

Inspector Sue Sharp

Sue's Fifth Case

"Sisters Reunited"

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Sisters Reunited

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Prologue

Juliette Walsh cried when she learned that her older sister, April, had been declared a “dangerous animal” after “viciously attacking [a] supervising veterinarian” and thus had her release from pet service “postponed indefinitely.” When she’d received her own draft notice later that same day, Juliette had felt absolutely nothing. She naively thought that she had no more tears to shed, but for the two years that followed she learned how truly wrong she was.

The first day of her service period she’d cried more than she had in all her life previously. Of course, she wasn’t alone in that. After sullenly reporting to the FBP draft station, Juliette was placed with a group of nervous looking girls her age – her so-called “litter.” The room was filled with sobs and sniffles following the harsh order from the lead handler to “*strip*.” Juliette wondered if April had cried when she’d endured the leers and jeers from the sadistic handlers. As the processing continued and things got worse and worse, Juliette stopped wondering.

Herded naked down a long hallway with the rest of her litter, each girl was handed off to groomers for outfitting. Sat on a cold metal table under a very bright, very hot light with her hands held out as ordered, one of the groomers placed a thick leather collar on her sweaty palms. Juliette stared at the shiny, bone-shaped dog tag attached to the collar for what felt like an eternity until the words of the groomer broke her trance.

“Okay, pup; put it on, so we can get started.”

Juliette felt a pang of anger in her chest. It wasn’t enough that they had taken her sister away from her forever. They were going to make her collar herself. Her hands closed around the strip of leather in a white knuckled grip.

“Aw, do you need help? I can call the handlers if it’s too hard for you, hun.”

Juliette tensed. She didn't want that. Numb and defeated, at the time she barely registered the collar going on around her neck, though for two years after she would dwell on trying to remember the feeling of a bare neck free of the humiliating collar and everything that came with it.

Though they were much nicer than the handlers, the way the groomers talked down to her as they methodically transformed Juliette made her feel less and less human with every passing moment. Tears flowed when she felt the snip of the scissors on either side of her head and watched her long, red braids that had taken her years to grow tossed unceremoniously into a nearby trashcan while they pulled her butchered hair into high pigtails. She screamed until she was hoarse after they smeared her crotch, legs, and underarms with an awful burning depilatory.

She was a sweating, panting heap when it came time to "dress" her. The notion that she might try to fight them was still in her mind, but she was too tired to act on it and her wrists and ankles were secured with padded leather straps making any actual resistance impossible. They encased her hands and feet in fluffy, light brown paws that buckled securely around her wrists and at the tops of her thighs respectively. Though they rendered her mostly helpless, the floppy ears they clipped to the top of her newly pigtailed head somehow made her feel even more ridiculous even if she couldn't see them, but it was nothing compared to the tail plug. Juliette's howls combined with those of the other girls in her litter as the fat, thick plug was forced into her tight little self. The pain wasn't nearly over. Before she could even recover from the horrible stretching and the sensation that she needed to go to the bathroom, multiple pairs of hands grabbed her shaking, glistening body to hold her still so that she could be laser branded on her butt and belly and given a hard, plastic ID tag in her ear. The smell of her seared skin mingled with the intense pain of her newly pierced ear making her nauseous and dizzy. She could barely feel the soft pat on her head or hear one of the groomers tell her, "See, now that wasn't so bad, now was it pup? Who's a brave little puppy! That's right, you are! You are!"

Juliette sniffled in response and leaned into the gentle, stroking hand. After all she'd been through; even patronizing kind words were comforting.

Juliette had thought the first day was hell, but it was nothing in comparison to the first day of obedience training. The night before, after she'd endured the pain and humiliation of being processed, she'd been sealed in a cold, plastic, padded dog crate that smelled of bleach with an undercurrent of the previous occupant's sweat and urine. She was alone, but she wasn't really alone. The petsitter was always there to watch her. The program was imbedded in different parts of her pet gear monitored her vitals and enforced what she would come to know as "proper puppy behavior" with verbal warnings and terrible electric shocks from the collar, the heart shaped nipple pads, the ears, the tail plug, or from all parts at once if she behaved badly enough. As she would come to learn, the sitter could also stimulate those same spots with a wonderful and terrible vibration, if she were a very "good girl."

