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Women Will Save The Males

Chapter 2 - I don't want to be a pet (Maybe)

"I don't want to be a pet!"

"It doesn't matter. Since your spine is made of gelatine, you'll do it anyway."

"Awww..."

"See... Like I just said! You lower your head and don't even consider fighting back."

As the two nurses prepared their procedure, Isuki unconvincingly attempted to argue with Misha, who just leaned against the wall while shaking her head. Her friend needed a lesson that should, at least that was the goal, help her kick start her new life. She needed to learn how to fight back a little bit and get what she wanted in life instead of just blindly following directions or waiting for good things to land on her lap. The world didn't work that way.

Whining day and night about being alone was an absolute waste of time for a person who purposely refused to make the first step while pretexting that she didn't like taking the initiative. Perhaps forcing Isuki to experience a role that matched closely what she currently was could trigger new emotions that would be beneficial for her future.

Additionally, the staff at the facility could use some fun too. Elana's behavior, the security girl, had been a prime example. Nobody could have blamed her for having a bit of fun when given such a golden opportunity. Isuki was there and vulnerable, so why not play with her a little bit since she didn't fight back. Everybody in the right state of mind would have indulged in such friendly abuse, and Isuki was the perfect victim to play with; she was so cute and obedient. Nobody would ever do anything mean to her, of course. It was just how society worked; take what you want as long as it's fun for everybody.

Apparently, five hundred years ago, males were often considered the dominant gender, and things were very different back then. Most of the leaders were males, and in many parts of the world, women couldn't say a word and even had to hide. Things had changed drastically since then.

When the male population had dropped, the balance of power dramatically shifted and landed in the hands of women, not necessarily by choice but by necessity. Yes, it was very traumatizing to lose all the males at once, but it had a huge humbling effect on society. Both males and females drastically understood how important they were to each other. This new situation had a cold shower effect and had wiped most of the gender inequalities.

As the years rolled by and the males gradually disappeared, The females had no other choice but to acknowledge everybody's importance. This new social respect had also encouraged an open-mindedness never seen before among the general population. Men were no longer a thing, and playing with the same sex became an accepted necessity and even became the norm. Since

those relations were only for pleasure and no longer for reproduction purposes, many boundaries had fallen.

Women couples quickly turned into trios and quartets, fooling around in broad daylight became normal, and spontaneously involving a new person in sexy games was not frowned upon unless the recipient had made it clear that she didn't feel like playing.

When Elana had forcefully played with Isuki for fun, considering those new cultural rules, it was not shocking the slightest, and this was why Misha had let it go. Even for Isuki, it had not been something remotely inappropriate enough to make a fuss about it. She knew she had the same right to return this sexual teasing to Elana if she wanted to, and in fact, that was pretty much what everybody expected from her, but it disappointingly didn't happen. Submissive people like her were so rare these days that everybody thought she was acting this way on purpose to play along.

All of this was why, last Friday, Misha had forcefully kissed Isuki in the elevator, followed by Jennie. It was all in good fun, to help her get out of her shell, and give her some well-deserved pleasure. When she wasn't whining, Isuki was a great coworker and friend to have around, and pretty much everybody loved her.

"Okay, we have everything you suggested, Misha."

"Good. She is all yours. I can't wait to see what she will look like."

"..."

Isuki's future had been decided in her stead. The two cute nurses, who also knew Isuki from work, turned around and were ready for a fun little makeover. Misha gave a blessing that shouldn't have come from herself.

"Give me your hand, Isuki."

"Okay?"

"Haha, it's true that she does everything we ask."

"Hey! You are nurses... I have to listen to you, no?"

"Yes, you do. Hehe. Here, put your arm in this glove."

It was strange. The nurses kept a long black glove open and forced Isuki's arm in it. They pulled it all the way up to her shoulder. Isuki's fingers ended up in some sort of mitt.

When the nurses let her arm go, she looked at it to see what they had done to her. She found her arm encased in a latex sleeve, and her hand was sitting inside a cute dog paw.

"Is that... a..."

"Your other arm now..."

"O... okay..."

They repeated the same process for her other arm. Isuki was more confused than worried at that point. Why would they ask her to wear dog paws? How was this supposed to teach her how to grow a spine.

"Haha, Isuki! Those little paws suit you!"

"Yeah... They are cute but... why? How am I supposed to work with those on?"

"Don't forget, you are on vacation for a full month. You're going to have so much fun. Well... we will."

"I just don't get it..."

"You will."

Next, the two Nurses removed Isuki's shoes and socks and replaced them with long black latex stockings with, obviously, dog paw shoes at the end, which slowly dehumanized the small woman.

"Seriously, Misha? What are you doing to me? Why do I have to wear those?"

"I told you already! You have to pay attention. We are turning you into our pet."

