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Women Will Save The Males

Chapter 3 - Make them look pretty

Jennie entered the office, barely able to walk on her noticeably wobbly legs. Her empathic coworkers petting her hair and rubbing her back helped her sit in her chair. Exhausted, she let her face fall flat on her desk.

Meanwhile, standing awkwardly in the doorway, Isuki played with her rubber paws and unsure what to do next. Everybody stared at her silently, wondering what she could have done to affect Jennie to this extent. Jennie's lamentations troubled everybody present in the room, and a single question was on everybody's mind since they knew where those two had been for the past hour; was Isuki that good in bed?

"I... Isuki... She... she broke me! My... My pussy... it's still throbbing so much..."

Embarrassed to the highest degree, Isuki trotted to Misha and grabbed her arm to seek shelter. Dressing like a pet dog in front of everybody was already hard to cope with, but having Jennie announcing so vocally through her moans that she had been a good sex toy made her wish that spontaneous human combustion was a thing.

"Looks like you gave Jennie a ride for her money."

"I don't want to discuss this. I want to go home."

"See, you can't say that you are unwilling to date anymore. You wouldn't have done such an amazing job on her if that was the case."

"I didn't do it on purpose. I just did what she asked me to do."

"Ah, you can be so annoying, Isuki. Alright, come with me. I need to go take a look at the males."

"Yes, let's get out of here. Hey... What... what are you doing?"

Out of nowhere, Misha clipped a leather leash to Isuki's collar ring and tugged gently on it. Immediately the dog girl reached her neck to unclip it, but her rubber dog paws prevented her from doing so.

"Haha. You are my pet. What did you expect? That I'd let you run around without supervision?"

"But... I'm not a real dog."

"Sure you are. Come!"

"Eeep!"

That next leash yank was strong enough to make Isuki's chair sitting spin around. Misha wasn't going to give her any slack, apparently.

The nurse and her dog left the office and entered the elevator, destination, storage floor.

"Sit!"

"What?"

"I said sit."

"There is no chair in here."

"On the floor. Sit."

"Mishaaa..."

"Do you want to get punished?"

"No... but..."

Misha pulled the leash down, knowing very well that Isuki wouldn't offer any meaningful resistance. The reluctant dog girl lowered her body and ended up sitting like a dog with her hands resting on the floor between her feet. This was uncomfortable, not physically, but mentally. Her tight latex daisy short molded her butt sexily, and the latex was somehow digging in her pussy lips too. Nobody could see the latter, but it felt degrading nonetheless.

As if this day hadn't been cursed enough already, the elevator stopped halfway to its destination. Misha placed her hand on Isuki's head to make sure she wouldn't try to stand up due to a spontaneous desire not to be seen in that position by whoever would appear once the doors would part.

With a soft bell ring, Isuki got exposed to a beautiful blonde woman wearing a white lab coat. Misha immediately smiled and greeted this well-known face.

"Oh! Dr. Carroll. How are you doing?"

"Hi, Misha... Well, well... What do we have here? Is that Isuki?"

"Yes, I turned her into my pet to teach her a lesson. She is going to be my dog for a month. It's going to do her some good."

"Awww, so cute."

Isuki just groaned and looked away, half-mortified to be presented that way to people she knew and worked with. Dr. Carroll was a brilliant woman and was super knowledgeable about the males, so she was responsible for many important tasks at the facilities. Despite being a bit intimidating, she was extremely friendly and accessible for any questions and advice... and apparently, the way she patted Isuki's head tended to suggest that she loved dogs too.

"Why are you doing this to her exactly? Not that I disapprove..."

"Isuki has no spine and needs to start fighting for what she wants in life. As you can see, she is not doing very well so far and is still very submissive."

"I see. Can you bring her to my office this afternoon? I would like to examine her."

Having Misha and Dr. Carroll discussing her case as if she was not even there made Isuki feel even lower on the social scale. How did this happen? Just this morning, she was still a normal girl going to work, and now they treated her like an animal for entertainment. Misha getting her a "veterinarian" appointment was a new level of weirdness. How worst could this day get?