In the cramped, dark space with no blanket or pillow, she'd already struggled to sleep despite her exhaustion. Throughout the night she woke up and feverishly called for her sister only to receive an awful shock to her throat for making an "unapproved noise." Tired and stiff and fearful of further correction, the rebellious feelings inside her still had not gone away, but they sunk even deeper inside of her as she fought to survive orientation. It started with learning to answer, without the slightest hesitation, to her new name, *Lilly*. It was a fact that she often contemplated later. Even when her service ended and the collar and the ear tag were removed, she would still wear the brands that identified her as the ComPet Lilly. She wondered if she could ever think of herself fully as Juliette Walsh ever again.

Beyond accepting her new name – her new *self* – Lilly was forced to abandon not only human speech, but human mannerisms. Simple things like nodding in affirmation, shaking her head to disagree, or shrugging when she wasn't sure were no longer acceptable. Endless hours each day for weeks on end were spent learning to woof, whine, and wag to communicate.

Equal time was given to training her body. While crawling would always be more strenuous than walking, she was made to be "comfortable" and "graceful" on all fours as she and the rest of her litter were drilled back and forth on the grassy training yard in the bright, summer heat. If she wasn't crawling, she was squatting to strengthen her thighs in order to prepare her

to properly relieve herself outside, and to prepare her to spend a great deal of time pathetically begging for anything that she wanted, and often what she didn't want.

It wasn't long into her training that Lilly learned the real meaning of "service" as far as ComPets went. Lilly was no prude, but she wasn't exactly "adventurous" in the bedroom either. She'd had two serious boyfriends, but their lovemaking had been restricted to tame missionary style encounters in dark rooms. She'd only ever attempted oral sex once when she was drunk and never again after that because she thought it was gross and demeaning. To her horror, a ComPet was trained to please others with every part of her body regardless of her feelings.

They started her on rubber and plastic practice "knots" before eventually moving her onto the real thing once she was deemed docile enough. In either case, she spent long hours being made to beg and whine for the "privilege" of doing service before having to perform whatever depraved and disgusting acts the trainers could imagine. She learned to repress her gag reflex and mind her teeth as larger and larger shafts were shoved down her protesting throat. She learned to swallow every hot, sticky, foul-tasting load, or be forced to lick it off the floor to clean up the mess that *she* had made. Countless times she was made to back up to a practice knot or the real thing and bounce against it, squeezing her tight "puppy parts" around it as she did. She was not allowed to hunch her shoulders or allow the revulsion and shame that she felt show in her face. Shocked, swatted, and scolded, she was told again and again in no uncertain terms that she "loved this," that she "wanted this" and that she would show it on her face accordingly.

Lilly learned to keep a wide, open mouthed smile on her face with her tongue lolling from it even as the trainers called her a "slut" and insisted she "enjoyed this." Even as ever larger knots and cocks forced their way into her, making her feel as if she would be torn apart she learned to smile and pant, even as her eyebrows turned up and tears ran down her freckled cheeks. Lilly hid herself behind this mask and kept going by assuring herself that things would get better after she was finished with obedience

training. They had to. At least then she'd only have to service one disgusting man instead of a whole team of trainers.

Her hopes were dashed and things only grew worse after she was released from obedience training and "adopted." Her owner was a fat, smelly slob named Donald Davis. He may have been lazy and grotesquely overweight, but he never seemed to run out of energy when it came to using her. Every day he seemed to go out of his way to invent new ways to humiliate her for his amusement, or at least to use his tried and true methods to their greatest effect.

Every morning walk he'd drag Lilly to the most public "puppy potty station" he could find, usually picking a new one at a slightly different time each day so that she'd have a new audience to watch her do her business. During obedience training, in the company of other trainees cringing their way through the process on the training yard, it was bad, but she got as used to it as anyone could have. Out on a noisy public street, with sometimes a dozen people staring at her, some taking photos or videos, asking her owner questions and making remarks made each trip a nightmare.

Donald being Donald, he always managed to make those trips worse. He chose those walks to give her a daily cocktail of vitamins and other supplements through, to her horror, an enema. There were always a few gawkers who just had to ask what he was doing as the tube quickly replaced her tail plug. Without missing a beat he'd explain that he was simply giving her "medicine" and wave away any concerns by telling onlookers that it "keeps your bitch healthy" and that "she enjoys this" as the liquid made her flat tummy painfully swell. It was astounding how people were so conditioned by propaganda to believe his flimsy explanations, even as right before their eyes Lilly lay there, her face and breasts smashed against the dirty concrete, her trembling ass in the air as her tears flowed and her nose ran. It was even more astounding that they'd believe him when Donald filled her to the brim, plugged her securely, and made her play fetch until he was satisfied that her medicine was properly "mixed up in there." The pain and the shame were overwhelming as she crawled back and forth as quickly as she could with her bowels sloshing with the medicinal fluid. While she never felt true happiness in service, relief washed over her when she heard

him finally say, “Good girl” and he pulled her plug and let her release the fluid all over the potty station. His bulbous fingers teased her sensitive puppy parts as the last few squirts of fluid dripped down between her legs. They’d trained her out of most inhibitions, at least on the surface. Whatever was in the fluid and probably her food and even her water had increased her libido. With all the stimulation on top of that she couldn’t help herself and whined loudly as she was seized by a powerful orgasm.

