

"Gooooo," Miss Gallica cooed, and Lira's eyelashes fluttered as waves of soft, gentle, sweet pleasure wafted over her. She almost swooned, but the hand stroking her hair kept her upright, eagerly leaning upwards into the touch. "So easy to drift into my eyes. Into my touch. Such a sweet, silly girl, aren't you? Just my adorable silly thing. You're going to be good, now, aren't you?"

Lira felt her eyelids fluttering. "G-Good..." The herbalist felt the words slipping ever-so-easily from her lips, and it felt so, so easy to let the sounds slip out, to give Miss Gallica what she intuitively sensed the crimson-haired noblewoman wanted to hear.

"Gooooo," Miss Gallica cooed. "That's right, sweet thing. That's quite alright, my darling. It feels good to drift, doesn't it? Feels good..." She stroked Lira's hair affectionately, smiling slyly. "... to sink."

Lira felt herself nodding, dreamy and distant, as her head began to loll.

Delicately-manicured fingers slipped beneath her chin to hold her head upright. She shivered at the touch.

And Miss Gallica's smile widened.

"Uh." Lira felt herself nodding. "Y-Yes?" She wasn't sure what to say. She felt so very fuzzy. So very... so very... Her head lolled, only held up now by Miss Gallica's tender hand caressing her cheek, the fingers stroking under her chin. Oh, it felt so... so...

"You aren't used to this, are you?" Miss Gallica whispered. The noblewoman leaned in close, and Lira heard a whimper escape her as the eyes came closer. "Being taken care of. Poor *thing*. What was a silly thing like you doing, wandering out here alone?"

"W-Wandering?" Lira was trying desperately to make sense of the words, but it was so, so easy to sink even deeper into green sappy bliss as the eyes shimmered and spiraled like distant galaxies.

"Wandering," Miss Gallica purred, "all alone, without me around to take care of you. Poor *thing*."

"Poor... poor thing..." Lira shivered at Miss Gallica's strange tone. It was so... so condescending. So patronizing. Treating Lira like a... like a... like a lost pet, almost.

As that word occurred to her, she felt a tremble run through her, and she bit her lip. Like a lost pet. Oh, that sounded... that sounded so... so...

"Poor thing," Miss Gallica agreed, giggling. "But don't worry, sweetness. Are you not used to pretty girls taking care of *you*?"

Lilra struggled to find a response, but the fingers grazed her lips, encouraging her to speak. She felt herself whimpering a "No."

"No?" Miss Gallica cocked her head with a sweet smile. "Aw. That's quite the surprise to me, darling. You are..." Her fingers stroked down Lilra's sensitive side, tickling over her arm as it descended to her hip. "... quite a natural at it, darling."

"Natural." Natural. It felt natural, Lilra reflected weakly. Strangely natural. Strangely right. Yes. "Really?"

"Of course," Miss Gallica cooed. "Goodness me, darling, a sweet, pretty thing like you simply *mustn't* be wandering out alone." She leaned in even closer. Her lips were curved upwards in a triumphant, smug smile. "A silly, silly thing like you... should be..." The hand dipped lower, stroking along Lilra's waist. "... where she can be watched at all times. Tended to. Like a delicate flower."

"Oh." Lilra nodded dreamily. Sure. Certainly. Miss Gallica was speaking so confidently, and Lilra had long since given up on understanding more than every other word Miss Gallica whispered. It was so easy to just sink into these little touches, the stroking and petting, the scritchings, the touches along her sides. She craved more petting. More stroking. More of that delightful sensation of being...

... being... petted.... treated like a... a... she swallowed, feeling her head so fuzzy and fluffy and warm and soft. She couldn't think straight. All she could think in were lazy, endless spirals, swirling clouds, delicate pretty flowers swirling in her mind like thousands of fluttering butterflies.

"That's right," Miss Gallica purred. "Good girl. Such a good girl." The hands dipped down further, fingers tickling Lilra's side. Lilra squirmed a little, uncertain, as the fingers began to play along her sash, under her belt. "Such a good girl. My good girl just wants to drift and sink into pleasure, doesn't she?"

Lilra felt uncertain again. She was flushed, flustered, nervous, shy, unused to staring so long into a pretty woman's eyes. Completely overwhelmed. Overwhelmed by affection. But the hands weren't on her head anymore, and that made her frown. More pleasure? But where were... where were the petting hands going?

How could she possibly feel better than she did letting Miss Gallica pet her head like a... like a...