Misha and Dr. Carroll just chit-chatted about other things until the elevator reached the storage floor. They said their goodbye, and with another solid leash yank, Misha pulled Isuki out of the elevator. The dog, who was back on her feet, yelped and followed while whining.

"Don't pull that hard! It hurts."

"Just follow me, then. I don't want you to go chew on an electric cable or something."

"I won't do that! I'm not a real dog, you know."

"Yes, you are. I think I like you better that way. Maybe I'll teach you how to bark later. Anyway, let's see... We have to look at 28, 73, 104, 106,... Aaah, so many. It's going to take forever."

"Aaah! Don't worry. I'll help you."

"You're not supposed to. You are just a doggy. You are stupid."

"Whatever!"

That last altercation was sarcasm, of course. Isuki and Misha were still friends and were used to teasing each other that way. No matter what they would impose on each other, it wouldn't alter that solid relationship.

They began assessing the pods one by one, and so far, there was nothing special about any of them, not even an adjustment to be made. The tall and strong sleeping males behind their smokey windows were as quiet as they have been for the past five hundred years, which was how it was supposed to be. It took almost an hour before finding something that made them uneasy.

When Isuki turned the pod light on with her dog paw, Misha stepped back and put her hand in front of her eyes while groaning.

"Haaa! Damnit! I hate when this happens! It's so weird!"

Isuki looked through the pod glass door and frowned too.

"Yeah, that's bizarre. Female bodies don't do things like that. I don't like it either."

In front of the two friends was a typical male in cryostasis, wearing the standard white suit, but between his legs was a fully erected cock. Of course, this was well-understood and documented, but for Misha and Isuki, who had never interacted with any sex other than female, this felt extremely weird. How could an organ so small grow so large and hard? It must have been painful for the male.

"Dr. Carroll says it's a good sign of health when this happens to a male. So I guess that's a good thing."

"So... The males were putting this thing inside us?"

"GROSS! Isuki! Don't say things like that!"

"I know, but that's how we were fertilized before, no?"

"Yes, but I don't want to think about it."

"Well, it's not that different than playing with dildos and strap-ons, you know."

"I know, but dildos are not... like that. They are colorful and fun... this is... like a living worm. And knowing what can come out of it, I would never let a male do this to me."

After saying that, the two girls had their stomachs turned upside down. As much as they understood male physiology, having some sort of leaking creature inserted inside their vagina was definitely not something appealing. Both Misha and Isuki liked women and women only, so the thought of making love to a male was unquestionably repulsing.

"Blah! Now I won't be able to eat my lunch. Turn the light off. He is very healthy. We can go check the others."

"Sure."

As soon as Misha headed toward the next pod, her brain processed a small detail that her earlier trauma had prevented her from grasping fully. She paused for a second, then turned around and pointed her finger at Isuki's nose, which made her jerk back.

"Doggy! Are you fucking yourself with dildos?"

"..."

"Answer me!"

"Well... maybe... How is that important?"

"Oh, my! So you ARE a sexual being after all!"

"Mishaaa... Stop it!"

"Do you like inserting them deep inside you?"

"... I'm not answering that."

"I'll take that as a yes. Does it vibrate too?"

"May... maybe..."

"Do you suck on it too?"

"..."

"Do you fuck yourself in the ass too?"

"Mishaaaaa!"

The more questions were hitting Isuki's eardrums, the redder her face became. It was unclear if her answers, or absence of, were enough for Misha to figure out the truth, but she knew her friend had opened a can of worms. There was no doubt that Misha would yap about this to everybody, turning her reputation of shy virgin girl to the one of a depraved bitch.

Her only option was to sit down like a good dog and wrap her arms around Misha's leg and brace until the interrogation was over.

Trembling under the gaze of her friend, Isuki's only thought was not the one she would have liked to have at this very moment.

She did like it deep.