“Hey, I think she just came...”

“From doing that? What a slut!”

As time went on, Lilly wondered if it was the propaganda that changed people or if it just gave them an excuse to show what they always were. Each time Donald degraded her and made her cum, Lilly told herself over and over again that it was because he forced her, not because she liked it. It didn’t take long into her service with him though to look forward to the orgasms, forced or not. Rooted in shame and self-hatred as they were, they were the only pleasure she had. She wondered if April had found similar comfort, or if she’d somehow managed to rise above it all. Lilly hoped that it had been the latter.

The public and private humiliations Donald heaped upon her were nothing compared to the reality of servicing him. When he’d binge watch daytime TV, she’d be down between his fat, hairy thighs with his thick, stubby cock in her mouth. It didn’t matter if he came quickly or not, he kept her there for hours sucking and licking until her tongue was sore and jaw was nearly locked.

Many times after he’d pumped his smelly, foul tasting gunk down her throat, Donald would make her lap at his bushy taint until he grew hard again. With a touch of a remote he’d flip her puppy gear to “in heat” mode. The relentless vibration of the c-string covering her pussy made her whine and squirm, but it never pushed her over the edge. It was to motivate her, not to please her. Though Lilly couldn’t see Donald’s sweaty, blubbery face with her own buried in his repulsive crotch, she could hear the smile in his voice when he’d order her to turn around followed by the crass command of, “Face and tits down, ass up, Lilly!” She was never as quick about it as

she was supposed to be, but she always managed to move just quickly enough not to incur a harsh, “Bad dog!” followed by a painful shock from her collar.

Not being allowed to look behind her, something she was actually grateful for, Lilly had to guide herself back towards Donald’s waiting prick by feel and by memory. With the c-string removed, she shivered in disgust when she felt the bloated, purple head against her bare, well-greased, quivering opening. Each time she tried not to think about who was behind her. Instead she focused on the horrible neediness the incessant vibrations of the c-string had given her until he mumbled, “Go on, Lilly. Ride your hog!”

Lilly braced herself as she moved her hips back towards the man who was her owner and felt his rod slide into her, stretching her. She pressed herself against him, deliberately taking each inch of him into herself, until she felt the bristle of his pubic hair against her pert, upturned ass. Then she slowly moved forward again, shuddering at the sensation of him sliding back out of her. Lilly was careful not to pull away far enough so that he came out. He hated that. She waited one beat and then pressed herself back again, starting a steady rhythm that would increase over time, working hard to squeeze him, milk him, until inevitably he’d groan and she’d feel the familiar, disgusting warm, sticky rush inside of her.

Donald never moved much during these sessions. At first Lilly believed that it was because he was a lazy pile of redundant flesh, which he was, but later she came to realize that he made her do all the work because it forced her to be party in her own defilement. After she understood, Lilly felt as if each service was like being asked to dig her own grave.

Despite the indignities of being Donald’s service animal, Lilly’s basic needs as defined by the Federal Bureau of Pettification (FBP) were always met. Though her ribs had started to show from all the activity and the stress, Donald always kept her well-fed. He even went so far as to force-feed her if she refused to eat by placing his heavy foot on the back of her head and keeping her face in the dog bowl until she stopped “being stubborn” and ate all her “num-nums.” Likewise she was kept well-hydrated, though many times she got her water “second hand” when he didn’t feel like taking a trip to the bathroom. She had a designated place to sleep, a modest doggy bed

located at the foot of his bed so that she'd be nearby if he decided to enjoy a "little midnight snack." Though she often spent days at a time covered in a disgusting mixture of her sweat, Donald's sweat and his smelly, dried spunk, due to a combination of his laziness and because he seemed to revel in how much she hated it, he always seemed to anticipate when the Human Pet Protection Service (HPPS) was going to do a "pop-in" welfare inspection and would take her to the groomers to have her thoroughly cleaned the day prior.

