**Sue's Pet**

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**Sue's Pet Pt. 01**

Sue is self described as a bossy girl. She's the type who everyone looks to for answers or decisions about where to go, what bars to visit, boy advice, and she leads the charge on girls night. She can direct the mood of a party. It's just her personality. She's proven to be very resourceful and rumored to have a light hearted mean streak about her. She's someone to have on your side and god help you if she wasn't. But she has also proven to be a very good friend and will push people to be their best. However, sometimes her devilish tendencies get the best of her and all of those around her.

Dawn on the other hand, is the product of a privileged life. He father made his living with start ups and investment firms. Her mother travels giving lectures on Neural Science or something. Dawn's not really sure. But the point is, as a family, they've never had to want and are quite conservative in their views. Dawn's upbringing was very sheltered. People joked with her that she's being groomed to be a trophy wife for some hedge fund manager or physician. But deep down, Dawn just wants to be happy and have those around her be pleased with her.

The girls met the first day of school at PSU. Dawn could've gone to any college she wanted with Daddy's money, but the thought of moving to the other coast in what she pictured a 'hip' city like Portland, OR seemed to suit her fancy. She needed to discover things on her own.

The girls sort of reconnected Junior year and became fast friends and room mates. Dawn's Daddy provided an allowance that more than paid for a nice flat on the Park Blocks right next to campus. Sue was looking for a place and Dawn was happy to have her move in which also got her out of her douchy boyfriends place.

Having such different personality types, the girls soon discovered that they were quite complementary to each other. Dawn probably didn't know it at the time, but she secretly admired Sue and wanted to live vicariously through her. Sue took a liking to this good little girl, a bookworm, someone she could take under her wing and mentor. Besides, she will soon learn that she has some fun and exciting plans in store for her.

Given her upbringing, Dawn was very trusting. For example, she rarely locked the door and never locked her Mac when she left the flat. One evening, Sue discovered Dawn was reading a erotic story about a girl who intentionally locked herself out of her house naked. Quite a hot story Sue thought. Naturally, she was rather intrigued to learn this side of such a prim and proper girl like Dawn. Dawn came in and found Sue reading her story.

"Hi Dawn. You never told me about this side of you. I like it!"

"What are doing? Don't read that!"

"You left it open, that's a sure invitation."

"But you weren't supposed to read it. And no, I'm not like that. I mean I like to read. I read stuff like this because it fascinates me. I mean I could never go out naked in public intentionally. Oh god no! That would be horrible."

Wheels turning in Sue's head, "Yeah horrible, got it."

"I mean what if someone saw me? NO! I couldn't bring myself to do it."

"Mhmm."

"What? I couldn't, never!"

"Never?"

"Not at all. I mean I admire girls who can put it all out there for the world to see. It seems, I don't know, freeing or something. But not me, I'd have to be forced."

"Really?", Wheels turning faster.

"Well yes, .. no! No I really couldn't."

Sue, staring right at Dawn in silence. Dawn just looked at her wide eyed. After a long pause, Sue announces she needs to do some shopping and will be right back.

As Sue heads out, her mind was racing with ideas. Finally, she devised a plan. She'll just have to see what levels of endurance, her prissy little friend will be willing to take.

A few hours later, Sue arrives back at the flat. She's carrying a few bags with clothing labels on them. She walks into the room with a dead stare right at Dawn who was sitting there speechless. Sue's mood is suddenly different. Dawn is not sure what's up. Her look and demeanor suggest she's up to something.

"So Dawn...", she asks. Dawn staring back intently, "Dawn, if I were to tell your family, I mean prove to them, what I caught you reading,... how would they react?"

"OH MY GOD NO! No Sue, you can't!"

"Oh can't I?", holds up a flash drive. "I have your browser history right in my hot little hand sweetie."

"What? How did you, ... What is this?"

"This is your parents being very, very disappointed in Daddy's little girl. This is you now owing me, hmmmm, let's say some favors."

"What, kind, of, favors?"

"Any kind of favors. Anything I want."

"No way! I'm not doing any favor. Give me that!"

"No."

"Then tell me what you want."

"It's good to see you coming around. You will do favors and this flash drive, which I have a copy of by the way, will ensure it." Mocks Dawn in her best Sandra Dee voice, "Oh Daddy, I'm spending all your money reading slutty smut at college. It's why I wanted to come to Portland so I wouldn't get caught." Sue waved the flash drive in front of Dawn like a pendulum.

Panic stricken, "Look, I'll do whatever you want, just please don't show that to my parents."

"You'll do whatever I want? Now, that's much more like it."

"Please, just give me that."

"Sure, here." Hands her the drive, "But like i said, that's not the only copy."

"I'm sure we can work something out."

"I'm sure we can."

Dawn looking horrified, "Fine. I'll do what you want."

"Settled!" a slight pause, "You my lovely little Dawn are now my pet. You'll do what I say without question or without retort. There will be some rules. Pets, obey rules. You, my little pet, will obey my rules." Moves over a seated Dawn and looks down rather menacing.

Dawn, silent and starring up at Sue.

"My first task for you my lovely is to subject you to, oh what I like to refer to as a Modesty Predicament."

Dawn, still in shock, "I don't understand. I'm you're pet? What does that mean? What's a Modesty Predicament."

