

# 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

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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?”

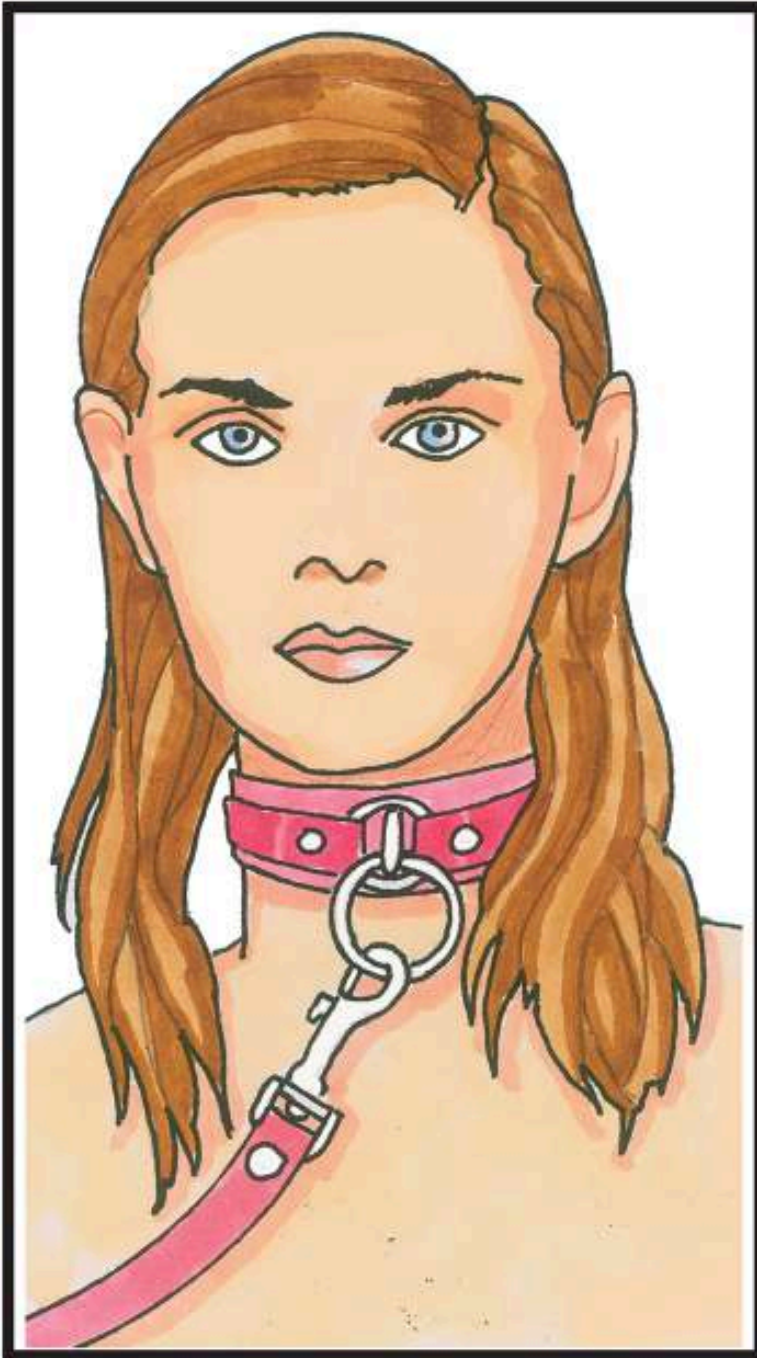
“Of course. Pinkie was a girl, so as you’re pretending to be Pinkie you’ll be a girl doggie. And by your reaction I think I’ll keep you in panties,” She decided, then shocked me by fondling me, and I swear I almost came then and there.

“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](http://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

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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 out 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."



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“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.

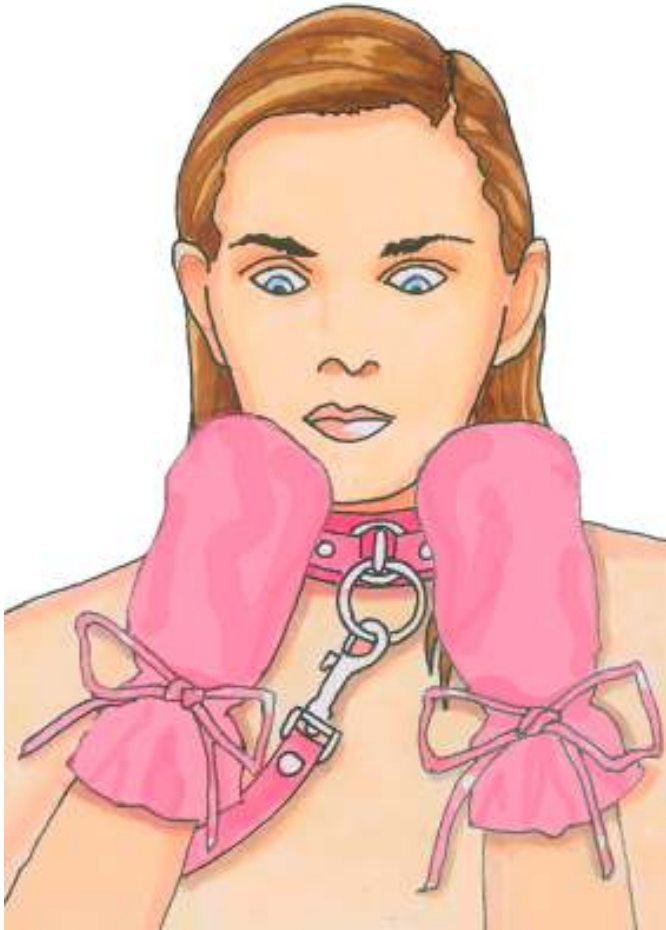
"Like what kind of suggestions?" I asked, not really wanting to hear their suggestions.

"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.”