Later in the afternoon, Misha tugged her reluctant pet back to the lab where Dr. Carroll's office was located. For some reason, the more they approached the place, the more Isuki apprehended being "examined" by that person. She was perfectly healthy and didn't need anybody to tell her otherwise. No, this was way too fishy to her liking, but Misha kept yanking the leash uncomfortably enough to make her pet understand that backing out wasn't an option.

"Mishaaa! I don't want to be examined! What does that even mean anyway?"

"I don't know. But Dr. Carroll is super nice. I'm sure it's going to be fun."

"Fun for you, maybe. Not for me."

"That's why we are going together. I'm curious to see what she will do to you. She seemed very enthusiastic when she saw that I turned you into our little pet."

"Aaah, stop yanking that leash! You are going to rip my head off!"

"Stop pulling then and be a good obedient doggy."

Under the puzzled lab staff's gaze, the nurse and her dog arrived at Dr. Carroll's office. Misha knocked on the door and waited for someone to answer. Isuki felt defeated. It was another

activity that she really didn't want to do, yet, she was about to do it anyway, unsure how it had happened. Was she as spineless as Misha liked to think? It strongly seemed that way.

When the door opened, Dr. Carroll greeted them with her usual smile.

"Aaah! You came! Nice!"

"Yes, I brought you my dog. She is in a foul mood, though."

"It's okay. I'll take it from there. Just pass me the leash."

"What? You won't let me in and watch?"

"No, what is happening in my office is between my patient and me. You can go back to work. I'll send Isuki back to you once I'm done."

"Aaaah! That's not fair!"

Isuki rolled her eyes at that scene. She was the one who was going to be suspiciously examined by a shady doctor, yet, Misha was the one crying injustice. At least that would teach her a lesson that she couldn't always have everything going her way.

"Well, I wanted to stay, but I apparently can't. So... whatever. I have a lot of work to do anyway. You've distracted me all day, Isuki."

"I distracted you?... Wait a minute! As if I was the one who asked you to turn me into a dog!"

"Tsk tsk! Be nice... See you later, little doggy! Try to behave while Dr. Carroll is probing all your orifices with strange tools!"

"Wait! What!? My orifices!?"

Misha turned heels, leaving Isuki with a mental image that she had preferred not to have. A gentle pull on her leash marked the beginning of her doctor appointment.

Dr. Carroll led Isuki inside the room and closed the door behind her.

"Sooo, Isuki? You wanted to develop your submissive side?"

"What? No! It was Misha's idea... They forced me to turn into a pet and..."

"I don't think anybody is forcing you. You came all the way from your office to my office."

"I didn't! Misha dragged me here!"

"Don't you think it's enough forcing for a day? Surely, you would have put an end to this little roleplay if you were not happy, no?"

"No... I mean... I tried to tell her but..."

"But you didn't... And now you are in my office. Lie down on the table, please."

"O... okay..."

Shooting herself in the foot was something Isuki was good at. Obeying this last demand just validated what Dr. Carroll had said.

Isuki sat on the black leather table and made a quarter turn before lying down on it.

"I see. You are as obedient as I was told."

"No! I mean... you are a doctor... I think I have to do what you ask, right?"

"Yes. Now put your hands above your head."

"O... okay? Why?"

"Just don't move."

Dr. Carroll's smile grew a bit more when she gently pinned Isuki's wrist down to the table and cuffed her hand to the corner using a conveniently placed leather strap. Before Isuki realized what was happening, Dr. Carroll was already working on her other wrist.

Isuki's brain was faulty. Instead of feeling a need to struggle her way out, the doctor pressing her wrist down had sent a signal that she had to stay still to make the process easier.

"It's funny. You are not even fighting me as I do this."

"Hey! I just don't know what you are doing... Why are you cuffing me?"

"I just need to cuff your ankles too, okay?"

"But... But..."

"That's how I examine people, don't worry."

That was obviously a lie, but while being conscious she was being manipulated, Isuki didn't know what to do outside trying to absorb what was happening to her. One by one, her ankles underwent the same faith as her wrist, leaving her vulnerable to whatever Dr. Carroll would decide to do next.

"There. You are all mine."

"What... What are you going to do to me?"