Miss Gallica smirked, taking Lilra's frown to signify a growing need. "Aw, don't worry, little darling," she breathed. "Miss Gallica..." The hands slipped under Lilra's apron and skirt, and Lilra jumped as she felt delicate fingers grazing her bare skin. "... is here to take *care* of you now, my sweet, simple thing."

"Wh... what..." Lilra frowned deeper. Through all the fuzz and clutter, she was starting to sense that there was something deeply off about all of this. She felt pinpricks of consciousness returning as the hands, which had formerly occupied her emptying head with endless petting, inadvertently freed her mind as Miss Gallica focused on what was between her legs. The botanist felt her head clearing a little, the fog dispersed by sudden chilly winds. "What are you..."

Miss Gallica paused. She blinked big, shimmering green eyes innocently. "Hm?"

"I... I..." Lilra blinked rapidly, fear now running through her. She tugged away, forcing Miss Gallica to withdraw her hands. "N-No! Who... what are you doing?"

Miss Gallica raised an eyebrow quizzically. "Goodness. And here I thought you were *quite* deep enough under. Perhaps you're stronger-willed than you seemed."

Lilra felt her cheeks burning with humiliation as she realized the implication. Gods, she'd... she'd fallen so easily. She felt a deep shame warring with a fluttering... something. She had... she'd been so...

She carefully tore her eyes from Miss Gallica's and focused them on her feet. This was bad. She felt woozy, and she'd been breathing in... breathing in whatever Miss Gallica smelled like, that sweet rose scent, for who knew how long. The world was swirling slightly. She felt so fuzzy, and she just wanted nothing more than to look back into Miss Gallica's eyes.

But as Miss Gallica advanced, she took another step back. "P-Please leave my garden," she managed, feeling the world trembling beneath her, as if even this meek denial was all that she could possibly muster, a denial that made the earth shake.

Or maybe she was just that woozy from the perfume. She blinked rapidly, wondering... had Miss Gallica always looked so beautiful? So shimmering and glowy and... and bathed in pink fog, like a Valentine morning?

"Hm." Miss Gallica tilted her head, rubbing her chin. She smiled slightly. "No. No, that's not it."

"W-What?" Lilra felt her knees wobble, and realized just how weak she felt right now, how small, how wretchedly mortified. "I—please leave me, m'lady!"

"Mistress will do, darling." Miss Gallica smirked. "Please, don't distract me. I'm trying to think right now."

"I—sorry." Lilra bit her lip and averted her eyes to her feet. She felt so off-balance, it took her a moment to realize what she'd just done, and she forced her gaze upward—still trying to keep from looking into Miss Gallica's eyes, but afraid of that sense of peace and serenity that had suddenly and instinctively filled her, at how good, how deeply, sleepily, dreamily *good* it had felt, to just... do as she was told. To be shy and demure and... and...

"Good girl," Miss Gallica said airily, smiling at her. Lilra swallowed and tried to catch her breath as she took another step back. The... whatever Miss Gallica was, witch or fey or demon, took a step forward. She moved with such grace. Such certainty. As if there was nowhere for Lilra to run.

"You know," Miss Gallica said softly, continuing to regard Lilra with that frighteningly curious, intrigued look, "I think I might have had you all wrong, darling."

"I..." Lilra was confused at the sudden feeling of embarrassment of a different kind. She couldn't place it. But... wrong? Miss Gallica had said she was pretty. Was she not pretty? Was she...

Why did Lilra care? Oh, gods, what was wrong with her?

"What?" she squeaked.

"Well, it's simple, darling." Miss Gallica took another step closer. Lilra took another step back, feeling her heart fluttering with... fear? Surely fear. "I thought you were just a *common* human." Her smile widened. She reached forward, not close enough to touch Lilra but close enough to threaten a delicate sort of touch, miming a caress of Lilra's cheek.

"I..." Lilra flinched away, even under the ghost touch. "I... please, miss, I..." Her cheeks burned when she heard her own voice, positively a whine.

"Hush, darling." Miss Gallica said firmly, and beamed as Lilra found her voice dying. "Aha! *There* we go. I think I have it now."

"Ah?" Lilra whimpered.

Miss Gallica took another confident step forward. Lilra had never felt so small as she stumbled back and realized she was getting close to falling backwards into one of the plots.

"It's simple, sweetie," Miss Gallica cooed. "Here / thought you were one of those... well, more *physical* humans."

"Ph-Physical..." Lilra swallowed. Oh. Yes. She had never... she didn't really... oh, gods, had Miss Gallica realized that she wasn't interested in that kind of affection? Would she leave Lilra now?

