doesn't get loosened," I declared.

"Now I expect you to act completely as a maid. Stand with your feet together, hands folded in front of you, head bowed, eyes fixed on the tips of your shoes. When you enter or leave a room, whether it's occupied or not, you curtsy. When given an order you curtsy. You'll also curtsy before and after you speak. And when I enter or leave a room you curtsy," I stated, then taught her how I expected her to curtsy. It was so amusing watching her do a good fifty before I was satisfied.

"Now Maria, when you've acted like the perfect maid I expect of you all day the following day I'll reward you by letting you wear heels that are two inches shorter," I stated.

"As to your vocabulary, it will consist of, "Yes Ms. Weber, No Ms. Weber, The maid understands Ms. Weber, the maid thanks you Ms. Weber,

and The maid has no excuse Ms. Weber," If you understand I will unseal your lips," I said.

As I expected as soon as I unsealed her she lips she started protesting, "You c-can't be serious, this is insane.." was all she got out before I slapped her face as hard as I could. When her mouth flew open I quickly jammed a ball gag in it, buckling and padlocking the straps behind her head.

Calmly I said, "For every word you speak not in your vocabulary you'll spend one hour gagged. So you'll now be gagged for the next eight hours."

"So, as I mentioned I paid Maria $75,000 to repay her for your inexcusable actions. You'll be paid ten dollars an hour, the same as Maria was. When you've paid me back the $75,000 you're free to go. Betty can reverse all but your hair she's removed. However you won't have to worry about ever shaving again," I offered.

## Chapter -6 What the heck is a Pony Boy?

I have to admit, she tried her best I have to give her credit. But asking a man, who had no domestic skills, to suddenly do a perfect job of ironing, or dusting, vacuuming, scrubbing the floors and toilets I realized was asking too much.

So I was in a quandary. Per my edit she was almost never able to do any of her chores up to my expectations so her corset hardly ever got loosened or her heels any less high. I understood I was being unfair, but what to do?

About this time I got an email from my ex college roommate. She and I had remained best of friends. Unfortunately she lives on the east coat while I live on the west coast. She had a ten year old daughter, Constance, who I loved to death.

On her birthday she said, above anything, Constance wanted her very own pony. And I was determined that at least one of us would get their pony.

I had no idea, however, of how to go about buying a pony for Constance.

So I headed for the internet. While browsing various websites I came across one that puzzled me, ponyboys.com. I was frankly shocked at the content. It had men, some feminized to some degree, acting like and attired like, human ponies. With women either riding them or fastened to cart or harness racing rigs. I couldn't believe the extent that they were outfitted like ponies. Head gear with huge plumes, bits in their mouths, long tails attach to them in some manner, and even hoof-like boots of all things.

I also couldn't believe how prevalent this bizarre, I guess you'd call it a past time was. Finding other sites like ponyplay.com, wunderpony.com and riding mistresses.com.

As I took this all in an idea began to form in my mind about how I could finally achieve my dream of having my very own pony.

First I went back to ridingmistresses.com as there was a listing of riding mistresses and trainers that I could chat online with. I picked the closest, not far, maybe forty miles away. Here name was Victoria Barclay. After I'd broached the reason I had contacted her she had me phone her finding my idea certainly unique and rather amusing.

The end result was she planned to drive over on the coming Saturday and meet in person.

## Chapter -7 A talk with Maria.

After I got off the phone I spent some time filling out my plans. My first step was a talk with Maria.

"I know how hard you've tried in the last couple of months to perform your chores as best you can. My expecting you, with no domestic skills at all, to live up to my man, well once a man, you have no idea of how to iron a skirt, do the wash, or expecting you to scrub floors and even clean the toilets was unfair," I said.

"So what I've decided is to relieve you of all the chores you simply have no experience doing. You'll do light chores like tidying up rooms, making beds or serving meals, which takes little or no experience. I'll hire a house cleaning to do all those chores," I declared, and the relief on her face was stunned relief.

"With that said you'll have a lot of free time so I've created a second position for you to fulfill which will complete a dream I've had for a long time. I haven't finalized completely your new position so I won't go into it as yet. However this Saturday there's an expert in this field coming to evaluate you as to it's feasibility," I said, being purposefully vague so as not to alarm her.