"Mmm, not sure yet. I think I'll make sure you are ready to be a good submissive pet so that everybody can enjoy playing with you."

"But... I don't want to be a pet..."

"Okay, then we will fix that first... one sec."

Very suspiciously, after this vague remark, Dr. Carroll went to one of her drawers and retrieved a small wired object from it. Coming back to Isuki, she did her best to hide what she had in her hands.

"Do you like being tied up?"

"N... no..."

"Are you sure?"

"N... no..."

"That sounds like a yes to me. What if I do this then? Do you like it better?"

"If you do what.... Aaaaah!"

Dr. Carroll lowered her head over Isuki's naked belly and gave it a long slow lick from the bottom to the top, making sure to hit her sensitive belly button. This test deserved to be repeated a couple more times to ensure Isuki's squirming wasn't coincidental.

"Aaah! Aaah! Why... Why are you licking my belly?"

"I'm a doctor. I'm examining your reflexes... Does it feel good?"

"It's... It's okay... Aaaaanh!"

One lick after the other prevented Isuki, again, from focusing on why this was happening to her. She would have loved to discuss this activity further with Dr. Carroll and make her understand how she felt, but today, nobody seemed willing to offer her this luxury. Instead, they just went right ahead and toyed with her mercilessly.

The next surprise was when Dr. Carroll slid her hand inside Isuki's latex shorts and ran a finger on her slit, frying her thoughts in the process.

"Mmm... So wet. Now I know for sure you love being tied up."

"N... No! That's not it... It's because you licked my..."

"Shhh... Look, I brought you a gift to make sure you appreciate being an obedient pet. Let's try it, okay?"

This time, Dr. Carroll used the small object she had concealed from Isuki's view, slid it inside her daisy shorts and... inserted it inside her vagina.

"Aaaaaah! What... what is this? What are you doing?"

"It's a super neat butterfly vibrator... It's going to tickle your g spot and cute clitoris just the right way to keep you a happy pet. Your tight shorts will keep it firmly in place. Unfortunately, with your little rubber paws, you won't be able to control it yourself, so I'm going to do it for you. There, I'll set it on low for you."

"Aaaaaah! AAAAAAH!"

"Hehe. I can feel your obedience level going up already. Now, let's check those little puppies."

After turning on the overly well-located vibrator, Dr. Carroll stuffed the wire and remote inside Isuki's shorts so nobody would tamper with it. Then she turned her attention to the squirming girl's chest. She moved her latex bra out of the way to explore her victim's perky breasts.

"Mmm... You are very pretty. You know that, Isuki?"

"Aaaah! I... I don't know... Aaaah!"

"When someone says something nice to you, you should say thank you."

"Mmmaaah! Th... Thanks!... I guess..."

"I think I want to make your boob even prettier. Would you like that?"

"Make my boobs... prettier?"

"Yes, wouldn't you like having very pretty boobs and nipples?"

"Aaaah! Well... Yes... Who wouldn't? But..."

"Okay, good. Then we have a deal. Don't move. I'll be back in a minute."

"W... Wait! What are you..."

To no avail, Isuki tried to recall Dr. Carroll, but apparently, too late. She had somehow agreed to let her do something she knew nothing about. What predicament did she put herself into again? The vibrator wasn't helping either. She had already forgotten why Dr. Carroll had put it down there in the first place. Her mind was flooded with sexual pleasure and fragmented questions.

The paradox was evident. All day long, she had tried to communicate with others unsuccessfully, yet, she never had so much physical contact with people. Elana had forced her to kiss and edge, Misha had made her wear this humiliating doggy outfit, she had to lick her friend Jennie to orgasm, and now, she let Dr. Carroll play with her. How was it possible that all of this happened and she had not grown rebellious? Was she secretly okay with everything that was done to her so far?

Her scrambled thoughts crumbled like a dry cookie when the door opened. Dr. Carroll walked in, holding a small tray. Isuki couldn't see what it contained, which didn't help her understand where this was going. She grew even more confused when the doctor approached her with a blindfold.

"It's going to be more fun if you are blindfolded. Lift your head a bit so I can put it over your eyes."