"What does that even mean?"

"Strip naked now..."

"What... How am I supposed to do that with those paws? I can't grab anything."

"Hehe... See... Instead of whining about us asking you to get naked, you whine about your paws, preventing you from doing so. Your brain is out of whack, Isuki."

"Awww... But I just do what you tell me. You are never mean, so I thought you were serious..."

"Oh, I was. Here, let me help you get undressed. We have new clothes for you."

Misha walked to Isuki and pulled on the cute knot holding her top together, causing the mini-blouse to flop open and expose her perky little breasts.

Isuki was very pretty. Of Asian descent, she had beautiful darker skin and jet black hair. At nineteen years old, her body was in the best shape it would ever be, and it needed to be put to good use as soon as possible to prevent future regrets. Her short stature made her look even cuter. Calling her a pet would certainly not be hard for most people that would see her wearing this sexy dog outfit.

Both her top and mini-skirt dropped to the floor, leaving her naked with her four dog paws. The panties were absent since they were now Elana's properties, thanks to Misha's twisted generosity. The result was, Isuki tried to hide her crotch as much as she could.

"Heeey! You knew I had no panties! Elana stole them!"

"We have new ones for you, look."

Isuki's eyes locked on a pair of daisy latex shorts that Misha brought up to her nose. Next to it, held by one of the nurses, was the matching sports bra. If she were to wear those two things, it would surely leave a lot of skin visible.

"Heeee... Is this not a bit... revealing?"

"Don't you want to wear them?"

"It's not that... Well, I guess they won't show too much under my uniform..."

It was unclear if Isuki was just going with the flow or desired to wear them, but her legs got moving, and she stepped in the thin skin-tight shorts and let the nurse help her with the bra. A few seconds later, her intimate parts were snugly covered by the shiny black garments that enhanced her curves in a sexy way.

What she had not expected was when the nurses placed her uniform inside a bag, and put it away from her reach.

"Heeey! I need my clothes."

"No, you don't. Those sexy latex underwears are all you are going to wear this month, so get used to it."

"But, I didn't agree to this."

"Do you disagree?"

"Well, no, but... I just... You know..."

"Let's complete that costume. It's missing the cutest parts."

Misha approached Isuki with a pair of pointy black fuzzy dog ears and placed them on top of her head.

"Awww... Look at you! You are so adorable!"

"Am... am I?"

"Very! Everybody will be happy to play with you."

"Play with me!? Ack!"

Just as she asked for clarification, one of the nurses wrapped a nice rubber collar around her neck, featuring a neat silver bone-shaped tag, while the other attached a fluffy black dog tail to a discreet loop at the back of her latex shorts.

"Heeey, what's this? A collar? A tail? Why?"

"Cause you are our pet now. It fits your personality so well that I'm sure you'll get used to your new outfit quickly."

"So, what now? I'm not going to walk around like this, right?"

"Sure you will. You'll be my pet today and follow me everywhere while I'm working unless I decide otherwise."

"But... People will see me..."

"Are you saying that you don't want to spend time with me? That's mean! I was doing it for you. Okay then, I'll leave you with the nurses."

Turning a worry into a greater one on purpose sure had its effect on Isuki. Seeing Misha leave the room while waving over her shoulder felt as if an electroshock had jolted her confused mind. She looked back and forth between her leaving friend and the nurses, who were smiling evilly, and precipitated her decision.

"Mishaaa! Wait for me!"

"Oh, you changed your mind? You coming?"

"Wait! I don't have my pendant! I need it."

"No, you don't. Your dog tag is your new one. I programmed it so you can open the doors with it. You'll get your red cross back after your vacation."

"Awww... but my red cross made me feel important."

"Come, let's go back to the office. I'm already late for work. And I will have to do your job too since you are on vacation."

Confused like never before, Isuki just followed Misha to the elevator. Somehow it felt safer to be around Misha than being left behind to hide. This little costume adventure was by far the oddest thing Isuki had ever been asked to do.

"I feel so naked!"

"Nah! You are the lucky one, Isuki. Everybody always complains that the office is too warm."

"True, but everybody is staring at me."

"Yes, they do... It's a good thing. They all think you are cute."

"It's... It's so embarrassing."

"Stop whining now, or else you'll get punished."

"Pu... punished?"

What was Misha saying now? Isuki's brain shorted for a second as she wanted to ask the meaning of that last threat. On the one hand, she wanted some clarification regarding this whole pet adventure, and on the other, she was now scared to open her mouth, fearing to be punished. So far, she didn't have a lot of success complaining about her weird faith. Perhaps it was just better to wait and see what would happen next.