It didn't seem to matter anyway. None of the male HPPS inspectors seemed to do more than take a glance at Lilly's accommodations or her cleanliness. They asked Donald very few questions, at least in regards to her care. They seemed to mostly be interested in asking about her performance and in checking if she had any "stress" in the vicinity of her breasts and nether regions. One of them did express some concern about how thin she was, but after Donald made her perform service on the inspector with her drooly, little mouth he agreed that his concerns were "unfounded" and noted that Lilly was "happy, healthy, and very eager to serve."

The only time she got a female inspector, the welfare check was very different. The inspector was a small, bespectacled, raven haired gal with an immediately off-putting demeanor that had no doubt been developed after having to deal with men like Donald on a daily basis. Her name was Sue Sharp, and her inspection was as keen as her last name. She curtly refused any refreshments offered by Donald, asked him detailed questions about Lilly's daily life and examined her living arrangements very thoroughly. Lilly felt the corners of her mouth twitch up for the first time in a long while as the diminutive examiner took photos and notes, while censuring Donald out loud for every little thing she saw wrong. Donald, for his part, took the criticism about inadequate tether lengths and improperly stored puppy chow with good natured chortling, but Lilly knew him well enough to see that he was seething underneath.

When Sue donned a pair of white rubber gloves and began the physical examination, her gaze briefly met Lilly's and they stared at each other for long seconds. Lilly felt tears pool in the corners of her eyes, but for a very different reason than normal. It was the first time anyone had looked at her

like a person since the day before she had been processed. In spite of all her training, she opened her mouth just to say, “thank you.” She didn’t even complete the first syllable when the sitter scolded her, “Bad dog!” and a terrible shock ripped through her.

Donald showed Sue out as Lilly regained her senses. He returned with a piece of paper in his hand. “Recommend a psychological evaluation...” He muttered and then crumpled up the paper with a laugh. He threw the paper wad at Lilly and it bounced off her head. “What would a brain dead little animal like you need with a psychological evaluation?” He asked as he grabbed her by her hair while unzipping his pants and dragged the dazed girl’s face to his crotch. “The only time there’s anything in that bubble head of yours is when I put this in it! And *it* doesn’t need therapy!”

Lilly whined weakly and began to suck as he guided her back and forth along his thick shaft. “Sue Sharp...” He mumbled. “Your little friend ought to be careful. When I’m done with you I might just have to make her your replacement!”

At the mention of replacing her with the tiny inspector, Donald grunted and shot his slimy filth down her throat. He pressed her face into him and held her there even as her throat spasmed in protest, as he often did when he wanted to make a point about who was in charge. Lilly gasped for air, but only succeeded in inhaling more of him. Her vision began to blur and she wondered, as she always did, if he was going to end her pathetic little life right then. Without fail, just like all the times before, no sooner had she wondered that when he pulled himself from her mouth with an audible “pop” and allowed her to fall to the ground panting and mewling.

Lilly had not recovered when he took what he called her “helper collar” from a hook on the kitchen wall and placed it on her neck right above her regular collar. The two metal prongs on its interior pressed into her skin. As it was going on, Lilly tried to stifle herself. The helper collar wasn’t like the petsitter collar. It didn’t just shock her for making an “unapproved noise” it shocked her, and worse, for making *any* noise.

“It has a full battery, Lilly. It’ll stay on until that runs out. Maybe next time we have an inspector here you won’t try telling lies with your eyes!”

Lilly's life before her encounter with Sue had been awful, but she'd become so numb to everything, she could deal with it day by day. After getting a taste of what it was like to be a person again, if only for just a few moments and in such a small way, Lilly found living with Donald unbearable. Even though she knew it was pointless, she ran away multiple times just to show Donald and herself that she still had some spark of life left in her. Each time she wound up being found quickly and each time she was promptly returned to Donald. He never punished her for running away. He wouldn't even call it that. She'd just "wandered off" he'd tell her and anyone who was listening. Once she was back in Donald's home he made it a point to force her to cum again and again to remind her of what she truly was.

During her escapes, she'd ended up at an FBP clinic twice. The first time was reminiscent of the HPPS inspections she'd received; no one seemed to care what may have driven her to run away. They simply detained her in a small metal kennel and called for her owner to come and collect her. The second time, however, was very different. When the supervising veterinarian, a thin, frizzy haired man in his late twenties, whom she later learned was named Dr. Ezzat Andre – Ed – took her into his office and turned off her petsitter, Lilly was wary to say the least. Her whole body went rigid when he took off his white lab coat. She sobbed, figuring that his pants were going to come off next, but then he draped the coat over her shoulders and *asked* her instead of ordering her to tell him why she ran away. Having not spoken for so long and overwhelmed with emotion, Lilly's explanation wasn't coherent, but in the midst of it all she heard him say, "I'll make sure he won't take you back."