## Chapter -8
## Inspecting Maria.

When Victoria arrived I was a bit surprised. She was stunning, at least six feet tall and even taller in her black riding boots with at least four inch heels. She wore tight fitting jodhpurs, a crisp, grey riding jacket and short, black, riding gloves and of all things she carried a riding crop. Which, I guess, was fitting as she trained ponies real or otherwise.

We found we were the same age, shared many of the same interests and quickly became fast friends.

I had Maria serve lunch on the patio. As promised I'd loosened her corset two inches, and instead of six inch heels she walked more naturally in her four inch heels.

She was obviously puzzled with the unusual manner Victoria was dressed.

"So, this is the maid in question I take it. I'd like to get a better look at her, as we discussed," She said.

"Please stay still, just stand there. My guest would like a good look at you," I directed as I removed her uniform, leaving her just in her corset, bra, stockings and heels."

She was, naturally, shocked but I sternly said, "Just stand there as my guest

looks you over."

Victoria got up and walked around her, as if examining a horse, which in a sense she was.

Putting her at ease she said, "You're very attractive for a maid, Maria, I believe."

"Yes Ma'am, the maid thanks you Ma'am," Maria replied. I chuckled to myself, wondering what she was thinking. A guy being told he/she was very attractive.

"Now Maria, I'll be inspecting you, so don't be alarmed if I touch you here and there, okay?" Victoria said, soothingly.

"Yes Ma'am, the maid understands," She said, as she felt Victoria's hands on her shoulders.

"Very nice girlish shoulders, unfortunately they're not very developed so they can't be used for riding," She commented, and I could see the puzzled look on Maria's face at that comment as well as what she did next. Grasping first one cheek and then the other saying, "She has excellent buttocks."

Feeling up her thighs and calves Victoria said, "She's got very shapely legs, although they'll need quite a bit of toning. Now let me check her breasts."

I saw Maria shocked look as Victoria cupped, pinched and lofted them letting them fall.

"I'm impressed they're more than ample. And I quite like how the nipples stand out so erectly. I definitely think they would look best unfettered," She remarked. I so enjoyed the mystified look on Maria's face, not having the faintest idea what she was talking about.

"Now let's check her feet. My goodness, such petite feet for a maid. Usually maid's feet look more like boats. Her new footwear will certainly look attractive on her. What size do you wear, Maria?" She asked.

"The maid wears a size nine-and-a half Ma'am," She replied, referring to her high heel size.

"I also think we should add a bit more drama to her makeup and hair. Longer curled eyelashes I'm thinking. Much brighter eye shadow. fuller lips and perhaps hair

extensions. If its okay with you I'll order her new, ah, uniform and shoes and bring them when I start training her next Saturday," she offered.

"Next Saturday sounds perfect, and plan to stay over," I added.

"You can get dressed now, Maria. You were very patient," Victoria said.

She got dressed still having no clue as to this new position I so mysteriously and vaguely had spoken of.

Victoria stayed the night and to both our surprises shared my bed.

## Chapter -9 Maria's learns of her new position.

When she left I had a talk with Maria.

"Do you remember how I often talked about how when I was a little girl I dreamed of having a pony?" I asked.

"Yes, Ms. Weber," She replied.

"I haven't lost that dream, but I'd have to build a barn and stables. Then there's the daily upkeep, grooming, feeding, vet bills and finding someone to train and exercise and train a horse probably on a weekly basis. None of which I have time for. I think you remember that I'm the godmother of my best friend's daughter, Constance, who's ten. For her birthday she too wants a pony. So I decided to get her one," I said.

"So I went on the internet and as I searched I ran across a most unusual website called ponyboysandgirls.com. It was a real eye opener. Men and women pretending to be ponies, if you can belief. Actually there's at least a dozen site to dedicated to it. So, I thought you could be my pretend pony," I said.

"Y-You want me to be your pony? You have to be kidding," She blurted out.

"No, actually I'm quite serious. It seems a harmless activity to me. And I'm surprised at the number of people who enjoy it, so?" I asked.

"No way, I'm not going to be your pony," She said adamantly.

"That's really too bad. So it's back to being Maria," I stated.

In no time I tightened her corset, not five inches but six. Then I replaced her heels not with the five inch ones she'd already been struggling in but six inch heels and locked them on her feet.

## Chapter -10 Back to being Maria.

"Now get the fuck to work. You have one hour to scrub the hallway floor. I've been much to nice to you, I said pinching her nose until she had to open her mouth then crammed the ball gag in to it.