When they arrived at the office floor, only then did Isuki realized that all her closest coworkers would see her dressed unjustifiably as a sexy doggy. The best strategy at that point would be to hide behind Misha as much as possible as soon as they entered the room where everybody was.

Of course, Misha had to loudly announce their arrival.

"Hey, everyone. Look who we have here!"

"... Who?"

"... Uh?"

Misha looked left and right, but Isuki was not there anymore. She spun around to find her trying to hide behind her back.

"Aaah! Would you stop acting like an idiot!? Get out from behind me and let your friends see how adorable you are."

"..."

Cheeks on fire, Isuki didn't know what to do anymore, and it got even worse when Misha grabbed her two wrists and pulled them above her head before exposing her to everybody.

"Look! This is our new office pet!"

"Awww! Isuki is so cute!"

"Doggyyyy!"

"Oh my! I'm jealous now!"

From Misha's standpoint, this was a win. Everybody fell in love with the new Isuki, and there were some very perverted grins that went on. With a cultural mindset of getting what one wants and having an active imagination, they all saw the new pet girl as potential prey to toy with.

"Can someone take care of her? I'm already late for work, and I have some catching up to do this morning."

"Mishaaa! You said I would stay with youuu!"

"Calm down, Isuki. I'll spend some time with you later, but I'm busy right now."

Not surprisingly, Jennie energetically jumped over her desk to reach Isuki before any of the other girls could react and steal her first.

"MINE! RAWR!"

"Alright. She is all yours, Jennie. But don't forget to bring her back."

"Haha! Maybe! Come, Isuki! I know where we should go!"

"Eeep! Mishaaa! Help!"

"Have fun, Isuki."

With two fingers under the rubber collar, Jennie dragged the new pet girl out of the room, having a better place in mind where they could have a bit of innocent fun.

Jennie firmly pulled Isuki toward a door at the end of the hallway.

"Why... Why are we going to the supply room!?"

"Right. As if you don't know!"

It was common knowledge that the supply room was often used by women who wanted to have a bit of fun during their shift. When two or three people walked in that room at the same time, one could be sure that orgasmic moans would come out of it shortly after. The "do not disturb" sign hooked to the door handle was not there by accident.

Jennie pushed Isuki inside the room before slamming the door shut behind them.

It was not the first time Isuki had been here, but it had always been for the legit purpose of obtaining office supplies. She had always tried to ignore the bed that the staff had installed in one corner and focused her attention on the row of shelves hosting the items she needed. This time around, she was pretty convinced that they were not here for office supplies.

With her back against the wall, there was no escape possible.

"W... wait. Jennie!"

"Isuki! You dirty little one! For MONTHS I tried to date you, and I thought you were not interested in having a relationship. And now, you dress like that in front of me, and I finally understand that all you wanted all along was for us to play with you! Why didn't you just say so? It's not fair!"

"N... No! I... I didn't want this! It's Misha..."

"Misha? As if someone forced you to dress up as a sexy pet... Misha is super nice. She would never force you to do anything you don't want."

"Well, she kind of did... I mean... Not really... but..."

"Well, show me how much you don't want this then."

"W... wait!"

Not being listened to was Isuki's daily reality. Yet, she didn't try to get away when Jennie pinned her arms to the wall and started kissing her. She didn't have the willpower to combat a cute girl kissing her; it was like what happened with Elana all over again.

Thinking about it, while she felt Jennie's warm tongue slowly caressing hers, it was true that Misha had not forced her to turn into a pet. Misha was her good friend, and it was just right to listen to her since she knew better. It was certainly confusing to understand the purpose of all this, but they just didn't have much time to discuss the objective yet. Maybe a little bit later, she will get to understand what Misha had intended to achieve.

Everything was going way too fast for Isuki. A fraction of a second ago, she thought she would spend the day sitting next to Misha, but right away, she had been sold off to the most motivated coworker and had ended up here, in the highly corrupted supply room.

"Mmm... Your mouth is so soft. Hehe, you don't act like a forced person. I'm starting to understand how playful you are, sneaky girl. Pretending to be shy and not interested and now acting like a sexy bitch."

"I... I..."

There was nothing Isuki could do. Whenever she wanted to say something, she immediately got distracted by something more pleasant, such as this intense wet kiss offered freely by her coworker.

Jennie used one of her hands to massage Isuki's latex breasts and squeeze her nipple through the glossy material.

"If I had known you were such a perv, you'd probably live in my house right now. I will have to ask my two girlfriends if they would be willing to get another one. I feel stupid for not having seen this before."

"I'm... I'm not a perv... I... I don't want... Aaaaanh!"

"Is that why you are moaning so much when I pinch your nipples? They are so erect... Your body doesn't lie."

"No... No... It feels good, but..."

"Ah, I knew it. You DO love it! Let's see if you like this too."

