

You take a shuddery breath, feeling yourself shiver just a bit from the anxiety running through you. It's really hard to bring yourself to finally... *do* it, now that the moment's here. So long, first teasing about the thought that made you so flustered, then discussing it, being gradually convinced, realizing how much you wanted it... and then planning, preparation... and now the paper sat right there in front of you on the park table, illuminated by the streetlight's glow overhead.

The warmth of Daddy's paw coming to rest gently against your back makes the shivers quickly disappear at the feeling of comfort. The typhlosion just next to you gives you the feelings of comfort and love that you've fallen so deeply in love with. That you want to feel forever. You know you want this. It's just... scary. But he's here, and that makes it so much easier.

You feel like maybe if you just closed your eyes and held your breath, you could sign your name at the bottom of the page in a second without even having to think about it, and it would be over. But Daddy didn't want it to be like that – he wanted you to watch yourself slowly write each and every letter of your name, and know that this was exactly what you wanted, what you'd begged for. Not a hasty decision you'd regret. Something you wanted with every part of you, something you loved with each letter you wrote.

"You can do this. Just take it slow." The words come from Daddy, his gentle, bassy voice so soothing to your ears. With anxiety, you pick up the pen and bring it to the bottom of the contract, at the start of the line. You feel the hesitation stopping you from actually putting the pen to the paper, but his presence is enough to push you past it as you write the first letter of your name, watching yourself make each stroke with the pen. You don't even have to look up at him to feel the warmth of Daddy's smile next to you.

You take a deep breath, and keep going.

Letter by letter, you slowly write out your name, each one bringing you closer to sealing it in forever. A binding contract, one that will make this permanent, legally, for the rest of your life. It's what you want. It's what Daddy wants. And there's no more backing out. Your fear and anxieties won't be able to get the better of you anymore, because it won't be your decision anymore. Nothing will be.

You'll belong to him.

With the final stroke, you watch yourself write the last letter of your name at the bottom of the contract. And shakily, you reach out to hand the pen and paper to Daddy. To your owner— to Master. Just thinking of those words makes you feel... so warm. And watching him take them from you, take the proof of his permanent ownership over you and *smile*... you feel like you'd nearly melt.

“That’s good. I’m proud of you, pet.” His words make you feel so amazing as you hear them, so wonderful. You feel terrified about the ramifications of what you just did... but you feel at peace, too. It was right, what you wanted, what would make you happy, and what would make *him* happy too. It may be scary, but Master was there to comfort you through every step of it.

He reaches down to your neck, and you feel the material of your new collar slipped around your neck, with a click as it’s secured. You’d picked it out together... something you’d wear forever, as proof that you were his. A tag with your name, and his name and contact information on the back. A place for your leash to clip to – and you watch as he clips it right there where it belongs.

“Now, you’re all mine. You have to listen to what I say and follow orders. I know you’re good at that, you’ve proven that plenty of times already... but now it’s official.” He taps the paper a few times and you can’t help but shudder at the feeling. It’s official. You *have* to listen to him... he owns you. He *owns* you. You’re... his pet.

“Now, piss yourself.” Your thoughts are instantly scrambled by his first command now that you’re his. You feel that worry, of doing something like that in a public place, even if it’s night and there’s not really anyone here. The slight indignation at such an idea, the embarrassment rising up and making you want to blush and stammer and refuse to playfully fight back.

But he wants it – you can see it in the look he gives you. A serious command from your new owner... and you didn’t want your first day together to end in his disappointment, or in a punishment. You... you want to obey.

And so you do. Looking up at the typhlosion with wide eyes and a loving gaze, you take a deep breath and relax, letting the muscles in your bladder relax on his command, like you’d practiced plenty of times before. You hear the sound of your accident hissing against the fabric of your pants, feeling the warmth spreading and flowing down. Down in streaks along your legs, pooling against the bench of the park table where you’re sitting, streaming down the edges of it and to the grass below. It feels... so nice to obey.

“Good pet.” It feels even nicer to hear those words from him. His praise was everything you could ever ask for – all you wanted to do was listen and obey and hear him call you good. Making him smile and laugh was its own reward, better than anything else you could be given.

“Now, I think it’s about time we get you home, pet,” your Master said, standing up from the table and tugging on your leash. You quickly hop up as well, following his nonverbal command to stand and come with him. You feel your wet pants against your legs and can’t help but blush, looking up at the typhlosion. Stammering a bit, you ask him if you can have a change, knowing that he carries diapers and changing supplies in the bag over his shoulder, but he just smiles down at you.

“We’ll get you changed when we get home. We can always worry about getting you housebroken when you’re older, hm? And I think you can handle the walk home in wet pants.” Your heart beats so strongly at his words, looking up at him with hearts in your eyes and a shuddery breath.

The only thing you can bring yourself to say in response is “Yes, Master.”