

Becoming Princess

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Letter

Even though the odds were against her, Erika wanted to be a model more than anything. She dreamed of strutting down a long runway wearing the latest fashions while being bathed in the sporadic glow of camera flashes. Only ten percent of girls in Tailan got drafted into the Compulsory Pettification (ComPet) program when they turned twenty, but the official letter from the Federal Bureau of Pettification (FPB) she received on her birthday was tangible proof that she had finally beaten the odds, just not in the way she would have ever wanted.

If it were possible, her parents were more upset about it than her. They tried everything they could to get her an exemption, but in the end Erika had to go to the drafting station to register as a service animal. On her way to check in she stopped at Yum Yum Burger. It was a bad habit for an aspiring model, but she loved their food. What did it matter if she gained a little weight if she was going to be stuck in the pet service for the next two years?

As she destroyed two burgers, a large order of fries, and the biggest soda they offered—she always had been a bit of a stress eater—Erika tried to think of anything else other than her predicament. Then she saw a man enter the restaurant with his service animal—his puppy girl—by his side. She looked so pathetic! Nearly naked, she crawled by his heel, collared and leashed. After the man got his food and sat down, he commanded the wretched, drooling thing to straddle his leg and hump it while he ate. Though the puppy girl's cheeks were red and there were tears in her blue eyes she seemed almost grateful for the opportunity. Erika couldn't stop watching as the man's pant leg became wet with the puppy girl's dirty desire.

Would that be her soon?

Modesty

Erika almost threw up her greasy lunch as she signed the paperwork that declared her property of the state. The scary ComPet handlers started in on her and the other girls in her “litter” immediately after. Like the others, as a sign that she accepted her new status, Erika was made to buckle a dog collar around her neck with a small bone-shaped tag hanging from it. Engraved across the tag was her new puppy girl name, Princess. Generated by the computer based on the information in her file, the name wasn’t dignified—it wasn’t *human*—but it was better than what some of the others girls got. One girl actually got rechristened as “Frisky.”

After they had collared themselves, the handlers made Princess and her littermates undress. Princess liked attention, but while she wasn’t exactly a nun, she was a virgin. She would have froze and gotten herself in trouble, but her limited experience with fashion shows saved her. Backstage at a show you changed clothes in front of lots of people, and modesty went completely out the window. She just kept repeating to herself that it was just another show. It got her through stripping in front of a bunch of leering and jeering assholes, but it didn’t help her through the second half of the processing.

Strapped down to a metal table, her heart-shaped patch of pubic hair was burned away with a depilatory, and then they tagged and branded her like piece of livestock. Then many hands set to work on her all at once, some stuck her hands and feet into tight, padded paws, while others clipped silly doggy ears to the top of her head and pasted little heart shaped pads over her nipples. One lewdly groped her ample breast and said something rude about her “fat udders” while another approached her tender little backdoor with a greased tail plug.

She shut her eyes and prayed that it was greased enough.



Kennel

Princess didn't feel much like a princess as she crawled at the end of a leash. The huge plug nestled in her bubble butt made her feel full and *strange*. The c-string they'd attached to the base of the tail plug rubbed her "puppy parts," which were especially sensitive after being denuded. It made her feel even stranger as she plodded along. Even though she felt she should, Princess was too tired and too embarrassed to put up much of a fight. She meekly allowed herself to be guided with her littermates to the kennel room where they would be put away for an early bedtime so that they'd be fresh for the morning.

The crate was small and smelled of urine and bleach. Her pawed hands and feet strained against the padded walls when she tried to stretch out on the thin plastic pad beneath her. The beige, synthetic material stuck to her skin and the Plexiglas door sealing her in gave her no privacy. She'd hated still living at home, but her old room seemed like a palace in comparison.

Princess swallowed back tears. Her ear tag and brands throbbed. Half-delirious from her despair, pain, and exhaustion she started to call out for mother, but then she remembered the petsitter that was integrated into the puppy gear she wore. It would shock her if she tried to speak like a human.

Lucky for her, sobbing wasn't a prohibited sound, so she cried herself to sleep.



Adjustment

Princess woke up in a surly mood. The pain of her ear tag and her brands had dulled, but they were still the first things she noticed when the door to her kennel popped open and the handlers summoned her and the rest of her litter to start their first day of obedience school. She was the sourest looking one in the group when they were all herded outside to the end of the training field. At a long line of faux fire hydrants, they were told to squat and make their “piddles and plops.” When the litter collectively gasped, one of the handlers reminded them that it would be their only potty break before noon so they’d better go while they had the chance

While the others reluctantly crawled forward and prepared to do their business, Princess sat down and wrinkled her nose. She would *not* go to the bathroom outside like an animal! When one of the handlers noticed that she wasn’t moving, he repeated the order, but she turned her head away with a petulant look on her face. When he swatted her butt and told her to move, Princess’ anger over her situation boiled over. She screamed up at him, “Fu—” but she didn’t even get the first word out when the petsitter engaged.