And another thought bubbled into her still-scattered mind: did she still think Lilra was beautiful?

"Yes," Miss Gallica murmured, shaking her head sadly. "Dreadfully dull, isn't it? All that nonsense about... *touch*... in all the wrong areas."

"Ah?" Lilra unwillingly, almost involuntarily, found her eyes meeting Miss Gallica's.

Those beautiful green eyes shimmered knowingly, and Lilra gulped.

"Why, yes, my dear," she purred, her voice flowing like honey as she advanced on her helpless target. "It's quite silly, really. Of course, for a girl as pretty as *you*..." Lilra heard herself whine. "... I imagine I'd do *anything* to delight you."

"I... I..." Lilra's voice wasn't working again. Oh, gods, she couldn't handle this. She couldn't handle a pretty woman smiling at her, let alone a woman of Mistress's... of *Miss Gallica's* overwhelming power staring right at her with such knowing intensity. And calling her pretty, too! How could she survive this?

"But you see..." Miss Gallica sighed, coming to stand right before Lilra, smirking down at her, a smirk that somehow made the flustered girl feel both loved and judged. "... what I'm really interested in... is *here*."

And without warning, her hand darted forward, and she...

... gave Lilra a few little pats on the head.

"Isn't that nice, sweetie?"

As her hand touched Lilra's head, Lilra felt a strange... calm enter her. She swayed slightly, realizing just how much she'd inhaled of that perfume. The perfume. It had to be drugged. No wonder she was acting so foolish and... and pliant. And docile. And obedient.

That... that had to be why, right? She couldn't *really* want this, right? She had to be drugged. She nodded to herself.

"Gooooood girl," Miss Gallica beamed and patted her on the head again. Lilra whined, struggling to think of... think of something to do, but any cogent thoughts seemed to melt away as quick as they formed, dissolved into goo with every little pat. She was overwhelmed. She couldn't think of anything, much less think straight, much less think of a plan of escape. She could barely keep straight that she *wanted* to escape. "You like *this*, don't you? You understand what pretty girls like you need to understand."

"Uh-huh?" Lilra's voice was soft. Submissive. She bit her lip, trying to focus, trying desperately to clear her head even a little bit...

"*You* see," Miss Gallica murmured, smirking, "that the most *important* part of you I want to play with... is your pretty, silly head." Pat. pat. "And you like this, don't you?"

"Uh-huh?" Lilra whined. She realized that every time she answered a question, she was rewarded with an extra indulgent hand running smoothly, silkily down her head, stroking her hair with lavish attention. "I... I mean... no, wait..."

"Soooo easy," Miss Gallica cooed. "Silly thing. And here I was thinking you were strong-willed! Just look at you!" Lilra whined, eliciting another delighted giggle. "Awww, is that nice, too? Do you like that, too?"

"Uh-huh?" Lilra whimpered, struggling to understand what Miss Gallica was referring to.

Miss Gallica smiled down at her, and cupped her under the chin.

"You like," she cooed sweetly, "when you're being just a little bit..."

She leaned in close, and whispered, as Lilra stared helplessly, captivated by those glowing green eyes...

"... *humiliated*," Miss Gallica purred.

Lilra's knees quaked. She shook her head desperately, chin exerting the slightest of pressures against Mistress's... against Miss Gallica's grasp. "N-No. Please, I'm... I'm..."

"You're blushing like a rose, my darling!" Miss Gallica cooed, and giggled. "Oh, so easy to sink. If only I'd realized sooner!"

"I'm not." Lilra whimpered. She was normally... this was... she was safe from fey! She was always safe from fey! No one was able to... no one knew about how she... This wasn't... it wasn't... it wasn't fair!

"Now, now, darling," Miss Gallica said firmly, patting her cheek with one hand as the other petted her hair indulgently. "Silly things like you shouldn't try to argue. You'll just confuse yourself!"

"I."

"Isn't that right?"

"But."

Miss Gallica smiled down at her and batted her eyelashes. She ran a hair through Lilra's hair.

"Yes," Lilra whispered meekly.

"You like it when I play with you." It wasn't a question.

"Yes," Lilra whined.

"Aww. Such a cute thing you are!" Miss Gallica giggled. "But yes *what?*"

Lilra trembled. She quivered. Her mind felt so delectably... fuzzy. Full. Heavy. The hands kept stroking her, and it was like they were stroking away her worries, her concerns, her will. The headpets scattered her thoughts, each one sending a puff of pink pollen into her mind. She couldn't stop breathing in the rosy perfume, couldn't stop swaying, couldn't stop whining like a helpless... a helpless...