You spoke twenty-one words not in your vocabulary. So you'll be gagged for the next twenty-one hours," I proclaimed. Putting down a bucket with detergent in it and two scrub brushes I said, "You'll scrub the floors not with a mop but on your hands and knees. If you don't finish within an hour I'm going to tighten your corset another inch. And for each spot that you miss you're going to wear these for two hours," I added, holding up a pair of murderous, seven inch heels.

True to my word I ended up tightening her corset another torturous inch for six hours and had her wobbling fearfully in six inch heels for five hours.

"It's hard to believe you have any ego left after being turned into a maid. I had a simple request, but no, what's left of your ego had to rear up, didn't it? Well, I have no sympathy for you. Now you have dusting to do, get to it!" I ordered.

As I expected it only took three days before she pleadingly raised her hand. It was the only way she could ask permission to speak. Pointedly I ignored her.

The following day she raised her hand several times. The third time I coldly said, "Yes girl, do you have something to say and it better be important."

## Chapter -11 Could I please be your pretend pony?

"Yes Ms. Weber. The maid would like, ah, very much to be your pretend pony," She implored.

"You wouldn't be my pretend pony. Victoria will train you to look and act just

like a real pony, understood? Now do you still want to be my pony?" I asked sternly.

"Y-Yes Ms. Weber, the maid really would," She replied, naively thinking anything could be better than the last few days. Well, she was sort of right.

"And you'll do whatever Victoria wants you to do? I'll warn you one word of complaint and its back to being Maria again. Am I clear?" I demanded to know.

"Y-Yes Ms. Weber, the maid understands," She swore.

"Very well, I'll hold you to it," I said, and to her immense relief I loosened her corset two inches. But here's the thing, before her corset was laced five inches, now it was laced six inches, so when I loosened it she was now laced four inches. Making her waist now twenty-four inches. Not my ultimate goal, but it was some improvement. She was so thankful she didn't realize the difference.

It was the same with her heels putting her in five inch heels instead of four. Again she didn't notice.

The following day I shortened her dressy uniform skirts and petticoats from mid-thigh length to nearly up to her ass Then per Victoria's instruction I cut slits up the back of all her skirts and then two small slits on either side of them and made the cups of her corset detachable.

Naturally Maria turned beet red when she saw how scandalously immodest she looked. But the next day I invited two friends to lunch, who knew exactly who Maria was, and they did nothing but rave over her uniform making Maria feel more at ease wearing it.

The day after that a big shipping box arrived. It was the light weight rig, similar to a harness racing rig, that Victoria recommended. I put Maria to work so she couldn't see me taking it out and wheeling it into the detached two car shed.

## Chapter -12 From Maria to Cupcake.

Finally Saturday arrived and Victoria showed up early and to my surprise

she had a girl, maybe twenty-two or twenty-three, with her.

"This is Abby, she's a licensed furrier, and she'll be helping me get Cupcake

transformed and trained into an absolutely believable pretend pony. By the way I love the name," She said.

"When I was a little girl I dreamed of a pony called Cupcake," I replied, and turning to Maria I said, "So when you're my pony your name is Cupcake, understood?"

"Yes, Ms. Weber," she said, obviously humiliated but, she knew what would happen if she offered the slightest objection.

"Well, first let's get her new harness on Cupcake," Victoria instructed, directing Abby to remove her uniform and corset. The "harness" was simply another corset which they laced her into. This one however, once laced, gave her a more "S" shaped figure. They did lace it a quarter inch tighter, which she didn't appear to notice. Now we had her figure down to three-three and three-quarters. She couldn't see the steel rings on either side of it.

Victoria, whispering, said, "Every couple of weeks we'll lace it another quarter of an inch tighter. I'm thinking a twenty-two inch waist would be quite dramatic."

## Chapter -13 Next for Cupcake, Ears and bridle.

Next she had Abby weave much longer hair extensions into her hair. Then added more dramatic eyelashes, eye shadow and brighter, glossy red lips.

"Her hair looks much better, it'll make a perfect ponytail," Victoria commented as Abby slid a sheath on it up to her head.

"Now for her ears," She indicated to Abby.

I was mystified as the girl took out two very realistic looking, long, pink ears, looking just like actual pony ears. As I watched she slid each over her real ears, and pressed on each until I heard an audible click.

Saying the obvious Victoria said, "They're snap on ears. When you have guests you simply unsnap them. I don't know why but I thought pink would be a perfect color on Cupcake."

