

When Things Just Click

February 2024

Warm sun. Cool breeze. Birds chirping. Green grass all around. Ah, yes. It was spring at last.

Alicia sniffed gratefully at the full, rich scent on the air, letting the welcome oxygen fill her lungs. How good it was to be out in the park like this! No more snow, no more dreary grey days. Just warmth, and sunshine, and peace. It was the sort of day that fit perfectly with her style, too. Sure, she could technically enjoy her lolita-inspired dress with its full skirt and ruffled collar anytime. But somehow wearing it on days like this made her feel positively radiant. Feminine. Cute and adorable and-

The excited yipping of a far-off dog caught her attention, and she quickened her step, thoughts of her own attire momentarily forgotten. Dogs were her Achilles heel, after all. She'd have adopted six by now, or more even – if only that stupid apartment complex of hers had allowed it. As it was, all she could do was gaze wistfully at the adorable little puppies at the animal shelter, or look on in envy at the energetic pets and lucky owners that filled the park on days like today...

Oh, and she could do one more thing, of course. *Heh heh*. A subtle smile blossomed on Alicia's face as she thought of the other way she indulged her passion for all things canine. Though no one but her and her now ex-partner needed to know. No one else needed in on her secret: of what a good little human puppy she could be, and how dearly she loved to crouch and fetch and obey her master's commands.

How she missed that connection with a master! She and her ex had parted ways amicably – and for very good reasons. But it was tough to be alone – and tougher still when you were a kinky transfemme sub like her. It led her to do things like... well, like this, for instance. Chugging down a full water bottle. Donning her favorite pull-ups and her lolita dress. And traipsing out in public, while the urgency of her swelling bladder grew and the delicious chills of desperation slowly rippled through her body...

But enough of that. Across the green grass she strode, the thick soles of her mary janes sinking now and again into the damp ground. Her twin braids, each a pretty shade of brown, bounced softly against the powder blue of her dress-encased shoulders. And as she drew nearer to the source of the barking, her subtly naughty smile widened into a full-out grin: no longer at her private horny thoughts, but at the ordinary, innocent scene she was now witnessing.

"Siiit," the person kneeling on the grass instructed, eyes fixed intently on the wriggling bundle of energy before her. "No treat until you do, Horatio! Sit. Come on, buddy – I know you know how. *Siiit...*"

Maybe the young Chihuahua before her indeed knew how. Perhaps he even recognized the meaning of the word. But within was far, far too much energy to comply. And so he yipped, and spun in place, and bounced up again in his irrepressible enthusiasm. Sitting? Completely out of the question!

"Honestly, sometimes I wonder why I even bother," the woman sighed aloud, shaking her short-cropped, jet-black head of hair. "I know you can hear me, you little rascal..." Then, having caught Alicia's now-motionless figure out of corner of her eye, she glanced up. Her good-natured exasperation was replaced by a wry, polite smile. And she straightened up, rubbing absently at the visibly damp knees of her ragged black jeans.

"Hey." It was a single word, but it carried both casual friendliness and an invitation to speak. "He's something else. No- no, Horatio! No jumping on the nice girl!" But Alicia was already squatting down in keen delight, her hands reaching down toward the frantically yapping little doggo. "Aww, it's okay," she beamed, and already her fingers were thrilling at the touch of the pup's soft fur. "Is it- it's okay if I pet him?"

"Of course! He loves meeting new people," the woman laughed, shaking her head as Horatio executed a triple spin and let out yet another flurry of delighted yaps. "I've been trying to train him, you see. Thought maybe he'd listen if we were out here away from distractions and whatever. But will he listen? NOoo-"

"Wait..." Her dark eyes fastened on her canine charge, who had drawn to a sudden standstill under Alicia's affectionate touch. He panted – flashed a doggy grin – and then, gazing brightly up at his latest new friend all the while, slowly lowered his rump onto the grass.

"Oh, my god – hang on-" But only a second later, the woman's fingers had found it. Her thumb depressed the plastic button of the device in her hand. And out into the warm spring air rang the sharp, short CLICK that any experienced animal trainer would recognize.

Unfortunately, it was a sound that Alicia recognized, too. All too well.

She stiffened. Her face froze, then twisted in sudden discomfort and shock. She jerked as if to stand

up... but it was already far too late. From within the frilly folds of her skirt came the audible hissing of a swollen bladder that had finally received the command to release.

At first, nothing more happened. It was, after all, a pretty sturdy pull-up. But no mere pull-up could withstand the onslaught of urine now flooding out from Alicia's petite girdick. And as the seconds ticked past, with the curious Horatio and his owner looking on in sudden confusion, it began.

The hot flood over-topped the flimsy leak guards. The first incriminating trickles began to snake down her bare thighs. And even as Alicia quivered mutely in place, helpless to stop the humiliating flood, her warm urine began to splash and patter down into the soft grass below.

"Um... huh? Are you- are you okay? What- what's going on...?"

Alicia flinched. She gazed up into the dark, questioning eyes and concerned puzzlement of the pup's owner. Incoherent words tumbled pell-mell through her disordered brain. But in that moment, the only thing she could do was blink up in remorse... and stagger awkwardly to a standing position... and shuffle with crimson cheeks as she mumbled out her excuse.

"Um... sorry. I just- I really had to go. I couldn't... help it..."

The woman's eyes clouded. She looked Alicia up and down with an inscrutable expression on her face, ignoring the renewed yapping of her confused pup. But then, she glanced down at the device in her hand. She brought it up. And with a slow, deliberate motion, her finger moved to depress the button once more.

"No-o! No, I- I-"

CLICK.

And Alicia winced as a fresh flood of urine spurted out once more into her ruined pull-up.

"Couldn't help it, hmm? How... interesting." She smiled with a sudden flash of conspiratorial understanding, then glanced wryly down at her panting pup. "How about that, Horatio? Looks like at least *someone* here knows how to obey!"

To which the crimson-cheeked Alicia, urine still dribbling down her quivering knees, could only let

out a shameful whimper of assent.