"Yes, Mistress," she whimpered.

"That's right," Mistress Gallica purred, smirking. "And it feels so *good* to give in, doesn't it?"

"I..." Lilra squeaked as Mistress Gallica leaned in and pulled her close. Very close. The proximity was drowning her in the scent, in the eyes, in the feeling of being... cuddled. Held.

Oh, gods, if the nymphs had tried *this* on her all those years ago, Lilra would be brainlessly licking flower petals by now, she realized in a mix of terror and fervent need, as she stared up into those lovely green eyes. She had never felt so susceptible. So suggestible. So subservient.

"Goodness!" Mistress Gallica tapped Lilra on the forehead several times, her expression unbearably smug. "Such a shameless little thing. You like surrendering deeper and deeper?"

"Uh..." Lilra felt the words being drawn out of her, felt herself being nodded along, and she couldn't help herself. She was being drowned, smothered with affection as Mistress Gallica cuddled and petted and stroked her. "... uh-huh?"

"Awww." Mistress Gallica tilted her head adorably to the side. "My adorable little *pet*."

At this, Lilra's heart caught. Before she could help herself, a needy little whine escaped her quivering lips.

Mistress Gallica raised an eyebrow, and then her eyes suddenly lit up. "Oh. *Oh*." She tickled Lilra under the chin, eliciting a helpless giggle of delight. "Do we like that, sweetie? Do we like that, my little darling?"

"N-Nuh," Lilra whined.

"Such a *whiny* thing." Mistress Gallica giggled, and sighed as Lilra felt herself wilting. She leaned in and kissed Lilra on the tip of her nose. "Silly. Don't worry your pretty little head about it, darling. I *looove* your whines."

Love. Lilra trembled. Love. That little word felt so... so unbearable. So wonderful. Overwhelming. She couldn't think straight. But she longed to hear it again.

"It's cute," Mistress Gallica cooed. She tapped Lilra on the nose, booping her repeatedly, and Lilra flushed in embarrassment. She was being treated like... like... oh, gods, it was so wonderful, and Mistress Gallica seemed to know just how to play her now. To play *with* her now, like she was... was some sort of *pet*. "Cute cute cute! Don't you like being cute for me, darling?"

"Uh..." Lilra whimpered and avoided Gallica's eye contact, focusing desperately on her own feet, a last agonizingly difficult gesture of resistance as she whispered, "Uh-huh?"

"Look in my eyes, pet."

Lilra tried not to. She tried not to so, so hard. She desperately tried to keep the words to herself, but even as she tried, she could feel the hands petting her hair seem to... seem to adjust, slightly, and she realized her head was being tilted upwards, guided ever-so-subtly...

"Look in my eyes, pet," Mistress Gallica cooed, her voice as sweet and warm and soft as flowing honey, poisonous honey. Honey that trickled into Lilra's fuzzy mind and filled it with molten gooey love and... and... sweetness.

And Lilra felt her eyes slipping into Mistress Gallica's again as she whimpered, "Yes."

Her voice was small. Very small. But she knew Mistress Gallica heard her. The proud and beautiful woman beamed down in delight, her expression dripping with smug, satisfied triumph.

Lilra's mind was dripping now, too. Drifting. Oozing. She felt like she was totally absorbed into trance right now, and it was all she could do not to just sink deeper and deeper down for Mistress, to just sink deeper into those eyes, to try her best to do everything she could to humiliate herself for Mistress's amusement.

Oh, it felt so wonderful. It felt so indescribably wonderful. Lilra didn't know how to not love it. She was drifting, and her mind felt so, so heavy, so weak, so submissive and vulnerable beneath the weight of the honey of Mistress's sweet words.

And her mistress's smile only widened. "What was that, my darling pet?"

Pet. *Pet*. Lilra whined. "Yes." Her voice was still weak, and quavered, but she felt a deep, intoxicating kind of happiness filtering into her, like sunlight through parting stormclouds, as she managed the word.

"Yes, *what?*" Mistress's eyes were filled with gentle patience, but also a kind of... expectation. As if she was used to her pets being quick to obey.

And Lilra wanted to be. She was melting at the very thought of being told she was good again. She couldn't help but let the sounds slip from her then, like everything was slipping from her then, like all semblance of control was draining from her.