Inside her head she its cold voice scolded her. “Bad dog! No talking!”

She was shocked in her c-string, tail plug, and pasties all at once. She gritted her teeth and fell over onto her side in a twitching heap. She had wondered how that puppy girl she watched hump her owner’s leg at the burger place could have been so willing to humiliate

herself. Princess was only just beginning to understand her, and herself.



Watering

The second morning at obedience school, Princess was less-surly during the first potty break of the day. She wasn't really getting used to things, but at least she wasn't getting screamed at by the handlers or shocked by the sitter constantly. When her litter returned from morning "walkies" they all entered the feeding area on weak trembling limbs. Even short distances on all fours were still a challenge for all of them.

Drenched in sweat, they were all panting, not because they were being forced to act like dogs, but because they were all desperately thirsty. Princess did a double take when she saw that their stainless steel water bowls had been replaced by reddish, wall-mounted dildos—what she and the others would come to know as "training knots."

The handlers ordered them to suck for their water. Princess was appalled. When she'd been a free woman she never gave her dates blowjobs because she believed that was for ugly girls. However, her thirst urged her to try, even more so than the fear of a swat or a shock. Timidly she placed her mouth on the red silicone member and experimentally sucked. She tried to think of it as a straw, but the size and the realistic veins made that impossible. Still, it didn't feel *bad* to have her mouth on it necessarily. The handlers laughed and urged them on.

"Show some enthusiasm, bitches!" The lead handler barked. "No enthusiasm, no water!"

The room was filled with sobs and suckling. Out of the corners of her tearful eyes, Princess watched the girls on her left and right. Both of them figured it out before she did. Enthusiasm meant getting the bulbous, rubbery thing down your throat.

Princess mewled and forced herself to swallow it. She gagged, but found herself overcoming her reflex and her revulsion quicker than she ever thought possible, and as a reward she received a spurt of lukewarm water from the tip of the knot.

"A little slow on the uptake, but this one's a natural!" One of the handlers grinned.

It was the first real positive thing anyone had said about her since her arrival. She didn't know how to feel about the compliment.

"Yeah, too bad she's under protected status. I bet with a little training she'll be able to suck a golf ball through a garden hose!"

Princess felt her heart leap. Did "protected status" mean that the scary handlers couldn't use her like the others? Had her father managed to work something out after all?

She choked down the knot again and earned another spurt of water for her trouble.



Wagging

Training for service, even on the just the knots, left Princess' feeling gross and her holes raw, but she found the "Doggy Demeanor" class more dehumanizing because its purpose was to replace her human speech and mannerisms with those of a playful puppy. One of the first things the litter learned was how to use their tails to communicate.

Clenching down on the plug inside her made the fluffy tail go between her legs, tickling her bare thighs and making her wriggle even though it was supposed to show fear and submission. It felt *funny*. Every time she did it she felt shame, but also warmth in her tummy and a tickle between her "hind legs." Almost immediately she started to associate capitulation with confusing and wonderful sensations. Loosening herself around the plug made the tail come back up to show she was relaxed and ready to be commanded. It felt less shameful, but it also didn't feel as good.

Then there was the wagging. Princess felt so stupid doing it, but it also made her acutely aware of the plug as her tail swayed back and forth. The wetness behind the c-string cupping her puppy parts made the feeling impossible to ignore. She wagged to show she was happy, and showing she was happy made her tingle. She didn't know it at the time, but she would become quite fond of wagging her tail no matter what depraved thing was being done to her.

The trainers praised her. She apparently was a natural at manipulating the tail just like she was natural at throating rubbery knots. She learned to communicate all kinds of things with subtle twitches and swishes. She worked hard because at least the tail gave her some small fraction of her voice back, but that was only part of it. The petsitter would shock her if she tried to rub herself—a puppy girl existed for the pleasure of others, not herself—but it didn't seem to care if her soft tail came down and caressed her creamy thighs. Though she could only edge and frustrate herself, it was something that she could do without permission or supervision. The

dirty, degrading act was something she could still own.



