

Petgirl Politics

Crimson Rose

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Stepping into a walk-in closet the size of a small apartment, Paige stepped between racks of latex and leather dresses, skirts and tops to the back where her favorite costumes took up more than half the space. Gloves and boots of varying lengths and patterns – some with paws and hooves built in. Headbands with different types of ears attached. Latex catsuits with built in knee pads in patterns to match the gloves and boots. Butt plugs with tails resembling more than a dozen animals attached. Masks that covered the top of the face. Masks that covered the lower half of the face. Masks that covered the entire face. All designed to resemble the same animals represented by the plugs. It was everything she needed for the lifestyle she had turned into a very lucrative career.

Today, her client was looking for a sexy doe to parade around so she picked out the appropriate attire and laid all but the plug out on the bed. Taking it with her to the bathroom, she sat it on the marble counter next to the sink. From a small closet to the right of the tub where most people would keep toiletries or towels, she gathered a large blue rubber bag, clear hose, and a long slender nozzle which she attached to one end of the tubing before placing the other end at the bottom of the bag which she then filled with hot water for the first of several enemas that would clean her out for whatever the night had in store. Not that she ever set out to have sex with whomever paid for her services, but more often than not it was added to the bill soon after they saw her in gull gear. And when they looked as good as her evening client she was more than happy to provide whatever they desired. For the right price of course.

For most a shower would suffice for a first date, but for Paige everything had to be absolutely perfect inside and out. And it started with sucking the metal enema nozzle into her mouth. Once it was thoroughly coated with saliva, she reached back and easily slid its thin length into her behind. Getting down on all fours, she turned the valve on the tube connected to the bag and as the hot water began filling her bowels she spread her legs at the same time her head lowered to the floor so that it could flow as deeply as possible. After more than five thousand enemas she easily resisted the immediate need to run to the toilet that always got her when she first started down the path of depravity she now lived openly.

It only took the bag about five minutes to empty, but Paige remained kneeling for another fifteen to let the liquid do its job before sitting on the toilet. She then filled the bag for a second time, emptied it, waited and then evacuated her bowels. After repeating the process, a third time she cleaned everything, used a metal ring to hold the fill end of the bag open to dry and then grabbed the butt plug. Once again using saliva as lube, she eased it into her ass before finally starting the bath. When the water was about an inch deep she dropped one of her favorite bath bombs in. It took just moments for the sensual, sweet and slightly fruity floral aromas of jasmine, clary sage and ylang-ylang to tickle her nostrils in the most delightful of ways.

After her bath, Paige thoroughly dried off and then returned to her bedroom to get dressed. Starting with the deer costume, she put on the catsuit followed by the gloves and matching thigh-high boots, leaving the mask and fluffy tan and white tail for when she arrived at her destination. Because this particular catsuit was cupless as well as crotchless she next put on her sexiest little black dress which totally clashed with everything else she was wearing, but at least she would not get arrested for indecent exposure during her long drive to the countryside where her client waited to use her as their personal pet.

In the five years Paige has worked as a petgirl for hire she had never once been taken advantage of and she attributed it to two rules she absolutely refused to break for anyone. First

was her insistence on having a guard present. For the entirety of her career that has been her best friend Amanda who, prior to taking the position spent three years as a policewoman. And second, all encounters were to be recorded from start to finish with Amanda also acting as camerawoman.

Amanda had just plopped down on the couch to relax after doing her morning chores when the ringing of the phone elicited an annoyed sigh which immediately ended when she saw who was calling. "Hey babe! Please tell me you've got another client because I just might die of boredom if you don't."

"Well, I can't be responsible for my best friend's death now can I?" Paige replied. "I've got a client so I'll be requiring your services, but there's a twist this time that you might not like."

"And that would be?"

"I know you said you'd never do it but I'm going to need you to dress up as your favorite animal for this one, babe."