"Yes, Mistress, I... yes, I like it," she whimpered. "Yes. Yes, Mistress. I like..." She shivered and quivered, feeling as light and frail as a dandelion puff in the wind as she saw Mistress raise an eyebrow, and she found herself babbling on. "I like it. I like... like..." She wasn't in control anymore, she realized, melting a little at the thought. The thought was almost freeing. "... I like... being... your cute pet," she whined, hearing her voice trembling, so small, so helpless and lost... "Please. Oh, I-I *can't*... I... I *like* it..."

Mistress smiled broadly and hugged her close, smothering Lilra's needy little whimpers with headpats and strokes. "Shh. Shh. Silly thing. Such a silly girl."

After a long pause, she pulled Lilra back and smirked down at her. "Silly darling pet. I was just asking you to say *Yes, Mistress.*"

"Yes, Mistress," Lilra whimpered reflexively. Then she realized what Mistress was saying, and heat flooded her face, a rich and conflicting wash of pleasurable embarrassment.

"But..." Mistress booped her on the nose fondly. "Goodness, sweet darling thing, you do enjoy this, don't you?" Lilra whimpered and tried to shake her head, but she couldn't, not with the eyes holding her. "Such an easy, adorable thing. You just want to be my cute, adorable little pet, don't you?"

"N-No..." Lilra was already trying desperately to reclaim some semblance of dignity as the intensity of the control—surely it had been control—seemed to ebb, but it was only being replaced with an exquisite, overwhelming sense of her own humiliation. She swayed, weak on her feet, but she wrested a semblance of control back from Mist... Miss Gallica.

The woman didn't seem to care, or even notice. "Of course you do," she enthusiastically cooed. "Yes you do! Yes you do!" Lilra opened her mouth to object, but felt a dopey smile spreading across her face as the praise drowned her in condescending adoration, brain-melting patronizing affection. "*Who's* my silly girl? *Who's* my pretty girl?" Miss Gallica's eyes were as radiant as emerald moons, and her grin widened. "Ooh, you *loove* this, huh?"

"Please," Lilra whimpered, feeling the trance of pleasure only deepened with every indulgent stroke of her hair. Her knees were giving way. She couldn't last much longer, and she couldn't... oh, gods, the thought of being on her knees...

"Goodness me." Miss Gallica tutted, cradling Lilra's face in her hands and smooshing her cheeks together. She gave a little indulgent shake of her head, her voice as soft and delicate as a kitten's tongue. "You *are* a needy one, aren't you?"

Lilra whined. She couldn't muster words right now. She was too... too squishy. Too soft. Too dizzy.

"Yes, you are!" Miss Gallica cooed. "Oh, sweet little one, listen to you *whine* like a puppy."

Lilra tried so hard not to show any response. She honestly did. At least, she thought she did. But she couldn't help it. She was an open book, a helpless puddle of goo in Miss Gallica's claws, and she felt her whole face burning with humiliation when she heard "puppy."

"Oh!" Miss Gallica giggled with faux shock. "Does my pretty girl like *that*?"

"Um." Lilra's knees wobbled. "Um. I. I." She couldn't form words for the pure, unwanted, helpless pleasure flowing through her. She felt like she was glowing, radiant. She had never felt so wonderful. "I. Please. I."

"Are you..." Miss Gallica silenced her with a finger to the lips, smiling sadly, a poisonous sympathy. "... are you just a little *puppy*, my sweet?"

Lilra trembled as the word trickled into her ears like the hottest, sweetest syrup. She gasped. Oh. No. Oh, no. She'd given herself away. No. Please, no. Miss Gallica couldn't know. Not that. Anything but that!

"Am I right?" Miss Gallica asked slyly. Her voice was silken, delicate, dainty. And distinctly amused. "Am I right, my darling pet? Oh, my goodness, is that what you *want*?"

"N-No!" Lilra squeaked, trying to shake her head while being cradled in Gallica's hands. "No, I... I just..."

"Yes, it is!" Miss Gallica exclaimed. And suddenly, it was her birthday, the woman's whole face lighting up as she beamed down at Lilra with an expression of purest glee. "Oh my goodness gracious, darling, you are even more *adorable* than I'd *dreamed*."

"No," Lilra whimpered as a secret thrill raced through her. "No, I—"

"Quiet, Puppy. Mistress is talking." Miss Gallica stroked her hair. "In fact..." Lilra felt her voice leaving her. "Why, my goodness, Puppy, who ever heard of a *silly, submissive puppy* on her *hind legs*?"

