

# **Petgirl Park**

**Crimson Rose**

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We had been on the road nearly nine hours and I had asked at least forty-three-thousand times where we were going when I had finally reached my limit. Turning to the left, I glared at my best friend whom was driving. "I'm going to ask one last time where we're going and I swear to god if you tell me to hold my horses, be patient or you'll find out when we get there I'll swerve us into the next ditch."

"I know you're aggravated but we're almost there so please bear with me for," pausing, she looked at the watch on her wrist "another twenty minutes," she replied.

"I'm not going to like where we're going am i? That's why you're not telling me. I swear to god, Jessi, if you're taking me to that damn Domination Farm I'm kicking your ass all the way back to Ohio."

"The domination Farm is in Wisconsin. That's about a thousand miles the other way. And for what it's worth I think you're really going to like where we're going if you just relax and let me get us there."

"If this is another attempt to turn me submissive..."

"I'm not attempting to turn you submissive, Hayley, I'm attempting to get you to understand why I enjoy it and to get you to open your eyes to the possibility that there's more to sex than just lying on your back with a man on top."

"God damn it Jessi! Turn around and take me home right now."

"No can do," she said turning down a narrow street that turned into a small parking lot. "We're here."

Looking out the window, I saw a log cabin building directly ahead, a pavilion off to the right where three women and three men sat – the former on the ground like animals and the latter at a picnic table. Further up a hill I saw another man toss what appeared to be a short stick and a busty brunette wearing latex chased after it on all fours. "What in the hell kind of place have you brought me to?"

"This is Petgirl Park," my best friend said as she opened the driver side door and got out. After a moment I reluctantly got out if only because she took the keys and I could not leave her behind. "Please follow the rules and keep an open mind."

Entering the log cabin building, we walked up to a counter manned by a petite brunette wearing a headband with puppy ears, long latex gloved with what I would describe as a brindle pattern, matching thigh-high boots and a collar around her neck that had BITCH written across the front. That's it. No bra and panties. No shirt, shorts, skirt or anything else to cover her privates.

"Welcome to Petgirl Park ladies. My name is Bitch Tessa. How may I help you today?"

"We have a reservation as free roamers under Jessi Williams," Jessi said, putting her purse on the counter and pulling out her driver's license.

"Do you have gear or will you need to purchase some?"

"We'll need to buy the gear."

"Gear? What do you mean gear?"

"All free roamers must wear puppy gear," Tessa explained.

"And that would be?"

"You'll see," Jessi answered. "So, where can we buy the gear?"

Tessa pointed at a door to the left. "Our shop is through there."

"Thank you so much. Come on Hayley, let's go buy you some pet gear."

“Pet gear? Oh hell no! If you think I’m going to...”

“Alright, that’s enough!” she snapped at me. “I’ve put up with your condescending bullshit over my like for the lifestyle for years and I’ve had it. You’re going to do this for me today or our friendship is over. Is that what you want? Do you want to toss seventeen years down the drain because you’re too proud to step out of your cloistered bubble and try something new? I’m going to buy the gear. If you’re not right behind me you can find your own way home.” Glaring at me a moment, she turned and walked towards the shop door.

Out of the corner of my eye I saw Tessa staring at me, waiting to see what I would do. “First time as a petgirl?”

“I’m not a petgirl. I don’t even know what that means.”

“Did you see the puppies outside?”

“You mean the women demeaning themselves for men?”

“Honey, if you think they’re demeaning themselves you don’t know the first thing about this lifestyle.”

“You say that like it’s a bad thing.”

“It is. It really, truly is. I’m sure you’ve got it in your head that we’re all a bunch of freaks that need to seek treatment, but you couldn’t be further from the truth. “This is only my summer job. The other nine months out of the year I’m a professor of Biology. We get people from all walks of life looking for a safe, secure and private place to live out their fantasies and that’s exactly what Petgirl Park provides.”

“Not very secure or private when just anyone can drive in.”

“Would you have thought to turn down the road leading here?”

“Nope.”

“There you go. There are no signs pointing the way and the entire park is surrounded by woods and a privacy fence. There are cameras everywhere as well as security. You just don’t notice them because they’re all dressed as normal men and women. Anyways, I don’t like butting my nose into other people’s business, but your friend seemed really pissed. You should at least go talk to her.”

“You heard what she had to say.”

“Unfortunately. I have to ask, is roaming around like a puppy really so degrading to you that you’d walk away from a seventeen year friendship?”

“I’ve told her time and time again that I’m not into this perverted shit and she insists on exposing me to it and yet I don’t see anyone bitching at her.”