I had to agree, pink pony ears looked just right.

"Now for her bridle Abby," Victoria instructed.

The pink bridle turned out to be a maze of leather straps that went around her head and under her chin. Dangling loosely on either side were large, steel rings. After cinching them all tight she asked a bewildered Cupcake," They're not too tight are they, Cupcake?"

"N-No Miss Abby," she replied.

"Now Cupcake I don't want you to be startled. This will feel a little odd and strange initially but in almost no time you'll become accustomed to it. So open your mouth for me as wide as you can, please," She asked pleasantly.

When she did Abby thrust a bit into her mouth and quickly connected it to the two rings. Then cinched it snugly enough so it couldn't come out.

Cupcake's eyes took on a panicked expression.

"Obviously she's never had a bit in her mouth so she's startled and panicky. Which you simply ignore as it's the usual reaction," Victoria said dismissively.

"She'll settle down eventually. The bit is what we call a novice bit made of semi-hard rubber. After she becomes used to it we'll replace it with her training bit and then her permanent bit," She added.

## Chapter -14 Every pony has a tail and a collar.

"Abby, her tail next please," She directed and to me said, "This is a temporary tail. I'm picking up her real tail next Wednesday."

As she talked Abby parted her cheeks and glued a velcro strip between them. From a long box she took out a long, bushy, chestnut colored tail with a Velcro strip at the end which she fixed to the Velcro patch between her cheeks. It hung straight down until Abby slid a pink sheath on it and bent it up forming a graceful sweep.

"Her collar next?" Abby asked, and when Victoria nodded she produced a pink collar that totally enclosed her neck, forcing her head up slightly.

"Now Cupcake, this is your training collar. Nod your head when it feels snug," She instructed.

When Cupcake nodded that it felt snug Abby said, " It's just a little too loose. I'm going to tighten it just a bit more."

Which she did, then asked, "Does I feel tight now?"

Cupcake nodded that it did.

"But not too tight?"

Foolishly Cupcake nodded that it wasn't, so Abby tightened it even more.

"Now let's see you move you head to the right and then to the left," She ordered.

I'm sure to Cupcake's surprise she could barely do so.

"Now try moving your head up and down," She said.

To her even greater surprise she found that her head was effectively immobilized, she could barely move her head in any direction.

"Perfect," she proclaimed, buckling a strap over the laces and then fastening it with a padlock.

When I asked the purpose of the collar Victoria said, " Ponies need to be trained to, at all times, look straight ahead as the direction they trot is solely by responding to her reins. The padlock is to keep the laces from becoming loose."

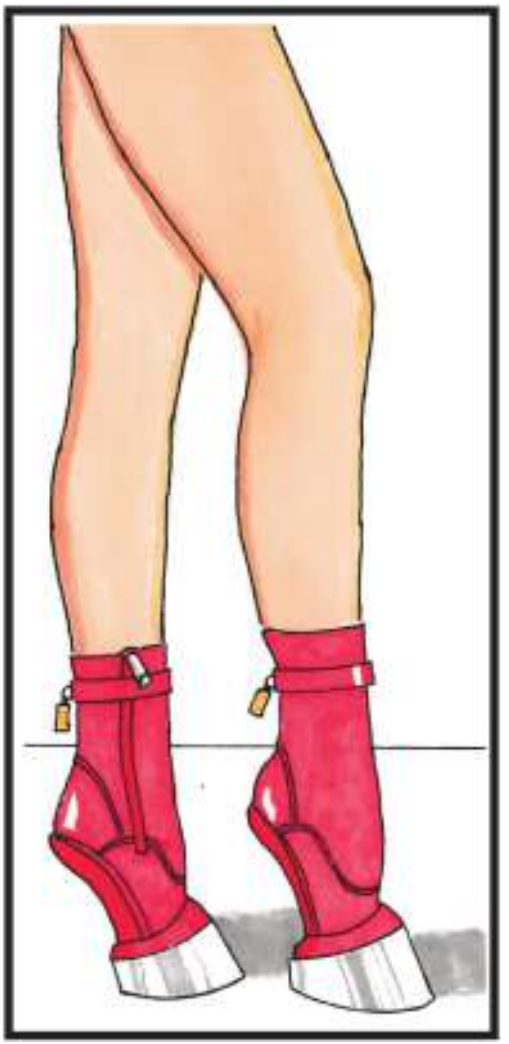
It also obviously prevented her from removing it.