"What part of 'I'll never do it' don't you understand? I'll be your guard and camerawoman because I don't want some creep taking advantage but being a petgirl is your fetish, not mine. Besides, how am I supposed to protect and record you if I'm crawling around on all fours like an animal?"

"I'm not asking you to be a petgirl, Amanda, just dress as one while doing the job I pay you very well to do. Besides, it was part of the compromise I made with this particular client for what they were asking of me."

"And you didn't think to ask before involving me? What compromise did you make, Paige? Spill it or you can find yourself another guard."

"Calm down. All you have to do is dress up as whatever animal you'd like for the entire weekend and in exchange I'll give you triple your normal fee. You don't have to appear on camera or behave like a petgirl in any way, shape or form."

"We've known each other since we were three, Paige, so don't think for a second that you can lie to me. Come on, out with it. What aren't you telling me?"

"I've been pet to everyone from doctors and lawyers, to policemen and politicians. They are willing to let me record the whole experience because I've built a reputation as someone that can be trusted with their deepest, darkest secrets. But I could ruin each and every one of them with a push of a few buttons so put yourself in their shoes for a moment. Is it really too much to ask for all parties present to participate in some manner?"

"You just said I wouldn't have to act like an animal and now you're saying the exact opposite? Which is it Paige? How am I supposed to trust you when you change the story on me?"

"I'm not changing the story. I never said you had to act like an animal. I said all parties were required to participate. As part of the compromise, you'll have to spent at least three hours each day having sex with me, the client and whomever else will be involved for the weekend event. Wait, before you say anything let me sweeten the deal. Accept and I'll pay five times your normal rate. Accept and act like an animal for those three hours each day and I'll make it ten. This is a very important client that I'd rather not lose so time is of the essence here Amanda."

Amanda knew this day would come sooner rather than later and she had mentally prepared herself for it as best she could, but now that it was here she found herself second guessing herself. Five times her normal rate was a lot of money for a weekend of work and ten was just ridiculous, but she did not want to seem overly eager to do something she swore never

to engage in. "Make it half of whatever you're making and I'll act like an animal," she countered.

"For half you're going to have to be an animal for a hell of a lot longer than three hours a day. If you want half then you're going to have to be an animal for half the time."

"Fifteen times then. That's my final offer. Take it or I'm out on this one."

"Fifteen times normal pay for five hours of being a petgirl each day starting today and ending Sunday. That includes everything Amanda and you've watched me long enough to know exactly what that means. So, do we have a deal or do I call Molly?"

"I don't like it even a little, but...we have a deal."

"Then what animal shall I lay out for you?"

"I've seen your collection of costumes. Pick something with a small plug thank you very much."

"You're right, you have seen my collection. So, tell me what you want to spend the weekend dressed as or I'll choose at random."

Amanda knew what that meant and the last thing she wanted was a fist-sized plug stretching her tight back door. Trying to recall plug sizes, she thought back to the many clients she saw her best friend pleasuring over the years. Dog. Cat. Horse. Pig. Monkey. Bunny. She could picture each form-fitting latex outfit with perfect clarity but with the exception of the horse which she knew always came with a massive plug, she was having a hard time placing the rest. "Um, I'll dress up as a dog then," she replied.

"Good choice. We need to be at our destination by three so I'm going to need you to come right over. Strip the second you come in and then head straight to my private bathroom for a shower. I'll have everything laid out for you. Understood?"

"Got it. I'll be there in fifteen." The butterflies bombarding her stomach making her feel more than a little woozy, Amanda hung up the phone, put her shoes on, grabbed her purse and keys and then headed out the door for a weekend she was already dreading.

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Knowing the door would be unlocked when she arrived, Amanda walked in without knocking and kicked her shoes off as the door closed behind her. Next went her socks followed by her purple tee shirt, bra, jeans and panties. Leaving them on the floor where they lay, she walked butt naked through her best friend's, and not for the first time. Both women very curious by nature, it was only natural for she and Paige to experiment with each other. Their first time was when they were fifteen. That was a decade ago and through boyfriends, girlfriends and a failed marriage on both sides they had remained occasional lovers.