Standing. Lilra's world spun as Miss Gallica began to release her grip. She wanted to plead, to beg, as she suddenly realized that she was far too woozy, far too drunk on love and hypnosis and perfume to stand up straight.

But puppies weren't supposed to stand, she found herself giggling as she sank to her hands and knees.

Immediately, she knew she was doomed, as she realized that she had allowed Miss Gallica to back her up right above the mysterious flowers. She was sinking. swooning right into the flowerbed, right into the midst of the sweet, intoxicating roses.

Her world swam as the last of her feeble resistance gave away. She gazed up at Mistress with a sinking feeling as Gallica giggled with glee. "So *easy!*" the gorgeous seductress exclaimed, and leaned down to stroke Lilra's hair, to caress her cheek.

And Lilra, to her red-faced shame, found herself leaning into the touch.

She just couldn't help herself. Couldn't even try to resist the need that was filling her up. She felt deeply humiliated and yet unbelievably... *wonderful*. She so badly wanted Mistress to stroke her hair. To stroke her cheek. To take care of her. It took her breath away and made her head spin and all she wanted was...

... was *more*.

And as she breathed in the perfume mixed with the surprisingly similar scent of the roses, Lilra found herself giggling and smiling up, finding it dreadfully difficult to remember why she ever wouldn't want that.

"Why, darling little Puppy," Mistress cooed, "is that nice? Is it nice being a good puppy?" She giggled as Lilra visibly struggled to hold in her reply. "Go ahead, puppy! You don't need to speak if speaking is hard. Speaking *is* hard, isn't it?"

That comment made Lilra's heart flood with fear—increasingly drowned as it was in honey and roses—and she struggled to muster objection of any kind. "I..." Lilra swallowed. "N-No, I..."

"Words are so hard for silly puppies," Mistress cooed, in the tone one would use in addressing an especially cute, silly pet. "So hard for silly puppies to *speak*."

"No, I..." Lilra struggled to find the words. Words were hard. "I c... I..." Words were so hard. They seemed to slip away from her as soon as she was forming the shapes with her lips, and she was left blinking up stupidly at Mistress, feeling utterly humiliated. She could speak! She knew words! Lots of words! Like, um... um... "..."

"So easy to just whine and whimper and bark like the *adorable* puppy you are, isn't it?" the victorious woman smirked. She continued to pet and stroke the helpless girl, continued to lavish her with affection, and Lira was finding it so, so difficult to keep her thoughts straight with Mistress's words flowing into her, pushing out all other thoughts, as if Mistress was the one thinking every thought for her right now.

"Um... um..." Lira clung to that sound, that pathetic whine, even as she struggled for another word. She couldn't. She couldn't allow Mistress to take her speech from her!

Not that she'd spoken much anyways. Lira bit her lip, feeling so pathetically helpless, trying to convince herself her words mattered. And it felt so nice being petted. She heard herself whining, eyelids fluttering with delight at the petting. The scritch. She heard Mistress cooing "Good puppy. Gooooood puppy," and she positively felt her tail wagging.

And she finally thought of the words.

"Arf!" she managed, blinking big, helpless eyes up at Mistress.

And her eyes lit up. "Arf!" she exclaimed. "Arf arf!" She smiled triumphantly, despite her fear, despite her vulnerability. She could speak! She still had some words! Relief welled inside her, mixed with the tiniest, faintest bit of disappointment—a strange voice she quickly silenced. She was okay. She was still holding on to something. Mistress hadn't won yet.

That said, she was a little confused to see Mistress... only giggling at her. She blinked rapidly, disoriented. Mistress didn't seem disappointed at all. In fact, Mistress seemed quite... delighted.

Lira frowned. "Arf?" She whined, cocking her head, trying to...

And her heart stopped.

Oh.

Oh.

Oh no.

"That's *right*," Mistress cooed, not even bothering to hold in her peals of musical laughter. "Oh, how *adorable*—that is the *cutest*—the most *unbearably sweet* thing I have ever seen, little Puppy! Oh my goodness!" She dropped down to a crouching position, cradling Lilra's face in her hands, flooding Lilra with those delighted green eyes. "Darling, adorable Puppy, what *ever* are we going to do with you?"

Lilra stared into the eyes and whimpered.

She had never felt so wonderful in her life. She felt like she had fallen further than she could have ever imagined, and it had only taken... what? A few seconds? A minute or two? She felt like her face couldn't possibly be any closer to a sunset, and still, the shame washing through her made her feel like she was about to melt into the ground on the spot, melt into Mistress's hands, putty in her claws, a sun melting right into the horizon of an endless ocean.