"Her arms now, lets' get them out of the way," Victoria directed.

I watched puzzled as she put a cuff just below each elbows and then identical ones around each wrist. One set had rings, the other set had clips. She gently pulled Cupcakes arms behind her then bent them so the forearms rested on top of the other. Then she clipped them together.

Acting concerned Abby asked, "Your arms aren't uncomfortable are they, Cupcake?" Already in a daze, I could see, she nodded that they weren't.

When I asked why she'd made Cupcakes hand and arms basically useless Victoria said, "When we hitch her up to your rig we'll slide the shafts through the rings on either side of her harness, or corset if you like, and fasten them to the shafts. Her



hands and arms will simply get in the way and at times unbalancing her and likely cause her to stumble or trip. If you get a more elaborate rig, like a sulky, with, say, a seat wide enough for two, a top with a shade, and a trunk for food or storage and such she'll also need her arms as well to pull the sulky as it will be noticeably heavier.

"That sound like something I should definitely look into," I said, thinking of a picnic with Victoria and me up in the woods by the stream.

"I can recommend several models but before you hitch her up to it we need to tone up and strengthen her legs," She cautioned.

## Chapter -15 Cupcake's new footwear.

Once Abby had Cupcake hitched she took out a large shoe box. I'd seen pictures of pony boys and pony girls wearing hooves but when she took out Cupcake's new pony boots I had two thoughts. First I wondered how anyone could actually walk on them, and second how incredibly real they looked.

Of course her mid-calf pony boots were glossy, red with polished, silver, chrome hooves.

"The pony boots are patent leather and have been water proofed for long term wear. The hooves are wood with polished, stainless steel covers over them. The toes of the hooves are weighted. As you can see they zip up the back with a strap at the top that is fastened with a padlock," she explained.

When I asked her why the toes of the hooves were weighted she said, "The leg action of a pony is quite specific. When walking, high stepping or prancing the knees must come up well above the waist with the hooves pointed straight down, weighting them

helps condition her to pointing them."

## Chapter -16 Cupcake's discipline pad.

Cupcake was bent far enough so she could see the pony boots laying on the table and became quite agitated. Shaking her head and feet as best she could.

"I think its time to install her discipline pad Abby," Victoria directed.

I was surprised when the girl took down Cupcake's panties as Victoria took out a flesh colored pad about four inches square. Peeling of the backing she handed it to Abby who adhered it in the center of her pussy.

Once adhered she picked up one of the pony boots which caused Cupcake to become even more agitated. Off the table Victoria picked up what looked like a remote with a large dial and several buttons. Pushing one Cupcake suddenly jerked and got a most fearful, pained expression.

"What is that and what did you just do?" I asked.

"It's called a Behavior Conditioner. No one believes in using crops or whips on their ponies. However you do want to get them trained. This is the latest tool, very hi tech," She said, purposely loud enough for Cupcake to hear.

"When a pony appears agitated or continues to do something incorrect during their training you give them a mild, warning, electrical shock. If Cupcake doesn't settle down I'll simply give her a bit stiffer shock. However this button is the reward button," she said, pressing it. Almost immediately Cupcake began moaning in obvious pleasure.