“It’s hard enough telling family and friends you’re into this lifestyle without them thinking less of you for it. And don’t bother trying to deny it. I can see by the way you look at me you think I’m less than human for wearing this outfit. Well, I’m here to tell you that being a petgirl can be incredibly liberating. Not to mention kinky, empowering, fun and a downright beautiful thing to see and experience. Do it or don’t, that’s your choice to make, but until you’ve tried it or have at the very least done some research who are you to condemn other people for what they enjoy? That being said, if you’re not going to get into gear you’ll have to leave the park.”

“I notice there were only women dressed as pets out there. Why no men?”

“Trust me, there are male pets out there as well. You just didn’t see them.” The door opened behind me and three women walked by. “Sorry dear, I’ve got patrons to help.”

Jessi was in the shop by this point and I was conflicted on what to do. On the one hand she as my best friend and this was a huge part of her life, and on the other she was asking me to

step way further out of my comfort zone than I felt comfortable doing and that really pissed me off. Looking over at Tessa and the three women she was helping, I sighed. My eyes went from them to the exit, then to the door leading to the shop and back to the exit before settling on the shop. I knew I was going to regret it, but I walked over to the shop door and pulled it open. There was a woman similarly dressed to Tessa behind a counter to my left and the rest of the large room was filled with racks and shelves of petgirl gear. I spotted Jessa towards the back and walked over to her. "I'm only doing this once."

"You agree to follow all of the rules of the park?" she asked.

"Fine, whatever."

"Don't you want to know what the rules are before agreeing?"

"Does it matter? I said I'll do it once so buy me the gear so we can get this humiliation over with. And don't you ever say I've never done anything for you."

"Thank you Hayley. I honestly thought you would have been on your way down the road by now."

"To where? We're ten hours from home and I sure as hell ain't taking a taxi all the way back. So, what is all of this?"

"Everything you need to be a petgirl."

"Which means what exactly?"

"It means dressing and playing the part. As free roamers we'll basically walk – and by walk I mean crawl as petgirls are not permitted to stand for any reason, around the park. We might meet some of the other pets and if we're lucky we'll be mated."

"Mated?"

"By the petboys. And before you start bitching about it that is part of the rules you've agreed to follow. Free roamers are not permitted to deny sex from a petboy or their owner," she said putting a pair of gloves in the cart. "Oh, and if you stand, you'll be put in restraints that will prevent further disobedience so I'd suggest remaining on all fours like a good puppy if I were you."

"I'm regretting ever agreeing to this."

"I know and that's what makes you doing it all the sweeter." Walking around the shop, she added a bunch of stuff to the cart that I did not really pay attention to and then stopped at a display case containing perhaps a hundred or so really fancy collars. "Pick one out. My treat."

"You can just get me one of those cheapies from over there," I said. "No sense wasting money on something I'm only going to wear once."

"Please just accept my gift."

Looking at the rows of collars, I felt my guts tying into knots preventing the butterflies bombarding them from escaping. One at the far end caught my attention and I walked over to take a closer look. It was made of metal with a blue leather backing and trim. Etched along the front and filled with what I assumed were sapphire chips based on the price, was PUPPY SLAVE. "I'll take this one," I said.

"Nice. Stay here with the cart while I get someone to help."

I stood there looking at the collars and feeling absolutely embarrassed as my best friend walked away. Fortunately, it was a small store and she was not gone long. Looking up, I saw Jessi and the woman that had been working the cash register walking in my direction. The woman walked to the opposite side of the display case, unlocked it and slid the tempered glass door open. I was expecting her to pick up the collar, but instead she pulled out a cloth measuring tape and then relocked the case. "May I?" she asked.

“Sure.”

The woman placed the measuring my neck in three different spot. “Twelve and a half. I do believe we’ve got that in stock,” she said walking around the display case and opening it back up. “Yep, here we are,” she continued, placing a metal box in front of me. Looking down, I saw PUPPY SLAVE etched into it and filled with the same sapphire ships. “Will that be all for you ladies?”

“Actually, I’ll take the same in ruby if you’ve got it in the same size,” Jessi said.

“Actually, make that Ruby and emerald.”

“Sure thing.” Placing two more boxes on the display case, she looked up at me. “Go ahead and make sure it fits.”

“Here, let me,” Jessi offered, opening the sapphire box and lifting the collar out. Smiling, she placed it around my neck and overlapped the clasp without screwing it together. “How does it feel?”

“It fits fine, but I’ve never been so embarrassed in my life.”

“Embarrassed? Why would such a beautiful bitch be embarrassed about wearing a collar?” the woman asked.

“I’m not...”

“This is her first time engaging in the lifestyle,” Jessi cut me off.

“Ah, I see. Well, for what it’s worth it looks stunning on you.”

“I agree,” Jessi said removing the collar and placing it back in the box. “We’ll take all three.”

“I’ll have them at the counter when you’re finished shopping.”

“We’re done now.”