But she also felt so... so... *right*. She squirmed in embarrassment as Mistress cooed and fawned over her, savoring the attention, the petting, the stroking, and heard herself barking pathetically when she was asked to. Mistress asked so very sweetly. She asked so very sweetly, and Lilra just wanted to be a good, good Puppy...

Felt so good... to be a good Puppy... Her eyelids felt so heavy, and she felt so, so good to sink... to melt...

"You're doing so well for me, Puppy," Mistress breathed, stroking and cradling Lilra's face in her soft, dainty hands, her delicate fingertips grazing under Lilra's chin, behind her ears. "You're doing so *well* for me, sweet silly Puppygirl."

"Arf," Lilra whined. She couldn't tear her eyes from her mistress. It felt so... so easy... so easy to submit, and so hard to think...

"*Good* Puppy!" Lilra quivered with pleasure at the words. The towering woman smirked, straightening slightly. "Do you like this? Do you *really* like this?"

Lilra bit her lip. She felt so heavy. So leaden. Like someone had poured honey into her head, thick, heavy, gooey honey. She couldn't think, but she knew... something about this, surely, surely she could try to resist this, could fight it off, could fight her mind free if she just...

... just... breathed... deep... Her eyelids fluttered, and a low whine escaped her.

"Aww." The coo of delight centered Puppy's whole world. "You're just so adorable, Puppy! Doing so well for me. Being such a good puppy. Such a good, silly, brainless little Puppygirl, huh?"

"Uh-huh," Lilra—Puppy—the submissive thing whined, trembling under the weight of her submission, her embarrassment, her total degradation. "Uhhh... uh-huh...."

"You like these?" Mistress's grin widened as her voice turned silky-sweet. Her hand grazed ever-so-faintly over her hair. "You like these headpets, Puppy?"

Yes. Yes, she did. Lilra whined, wiggling and squirming, her cheeks turning coral-pink at the degradation, but helpless not to adore every second of it.

"You do?" Mistress giggled, as if surprised. Scandalized. But she kept faintly petting, ever-so-subtly. "Do you really? And here I thought you wanted me to *leave!*"

"Uh! Uh-uh!" Lilra was trying so hard to muster words, but she had no idea in her emptying head what she actually wanted to say. She just wanted more. She whimpered. She just wanted more touch. More affection. More headpets from her mistress, from this gorgeous... gorgeous...

"Goodness," the woman purred, as she caressed Lilra's forehead, and the little puppy whimpered, whined, pleaded wordlessly for the hands to go back atop her head, to resume the petting, "so fortunate I found you. A submissive, weak-willed, easily-melted little toy like you would be *easy pickings*, I'd imagine."

"Uh?" Lilra whined, trying desperately to make the words make sense—even as she tried even more desperately, through the fuzzy trance she was ever-so-blissfully drowning in, to make things *not* make sense, to act like a senseless puppy, anything her mistress wanted if only the headpets would come back...

"Aww, do we want more petting, sweetie? Do we want more petting, little pet?" Her fingertips brushed over Lilra's head, teased fingers through Lilra's long blonde locks. "Do we want more? Do we? Are we needy little Puppy? A needy, touch-starved little pet?"

Lilra struggled to find words, but as the touches tantalized her, she found her eyes rolling back into her head. Her tongue lolled out slightly in humiliating panting. "Uh-huh," Lilra managed, unable to keep from whining, from breathing in more and more of the intoxicating scents around her poor thought-sloshing head. "UH-huh!"

"Do you wanna beg for it, sweet thing?" The voice dripped with smug triumph. "Is that it? Do we wanna beg like a cute little needy puppygirl?"

The words seeped into Lilra, an endless flow of hypnotic promise. The girl couldn't help herself. She couldn't resist anymore. If she'd ever had a hope of resisting, she gave it up now willingly.

Because she needed more.

She needed more, needed *more, more, more*—"Y-yes," Lilra whimpered, helpless and small, utterly in thrall as she lay there on her hands and knees at the feet of someone far greater. "Uh-huh!"

"You wanna beg?" Mistress cooed. "You wanna beg, puppy? Does Puppy wanna beg like a cute little subby pet?"

"Uh-huh! Uh-huh!" Lilra found her head bobbing needily. The humiliation was flooding her almost as fast as the need, but not fast enough to stop her. It almost felt like...