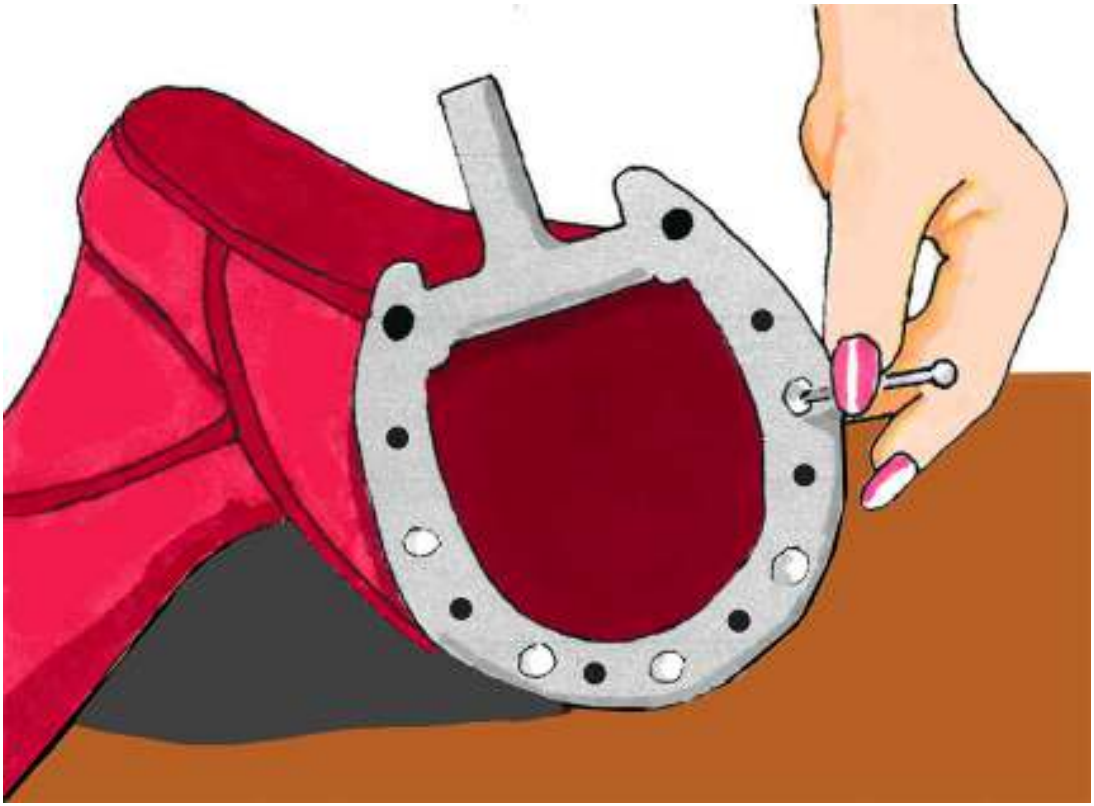
"The reward button vibrates her pussy, giving her a degree of pleasure which she, as you can see, is currently experiencing. If I turn it further it can cause her to orgasm. However that will only occur when she's being a very obedient pony," she added.

Victoria, of course, knew that Cupcake wasn't a real pony girl. So her "pussy", right now, was undoubtedly quite stiff.

Cupcake obviously heard Victoria's warning as she stood, unprotesting,

as Abby removed her high heels.

## Chapter –17 Cupcake's pony boots and shoes.



Taking up one pony boot she slipped one foot into it, zipped it up the back, buckled the strap and snapped on the padlock.

When she had both pony boots on it was apparent how unsteady she was in them.

"What she's wearing are beginner hooves. Noticeably larger than the hooves she'll eventually be put in. These measure three inches high by four inches long by three inches wide, with a four-and-a-half in arch," She stated.

"I still don't see how she'll actually walk in them. If those are her beginner hooves what will her real hooves measure?" I asked.

"They'll measure four inches high by three inches long by two-and-a-half inches wide with a five inch arch. We'll probably have her real hooves on her in a couple weeks. Then, if you want, you could train her to more advanced hooves," She said.

"By advanced, what do you mean?" I asked.

"Oh a six or even seven inch arched boot and hooves measuring maybe just two by two. Some pony owners take them to even more extremes, making a contest to see the highest arch and tiniest hooves their ponies can be trained to," She stated, although I found it almost impossible to believe I couldn't help wondering how far I could go with Cupcake's pony boots and hooves. We'll see.

When I looked over at Abby I couldn't believe it when she took out a set of actual steel, horse shoes. And bending one leg back and holding it firmly she actually began nailing them to her hooves.

"Her shoes are slightly higher in back to re-center her balance on her hooves. Also notice that there's a three inch flange which will also aid in steadying. When we have her trained to walking in her hooves Abby will remove the flanges," She said.

## Chapter -18 Getting Cupcake adjusted to her pony boots and hooves.

With her pony boots on and horse shoes nailed to her hooves Victoria suggested, "Abby why don't you walk Cupcake around and get her used to her boots and hooves, then take her inside and get her changed."

Unhitching Cupcake she clipped on longer reins.

"Just take short, little steps for now Cupcake. I'll lead you around," She directed.

When Abby had taken Cupcake inside to get changed, Victoria quite seriously cautioned me, "The first day as a pony is critical. She's undoubtedly feeling more than a little embarrassment and naturally humiliated dress like a pony. Abby and I are old hands dealing with a pony's first day, so just follow our lead, okay."

Which I agreed to do.

Perhaps twenty minutes later we both couldn't have been more fascinated and amused. Cupcake was dressed in her abbreviated French Maid's uniform that I'd altered per Victoria's instructions. Her petticoats and skirts stood almost straight out barely covering her cheeks, that is if she stood upright.