"Hey babe," Amanda said as she walked into her best friend's bedroom. "Or should I say dear?" she grinned. "I guess this means you won't be joining me in the shower."

"Not this time babe. We don't have a lot of time so hurry up."

"Yes Ma'am."

"Make sure to give yourself an enema while you're in there."

"I give myself three every morning but if you think I need another..."

"Just one to make sure you're cleaned out. And here, plug your ass while you're in there," Paige said, holding out a long, oddly shaped toy that Amanda recognized as a dog's cock.

"Um, what the hell is that?"

"The plug that goes with the dog costume. And no, you may not change your mind so take it and don't come out until that fat knot is stuffing that sexy ass of yours."

“There’s no way in hell I can take anything that big and you know it so give me the real toy.”

“That is the real toy, Amanda. You chose the dog and it comes with a realistic plug. Now go shower.”

“But that knot is as big as my damn fist. I can’t take anything that big.”

“Because you’ve never tried. Try, Amanda, or I’ll put it in for you. And given our time constraints you’ve got thirty minutes.”

“I knew accepting your offer was a bad idea,” Amanda said as she took the large toy from her friend’s hand. “Can I at least have some lube?”

“You can use the bottle in the bathroom. It’s a desensitizer so taking the knot shouldn’t hurt. Now get your ass in gear before I break out the cane.”

“You wouldn’t!” Seeing by the look on her friend’s face that she most certainly would, Amanda quickly turned and walked into the adjoining bathroom.

Taking a shower and giving herself an enema were a simple matter. Taking the nearly foot long plug realistically shaped like a canine cock? Not so much. The tapered tip of the reddish-pink toys and the shaft slid in with relative ease, but even with the pain diminished the knot was just too large for her tight hole to accept. Minutes ticked away. Desperation set in. Standing the toy up on the edge of the tub, she lowered herself to the knot, raised up and then relaxed every muscle in her lower body. Down she went. Even with the desensitizing nature of the lube the pain was immense, but she groaned through it as the knot stretched her sphincter which immediately snapped shut around the slimmer shaft behind it. “HOLY MOTHERFUCKING GOD DAMN SON OF A BITCH!” she screeched as her ass hit the tub. “D-Don’t worry,” she called out “I’m okay. That was just the knot going in.”

“Glad to hear it,” Paige replied. “Now get your butt out here and get dressed.”

“I still have nine minutes and after that I need another shower.”

Walking a bit funny, Amanda emerged from the bathroom eight minutes later. “I’ve had this damn thing up my ass for several minutes now and I’m still not used to it. How in the hell can you enjoy being fisted so damn much?”

“Practice. Lots and lots of practice. Not to mention the fact that it feels freaking amazing. Besides, you’ll be a petgirl this weekend and I can guarantee that’ll include being fisted multiple times. Here, put this on,” Paige said, holding out a brindle patterned catsuit.

Taking the garment, Amanda held it up and instantly raised a brow. “Um, I think you forgot the rest of it,” she said, eyes darting from the open bust to cut out crotch.

“You’ve seen it before so don’t act all surprised about it now, babe.”

“Not surprised. I just never thought I’d be the one wearing it. Or have a plug shaped like a dog’s cock shoved up my ass for that matter,” Amanda said as she put the catsuit on. “Never thought about having sex with a dog and would never actually do it, but at least now I know what it’ll feel like to be filled by one.”

“Ever see two dogs fucking?”

“I have.”

“Can you imagine being pounded like that?”

“I have. Um, thought about being pounded like that. Actually, I’ve been pounded like that. By my fuck machine, not a dog. That being said, can we change the subject?” Picking up one of the gloves, Amanda put it on her right hand and then picked up the left. “And for the record, if there are any dogs wherever we’re going I’m leaving.”

“And I’ll be right behind you.”