... like it was... helping her along, in fact. Oh, gods. She whimpered. It felt so good. So easy. So perfect. So good and easy to sink and submit and debase herself for Mistress. She couldn't get enough of it.

"Go ahead, then! Be my guest, cutie!"

"Um." Lilra felt a sudden panic inside her as the hand pulled away. Mistress rose up so she was resting a hand on each knee, bowing over Lilra, waiting expectantly. Her eyes were so bright and eager. Those eyes expected Lilra to be a good Puppy, Lilra knew. Those eyes were inviting Lilra to... to...

It was like she was a puppet on a string—a pretty marionette, with beautiful green eyes tugging her threads—as with barely any hesitation, Lilra found herself rising up. Rising up onto her knees.

And her hands rose into the air, limp at the wrists, like... like she was... a puppy, sitting on her hindlegs, *begging*...

And begging she was. She whined aloud, whimpering with all the pathetic powerlessness of the most submissive, pathetically eager puppygirl anyone had ever seen. Please, she implored wordlessly, as words had long since been taken from her. Please. Please. Please.

More headpets. More petting. More stroking. More scratches. Anything. Anything for more touch. More affection.

More debasing, humiliating love.

And Mistress smiled, leaned down, and rewarded her with the sweetest, tenderest of soothing strokes over Puppy's pretty hair. "Gooooood Puppy!" she cooed, radiating her delight, positively glowing with happiness, and Puppy quivered and nodded submissively, leaning helplessly into the touch, into her mistress's embrace. "See? This is what I mean."

"Arf?" The girl who was once Lilra couldn't help herself anymore. She just wanted to hear more. She wanted to know what Miss Gallica, what Mistress, what this dangerous fey who had so effortlessly brought her literally to her knees—and beyond—had in store for her.

She told herself she was trying to watch out for herself, to be at least a little bit careful even as she plummeted into the fey's power.

She wasn't.

"Any other rose dryad would have just taken you for a typical human gardener! A pretty thing like you? A pretty flower, some decoration for their garden." She patted the former botanist's cheek. "They wouldn't have understood what makes you so special. What makes you *mine*."

She leaned in close, and her pet whimpered as the eyes flooded her vision with verdant oceans. "Oh, Puppy, sweet, silly, *good* Puppy..." She giggled. "Who could have guessed that you were not bound for the garden at all?"

"Uh?" The puppygirl felt her heart racing. She had no idea what she was being told, but the touches, the strokes, the petting, it was all getting much, much more affectionate, and she was absolutely drowning in it, absolute gasping for it, desperate for more

More brainwashing.

More seduction.

More debasement.

More Mistress.

More Puppy.

"Silly thing." She smiled, and without warning, she leaned in—

—and scooped her pet up into her arms. Puppy squeaked, realizing how deceptively strong the rose dryad was as she was cradled in Mistress's arms and carried over to a bench. They sat down—or rather, Mistress sat down, still holding her pet in her lap.

"You see, Puppy," the dryad said sweetly, booping the dazed puppygirl on the nose again, "it just so happens that I've been looking for a little... a little more than a mere decoration." She rested her forehead against Puppy's. The eyes literally filled Puppy's vision now. "And I think you would look so *cute* adorning the foot of my bed. Don't you?"

Oh. Puppy stared helplessly into those eyes.

And she drifted.

She drifted in daydreams. She couldn't help it. With what tiny, weak vestiges of will Lilra retained, she couldn't help but imagine being obedient just like her mistress said. Being on her bed, at the foot, curled up, whimpering and whining every night as Mistress held her. Played with her. Stroked her hair. Told her how cute and pretty and *good* she was.

Would she be taken for walks? Would she be kept in a cage? Would she have her own little collar, her own leash? Would she always be lost in this sweet, sappy rosy scent? Puppy didn't know. But she knew one thing:

She would be whatever Mistress wanted her to be. Because Mistress knew what Puppy wanted better than Puppy did.

"Would we like that?" she cooed smugly.

Puppy trembled in Mistress's arms. So quickly she had sunk down. It had felt like an eternity, in truth—an eternity of trembling and begging and struggling, an eternity of trying and failing to resist. An eternity of futile squirming in this fey's power, just as now she physically squirmed, longing to never leave this tender cuddling, this calming, warm, loving embrace.

"You can speak, pet," Mistress said, smiling with that same mix of sweetness and poison.

And Puppy spoke. She spoke truthfully, she spoke honestly, with all the willpower left to her.

"Do I get a collar?" she whimpered.

And Mistress beamed.

THE END.