Through her skirts in back her long, ponytail stuck out in a graceful sweeping high curve. On her head were not only her pony ears but a stand up, lace trimmed,

maid's cap. And, of course, instead of high heels there were her pony boots and hooves.

We were both intrigued and captivated with the admittedly bizarre image of a maid and a pony girl all in one.

"This is obviously a first. You could be starting a whole new trend," Victoria whispered to me with a giggle.

"Oh my God Cupcake, you look fantastic," I gushed as my new pony maid served us drinks.

"The maid, er, Cupcake thanks you Ma'am," She started to say, but had a look as if she wanted to say something.

"That's okay Cupcake, you had a question?" I asked.

"Yes, Ms. Weber, do I really look well fantastic?" She asked.

"Even better than I ever imagined. You make me so happy to pretend to be my pony," I said, and then did something I hadn't done since I'd turned him into Marie. I got up and gave her a big hug.

"Oh thank you, Ms. Weber," She said, obviously surprised at my hug.

"You can stop calling me Ms. Weber, it's so formal, just call me Ma'am," I said, crossing off one of Victoria's suggestions.

"And you can just call me Ms. Abby," She said, adding, "You really do look super!"

On cue Victoria said, " I know they must seem odd to be wearing your pony boots and hooves. But honestly they look gorgeous on you. And your long, shapely legs really sets them off, don't you think Abby?"

"Absolutely and redlooks stunning on her. But what is truly beautiful is her pony tail. A perfect match to her hair. It's real horse hair Cupcake. So many pony tails are fake, and look it, but a real horse hair tail looks so authentic. Although they're ungodly expensive. But Ms. Weber said she wanted on the best for you," She said.

"I-I'm, I mean cupcake is really thankful Ma'am," She said, her embarrassment and we were sure feeling of humiliation now almost completely evaporated.

## Chapter -19 Turning herself into a willing pony.

Pretending to act serious Abby, playing her part, and sounding serious said, "Being real horse hair it needs constant care. It needs to be brushed at least fifty times a day to keep it from getting tangled. And it needs to be hand washed, conditioned to keep it shiny. Can I trust you to do that Cupcake?"

"Yes Ms. Abby I'm sure I can do that, I mean Cupcake can," She replied earnestly, her embarrassment all but gone.

"It's working perfectly," Victoria whispered.

"And your pony ears, can you do them at the same time?" Abby asked.

"Yes Ms. Abby Cupcake can do them too," she answered.

What a stroke of genius, Abby actually getting Cupcake to volunteer to care for her pony tail and ears!

Taking up my cue I asked, "How did Cupcake do in her pony boots and hooves for the first time?"

"Well, of course, she's still unsteady, but remarkably better than other new ponies I've worked with. But I do have a couple of suggestions to help her get more accustomed to them. Do you think you can keep your arms where I put them whenever you're walking around and doing your maid's chores, Cupcake?" She asked, innocently.

"Like this?" she asked, placing her arms behind her.

"Yes, that's exactly it, very good Cupcake," She said, patting her affectionately.

"Now, one other thing. I know it will take a while to get used to your bit being in your mouth. I'm sure it must feel odd, doesn't it?" she stated.

"Yes Ms. Abby, it does," She admitted.

"You absolutely don't have to, but when you're around the house dressed as a maid, I'd really like you to keep this in your mouth," She said holding up an identical rubber bit only permeated with peppermint. You can take it out, of course, whenever you need to speak," she explained.

Cupcake obviously didn't like a bit in her mouth but Abby was being so nice in her asking she reluctantly agreed.

"Oh that's so great. Here, you can put it in yourself," She said, handing it to her, then adding, "I think you like it's flavor."

Speaking low enough so cupcake couldn't hear Victoria said, "It's quite addictive. In no time cupcake will actually come to look forward to putting it her mouth." Then whispered something for me to ask Cupcake.

"Cupcake, do you think you're steady enough to serve us some drinks before dinner?" I asked.

"I'll try my best, Ma'am," She replied, and in no time we had her acting like a maid and a pony all at the same time. All Victoria did was wolfishly grin.

## Chapter -20 Rewarding Cupcake for being a good pony.

As we finished dinner Victoria said, 'I think Cupcake has done fantastically well on her first day as a pony. I think she deserves a big reward. How do you normally reward her when she's your maid?"