"It means I own you. It also means I put you into a situations where you have to work and concentrate very, very hard, to keep your naughty parts covered."

Dawn's eyes grow in size, she's speechless. Sue walks to the other side of the room and sets the flash drive down. Looking back,

"Oh, and this will all take place in public." Smiles at Dawn.

Dawn stood up, "Wait! You want to get me naked? In public?"

"Well, not exactly. Whether you actually get naked or not, will entirely depend on you now won't it, slut?"

"Up to me?"

"You'll understand. It will all make sense in a bit, trust me."

"You can't do this!"

"Oh, apparently I can!" Reaches over and grabs the flash drive again. Holding it up to Dawn.

Dawn feeling defeat, "Bitch!"

Sue just smiles.

Dawn pleading, "Look I get very embarrassed. This will be awful. Please don't do this. I only read that one story. It's not the kind of thing I would ever do!"

"Oh I think you will and I have this suspicion you're gonna learn to love it."

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So the plan unfolds:

Sue takes Dawn to an esthetician, gets her a make over, cut, and even a full waxing. She wants her pretty, clean, and above all, her girly parts, should they come into view, very visible.

Dawn's never had a wax. Afterwards, in the bathroom, she just starred at herself naked in the mirror. It was really weird to her. But despite the redness post wax, her pussy was also quite smooth. Really smooth! She could see her labia and lips quite clearly. She could see her clit distended. Then it happened. Suddenly she felt aroused which was thoroughly confusing to her. She touched herself, ran fingers up through her slit feeling the hot wetness and coating her fingers in girl juice. She couldn't control herself. She masterbated in front of the mirror.

The next day, Sue had Dawn's outfit selected out of items from her impulse shopping the other day.

Dawn's eyes announced her worried curiosity.

Sue did Dawn's hair up in pigtails that began rather high on each side of her head and went out to the sides, tied them with bright pink ribbons. She then applied to Dawn face, lots of make up and lots of bright red lipstick. She reached into a bag and handed Dawn a small sheer, crop top.

"You will wear this without a bra."

Dawn held it in her hand and noticed how sheer it was. Her areolae would be visible if she were to wear it without a bra. A look of worry fell over her face. Then from another bag, Sue picked out an 8 inch pleated flare skirt that was bright pink and purple made of thin silky fabric. It was so bright it had an almost neon glow to it. To finish the look off were a pair of Doc Marten bright purple boots with a yellow star on them.

Now looking the items over, Sue felt confident this outfit, hair and makeup will draw a lot of attention to her. But of course. Clearly that was her intent.

Dawn took her top and bra off and put the new top on. Looking down, she could see her breasts quite clearly. The top wasn't transparent, but it left little to the imagination.

"Finish getting dressed slut!"

At some point in the past day or so, Sue stopped calling Dawn by her real name and started using 'slut', or 'pet', or any number of other demeaning honorifics to address her.

Dawn looked at the skirt, then at Sue, then back to the skirt all with wide eyes and pouty lips.

"Put it on." Sue demanded.

Giving in, Dawn took her long Laura Ashley pencil skirt off and pulled the mini up over her hips, walked across the room to look in the mirror. She turned, adjusted it down some, turned again and looked at Sue in sheer terror and disbelief. For the readers that may not know, on most average sized women, an 8 inch skirt just barely covers the crotch, and you'd be lucky if it covered all of the ass in the back. Dawn being only 5'3", the skirt was a little more forgiving but still came about a half inch above the bottom of her butt cheeks with her white panties slightly showing. Being a loose, flouncy, flare style it will move very freely. It would get interesting outside as it would lift up with even the slightest breeze.

Sue looked her over, "That's a perfect fit. But, you're not done."

"What?"

"The panties silly. There's no benefit of wearing a skirt this short with panties on."

With rapid panic, "There's a benefit to me! Are you serious?"

"Quite."

"No, I-I can't Sue!"

"Oh you can and you most certainly will." Producing the flash drive once more and holding it up with an evil toothy grin.

Starring at Sue with contempt, Dawn reached up under the skirt and reluctantly pulled her panties down and off her legs. Things felt very breezy right away even in the still air of the apartment. Dawn did another look and adjust in the mirror then quickly turned with another pleading look to Sue.

Sue responded, "That's more like it. Now, put those boots on and walk for me across the room and back a few times. I need to see how you look in this outfit."

Dawn walked to the end of the room and back and forth a few times. Because the lovely fullness and high profile of her ass, as she walked, the skirt worked its way up a bit more in the back now showing an inch or more of her butt checks at rest.

"Perfect." Sue replied with a devilish grin.

Still not knowing Sue's full plan, it immediately occurred to Dawn that whatever she does and wherever she's made to go, she'll have to be extremely careful not to expose herself. Even a deep breath seemed unwise.

Dawn, finally able to choke some words out, "So, what now?"

"What now? What now my pet, is that we're going to the mall." Sue grabbed her keys and motioned for Dawn to come with her outside.

We've all had those times in our lives when we come face to face with a moment of truth. This was one such moment for Dawn. It was Dawn's moment of truth when she finally realized precisely what Sue meant by Modesty Predicament. She swallowed deeply and followed her out the door.