Greeting

“Mutt Manners” was another class that Princess found more dehumanizing than practicing service, especially the first day she had to greet another puppy girl. She was paired off with Frisky, who had lived up to her name. Out of the whole litter, Frisky got in trouble the most for constantly trying to paw her overheated puppy parts. She was also the first one to present her haunches to the handlers in a pathetic plea to get mated. Everyone knew she was nearby even with their eyes closed because the smell of her arousal permeated the space around her like a musky perfume.

The day before the litter had practiced on dummy puppy girls, so they all knew the drill after having done it over and over until their limbs and brains were mush. Princess crawled up to Frisky who gave her a big dopey smile as she panted and wagged her tail.

“Good girl, Frisky!” The handler minding them patted her head. “Nice and friendly.”

Not to be outdone, Princess smiled, panted and wagged her tail aggressively, but it was too late to get praise, they’d already moved onto the next step of the ritual. Princess was determined not to be late to the punch again. Without hesitation, she licked Frisky across the lips with a sloppy, wet “puppy kiss.” It was fortunate that Princess was so competitive. It distracted her from what she was doing. Frisky returned the affection and soon their faces were slick with each other’s kibble-laced saliva.

Competitive as she was, Princess felt a little sick as she snaked around to Frisky’s backside, while the short-haired puppy girl mirrored her. The pungent aroma of Frisky filled her nostrils making Princess feel dizzy as the other puppy girl’s hot breath tickled her thighs. Princess wanted the handlers’ praise. She wanted to win, to beat the other puppy girl. Whether or not Frisky felt the same, Princess didn’t know, but the horny puppy girl was just as aggressive. Both of them started licking the other at the same time. Their pink tongues slid up the sensitive skin on the edge of their c-strings, as their little yips and whines filled the air along with those of the other practicing pairs.

It felt so good! Other than her frustrating tail sessions in her crate, Princess still hadn’t been allowed to masturbate. As far as she knew, none of them had been allowed. The petsitter could be used to reward as well as to punish, though without being allowed release the so-called reward just amounted to more torture. They’d all been edged repeatedly by its vibrations in the same places they’d been shocked. Though no trainee would be permitted to “make cummies” during greeting practice, they all tried to desperately.

After that first greeting session, Princess stopped dreaming of home and started dreaming of her kennel mates, their wet, curious tongues, and their tangy taste.



Walkies

Princess felt like she was starting to get the hang of things. She could make piddles and plops at the fake hydrants and look like she didn't hate doing it. She could choke down dry kibble meals, crawl, whine, bark, and fetch with the best of them. The handlers were never satisfied, however. They moved the litter's morning walkies to the street outside the training center. It was one thing for Princess to have to humiliate herself in front of the handlers, other puppy girls, or even the occasional observer, but to have people on the street see her was a whole new level of degradation.

She could feel the eyes on her the moment the group was walked through one of the side gates and into the outside world that she'd tried to forget. The handler holding her leash turned on the petsitter into "in heat" mode so that the vibrations would make her "more friendly." The incessant stimulation to her nipples, puppy parts, and tail hole made her look the part of an animal in rut. Panting, shaking, and glowing with sweat, her cheeks flushed and her eyes downcast, Princess meekly followed behind the handler. She didn't even bother to try to wipe the drool from her chin or hold back the leaking from her swollen pussy.

Then the camera flashes from the gawkers started. She remembered how she'd dreamed of being a model, and she suddenly felt like she didn't have the hang of anything.



Service

It wasn't just the walk in public that was supposed to socialize and prepare them for life outside of obedience school. The whole litter had to perform service too. Princess trembled as she watched her littermates present their haunches for mounting or squat and bounce in front of their handler to beg for the privilege to perform sucking service. No one had made her do service on a handler yet. Watching the others have to go through it made her feel sorry for them, but she was also very grateful for her protected status. Would she have to finally do service for real, for the first time, in front of all these people?

"Oh, I'd like to pop that puppy pussy, but..." The handler snorted, obviously noticing her trepidation. He took a large silicone dog knot out of his bag and anchored it to the ground. "Squat on it, Princess, you know the drill!"

Princess breathed a sigh of relief and did as she was told. The thick knot stretched her painfully, but she was already well-greased for it. All her pent up desire numbed the shame as she bounced up and down while the cameras flashed and the people gasped at the slutty puppy girls and their degenerate behavior.

Just as she was about to orgasm for the first time in months, Princess thought again about the puppy girl she saw at Yum Yum Burger on the day her service started. She had become exactly like that wretched animal. With red cheeks and tears in her eyes, Princess gratefully made cummies for the first time as a puppy, on a public street corner, with an audience looking down their noses at her.

And she didn't care one bit...

...until the afterglow faded.