"Oh, often I'll loosen her corset two inches which she's grateful for," I said, and as if I had a sudden thought I added, "I know when you've been a really good pony I'll have Abby loosen your, ah, harness not two but three inches, would you like that?"

"Oh yes Ma'am, Mari.., I mean Cupcake really would," She quickly answered.

Piping up Victoria said, "I think you should show Cupcake her reward when she's been a really, really good pony like she's been today, don't you think, Abby?"

"Of course, I'm sure Cupcake will quite enjoy it," She grinned.

## Chapter -21 Cupcake's reward.

Abby took Cupcake to her room and loosened her harness three inches.

"Does that feel better, Cupcake?" She asked.

"Oh yes Miss Abby," She said, sighing in relief.

"Now when you've been a really good pony as we all agreed you've been you

get a very special reward. Now I don't want you to be alarmed but I'm going to put your bridal back on, it's all part of your reward," She said, buckling her harness on and inserting the bit. Then after fastening her arms behind her she put hobbles on her ankles ensuring she couldn't move her feet.

Per Victoria's suggestion I'd installed a large, iron ring to the bed post, making sure it would be several feet higher than Cupcake with her hooves on. Which Abby hitched her to.

"Now for your reward. I'm sure you'll really come o enjoy it," She said, as she set the remote to the reward mode. And then dialed in forty minutes and pressed the play button.

Immediately Cupcake's pussy started vibrating at a low intensity, just enough to excite it.

I'd installed a hidden camera in the room that allowed us to view it on my iPad.

We could hear Cupcake's surprised gasp as the program started with her gasps turning to urgent moans.

After a few minutes the vibrations went up a level. As it did Cupcake could be heard alternately gasping and moaning intensely.

"You can see why we fastened her hands, hobbled her and hitched her tightly to he ring. Left free she'd be frantically fondling her pussy," Victoria clinically said, adding, "Now watch as it goes up in intensity. It's putting Cupcake right on the verge of an orgasm, you see? But that doesn't happen as it's suddenly stopped all together. It won't start again for another five minutes, enough time for Cupcake's pussy to almost completely, well, in her case deflate. The program repeats four times before finally creating the most intense orgasm I'm sure she's ever felt."

Which it obviously did by her reaction bucking as best she could as she orgasmed, unbelievably, for nearly two minutes. I honestly think if she wasn't hitched to the post and her hooves weren't hobble she would have collapsed.

"Some people eagerly want to pony play, others, like Cupcake are reluctant participants. Which is why we installed her Behavior Conditioner as a discipline/reward incentive. She's undoubtedly feeling quite humiliated with what just occurred. But as Abby trains her she gives her pussy little rewards for being a good pony. Which will leave her in an excited, highly frustrated state. That will cause her to want to become even more of a pony to receive the ultimate reward. It's really

foolproof," She chuckled.

"I'll bet you absolutely loved your reward, didn't you Cupcake?" Abby asked as she unhitched her.

Cupcake hung her head in shame, but after several seconds reluctantly nodded in agreement.

## Chapter -22 Cupcake's first week.

Abby wasted no time establishing certain rituals. Which started before she was put to bed. First she had her brush her tail fifty times then tie a pink bow around the tips so her tail wouldn't get tangled while she slept.

Then had her repeat it with her ponytail on her head.

In the morning she had Cupcake repeat brushing both ponytails fifty times.

Dressed in a more modest maid's uniform but with her tail well displayed she served us breakfast with the bit in her mouth. Abby was pleased that she'd voluntarily put it in. What she didn't realize was that the bit was not only slightly larger but slightly inverted. Which it would become every other day until it would eventually be over her tongue. Victoria called it "bit training."

After serving breakfast Abby exchanged her maid's uniform for what Victoria called her Pony Maid uniform. It was even more immodest displaying her breasts even more, with her skirts in back held nearly straight up with the stiff stays inserted. Leaving her ass nearly completely in view, unknown to Cupcake.

After bridling and putting the bit in her mouth she tightened the straps just a bit more as well as slightly tightening her postures collar.

After attaching the reins she led her outside to do "walkies" to get her accustomed to different surfaces.

"Very good Cupcake, you walked over those stones much better than I thought you would," She said, and depressed the reward button for thirty seconds. Just enough to excite her pussy. All part of conditioning Cupcake to want please Abby even more. She'd quickly find that the better she pleased Abby the longer her reward would be.