Jennie lifted Isuki's tight rubber bra to liberate her soft perky breasts. Amazed by how beautiful they were, she rushed to them with her mouth, licking and nibbling them. Having been attracted to Isuki for so long, she had dreamed of doing this often. The little nurse's skin was flawless, the warmth of her breasts was cookie-comforting, and no sane woman could resist that.

Isuki's face turned red like never before. For a girl who had never made love before, being treated this way was all new, and she had a hard time wrapping her head around all the sexual sensations that Jennie provided her. Why did it feel so good to have her nipples played with like this? Was this the kind of fun she had missed for the past few years?

Yet, she had not decided any of this. It was imposed on her by people who knew better, and that, apparently, REALLY knew better. They must have been right because she was melting on the spot, embarrassed like never before and ashamed to be so weak-willed. But asking Jennie to stop would have been either impolite or detrimental to the new sensations she was experiencing. Whether she wanted this or not became somewhat irrelevant as clearly she was a poor judge.

"Isuki! You are SO delicious. Your boobs are just the best! It reminds me why I was running after you for so long!"

"O... okay..."

"That's it... I can wait anymore!"

Not explaining what she meant by that, Jennie yanked the unresisting Isuki by the arm and tossed her on the squeaky bed that clearly had seen a lot of action since its installation.

Still bouncing on her back on the springy mattress and not understanding how it had happened, Isuki stared at Jennie, who was doing all she could to push down her mini-skirt and panties as quickly as possible.

"Je.. Jennie? What... What are you..."

"Alright, now be a good little bitch and show me how wrong I was about you! You owe me that, right!"

"What...?"

Unwilling to interrupt her fun by discussing what any other girls would have considered unnecessary, Jennie climbed on top of Isuki, pinned her arms under her legs, and unhesitantly pressed her overly wet pussy on her face.

"Aaaaaah! Yes! It's like a dream come true! I'm so attracted to you, Isuki!"

"Mmmph!"

"Sorry, I don't care... Just lick me... Please, please, please!"

Isuki was in shock. It was the first time she ended up with pussy lips around her nose and mouth, and the sensation was too hard to process. There was nothing she could do; she couldn't talk, she couldn't move, she couldn't think. And Jennie desperately begged her to do something she had no experience with.

Rubbing her pussy up and down against Isuki's face, Jennie moaned loudly, hoping to activate the potential licking machine, the one she envisioned her latex bitch to become.

"Aaaah! Come on, Isuki! It's not funny... Stop teasing me. Lick me! You are driving me nuts. Please! Move your tongue now before I lose my mind! Aaaah! Yes! YES! YES! ISUKI! YES!"

Having her head held forcefully by Jennie's thighs and hands, Isuki had no other options. So she attempted to move her tongue a bit to comply with what she was encouraged to do. Her job was pretty simple; sticking her tongue out and moving it while Jennie positioned her clitoris at the right place.

It was a new taste for Isuki, but not so different from when Elana had made her to suck her own pussy juice earlier this morning. Actually, it had the same effect on her salivary glands that began to produce a fair amount of slippery fluid as if a delicious chocolate cake had triggered her glands.

"I... Isuki! You... You are so good at it... aAaaah!"

"Mmmph!"

Not caring too much if her doggy could breathe or not, Jennie focused on her pleasure and the fulfillment of her dream to make love to the girl she was attracted to. As long as the soft tongue remained active, her sexual feelings were the only valid metric.

For many long minutes, she encouraged her sex pet to do a good job. Jennie wanted more and more as her orgasm was rapidly building. Her crotch was on fire, her brain turned into soup, and her eyes started to move erratically.

"Aaaaah! AAH! Yes! YEEEEES! I'M... I'M CUMMING! DON'T STOP! DON'T YOU DARE STOPPING! AAAAH!"

Not only was she controlled physically, but this orgasmic threat made its way to Isuki's brain very efficiently. Deciding to go against her partner's wish would undoubtedly not be a good thing for so many reasons. She may not have chosen this situation or had time to agree to have a hot pussy rubbing against her face, but at the moment, it seemed way more important not to disappoint the girl who had the time of her life.

Pushing those thoughts aside, she focused on her performance instead. She had no idea what she was doing, but it seemed to work. Jennie screamed of pleasure for a long moment before asking Isuki to stop... but not really.

The odd thing was that Jennie wouldn't get off her latex doggy while asking for this ceasefire. Instead, she kept rubbing her soaked pussy on Isuki's face slowly while trying to catch her breath. Did she even remember that she was sitting on her face?

After a little while longer, Jennie flopped to her side on the bed, exhausted, and began cuddling with her new favorite pet, the one who was no longer in a mental state to say a single word.

Being in Jennie's arms, like being around her friend Misha, felt warm and safe at the moment.

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