"Why... why are you blindfolding me?"

"Why are you lifting your head if you don't want to be? Now relax. It's going to be enjoyable for both of us... Thanks for accepting to do this. You'll love it."

"Accepting what?"

"Shhh... Relax, I said... Trust me. I'm a doctor."

"O... okay."

"So cute... so submissive."

Isuki could hear Dr. Carroll prepare something, but she had no idea what it could be outside that it was somehow related to her boobs. For some reason, she tried to do what she was asked to do and took a few deep breaths to calm herself down some more. Relaxing actually made the humming butterfly vibrator feel much more pleasant and noticeable.

Then something coldish rubbed against her breast, very gently, which almost made her giggle. Of course, she wouldn't do that, not to encourage the doctor who was doing weird things to her. Then she felt something gripping one of her nipples quite hard.

"Aaaah! What... What is this..."

"Shhh... I'll count to three... you'll feel a little bite."

"A bite? You are going to bite me?"

"Hehe... no. Deep breath... Three, two, ..."

"Eeeaaaaah!"

"One! Good girl. Don't move, please."

Isuki's left nipple was on fire. What just happened? She wanted to check with her fingers, but the cuff prevented her from doing so, and anyway, with those rubber dog paws, it wouldn't have helped. As the pain quickly dulled down, she felt her other nipple getting pinched.

"Wait! Wait, wait, wait! What... What are you doing to me?"

"I told you, I'm making your boobs prettier. You said you were okay with it, no?"

"Yeah, but you didn't say anything about... EEEAaaaaah!"

"One!"

"Hey! You didn't even count down this time... What have you done to my nipples?"

"Haha. Shhhh... I said, relax. You'll see in a second. I promise you'll like it."

While trying to slow down her breathing after this sharp pain in her nipples, Isuki's confusion was at a peak. As much as she wondered what she had done to her, the way Dr. Carroll was touching her, so professionally and so tenderly, made her feel somewhat good.

Isuki could hear Dr. Carroll move her tools and tray away before returning to the examination table to remove her blindfold. Instead of the expected bright ceiling light, only an amber desk lamp was on, making the ambiance much more intimate.

"If you want to look, you have to say thank you first."

"You want me to say thank you?"

"Yes. I did something nice for you, inspired by the moment, so you have to say thank you."

"Thank... you?"

"Oh, no. Not like that? Like this!"

Again, permission didn't seem needed when it was time to abuse the circumstances. The gorgeous Dr. Carroll lowered her face over Isuki's and gave her a deep and romantic kiss. Once more, Isuki lost all will to fight and just gave in the pleasure. The relentless vibrator made her feel extra good as she exchanged fluids with her good-looking doctor. No matter if this was appropriate or not, it just felt right at this very moment. It was the third time today that she had kissed girls, and all three experiences had been different... In a good way.

For a considerably long time, the two women just made out. Dr. Carroll seemed to enjoy quite a bit the kissing quality that Isuki provided her with. The tied-up pet didn't know much about Dr. Carroll, so perhaps she was lonely too and didn't get to kiss girls all the time as Misha or Jennie did. Or maybe she was just a nice person who had wanted to share a pleasant moment?

One by one, Dr. Carroll released the petgirl's limbs and gently helped her up.

"Now, you can look at your gift... Your prettier boobs."

"..."

Isuki gasped immediately... Her nipples had been pierced, and Dr. Carroll had hooked shiny silver rings through them. Pretty? Yes, that was her first thought despite her surprise, and she didn't know why. She didn't even recall how or why this had all started.

All she knew was that Dr. Carroll had been super nice to her and offered her some unexpected shiny jewelry.

"Do you like them?"

"... I... I mean... Yes... It looks... cute."

"I think so too. If you decide you want the rings off, the holes will quickly heal. I'd never have done something permanent to you without asking you first. So just enjoy them, okay?"

"O... okay... Thank... thank you."

"Oh... You know how I like you to say thank you... right?"

"Y... yes..."

Dr. Carroll was definitely nice... and tasted good too.

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