After she'd managed to calm down, the kind veterinarian gave her a complete examination before tucking her into a holding crate with a soft blanket and a pillow. The doctor had ruffled her hair and told her that she was a "good girl." It was no different than the kind of patronizing things that Donald would say to her, but the intent behind it was different. She drifted into the first peaceful sleep she'd had in nearly two years.

When Lilly woke up, things would be more different than she could have possibly imagined. Agents of F.E.R.A.L raided the clinic and rescued her and the other puppy girls being held there. Amidst shouting and shooting

they bundled Lilly and the others into the back of a van and spirited them out of the city. Though she was initially frightened she was ecstatic to be free, though she found herself dwelling on the nice veterinarian. She hoped he was alright.

It took some getting used to, wearing clothes, talking, and standing on two legs, but it quickly came back to her. Introducing herself to her fellow escapees and their rescuers as “Juliette” felt good, but also disingenuous. Watching her pet gear burn with the gear of the others behind an old, abandoned gas station south of the city felt marvelous, but they weren’t yet out of danger.

A few days later, in fact, it seemed the law had caught up with them, but was in fact just a man and woman following them for their own reasons. Juliette and the others watched the leader of their rescuers, an overly-intense woman named Sapphire, wave a pistol around in front of a tall, good-looking man she called “Detective Jericho” and his “little helper, Sue Sharp. Juliette hadn’t forgotten the name of the inspector who had treated her well. She was shocked to see that the formally, uptight little woman was in some kind of homemade pet gear on all fours by the heel of the detective. Juliet and Sue exchanged looks of recognition. In a way it was as if they’d switched places.

Sapphire’s words hit Juliette like a sledge hammer. “Since I already got to have my fun with that hu-vet, I think it’s only fair that I should let one of you have the chance to feel the same thing by killing these two.”

Had Sapphire hurt Ed? Had she killed him? Juliette’s thoughts were interrupted by Sapphire pushing a gun towards her with the order to shoot both of the intruders.

Juliette, for everything she’d been through, for all the times she’d felt like doing harm to Donald and the others who’d humiliated and tortured her, was not a killer and she said as much. Juliette didn’t know anything about the detective, but if he was with Sue, she was willing to at least give him the benefit of the doubt. Sapphire was insistent and pushed the gun at Juliette again and again, her order to kill getting more intense by the moment. In the midst of this reverse tug-of-war Sue leapt up from the

ground and bit Sapphire's hand making the gun drop and spin out of reach. In the confusion that followed, Sapphire ran away with the tall detective in pursuit. Freed of her bonds, Sue was left behind, with the gun and the order to not let them leave.

There were long moments of silence after the detective left. The escapees stared at Sue and she stared back.

Juliette broke the silence. "I was trying to say, 'thank you.'"

Sue furrowed her brow. "For what?"

"For looking at me like I was a person instead of a dumb animal during the exam."

She pulled the cheap, floppy dog ears from the top of her head and tossed them aside. "I don't...um, you're welcome?"

Juliette nodded and everyone lapsed back into silence for a moment. As quickly as she'd grown to love F.E.R.A.L for freeing her, she suddenly hated them. They'd killed one of the two decent people in the whole FPB, and "rescued" her near the end of her service. If they hadn't shown up, Juliette could have endured a few more months as Lilly safely around Ed's clinic and then been free and legal. Having escaped, there was a very real possibility that she could have time added to her service, or worse, follow in her sister's footsteps.

What was done was done, but Juliette had no intention of going back to service. Sue already seemed uncomfortable holding the gun and more so with guarding them.

"Are you really going to take us back?" Juliette asked. "You know what they'll do to us."

Sue pursed her lips and looked down, before lowering the pistol. Juliette was surprised. She figured she'd have to pull some kind of inspiring speech out of her ass to try and convince Sue to let them go, but a simple question was all it took.

“Yes, I know.” She handed Juliette the gun. “Go before the detective comes back. I’ll explain everything.”

Needing no further encouragement, the others scurried out the back exit as quick as they could. Juliette paused in the doorway and said, “Thank you again.”

When she was safely on the other side of the border Juliette could finally breathe, but her joy was short lived. In the F.E.R.A.L safe house, she finally got a look at her own ComPet file, which had been downloaded from her gear before it had been destroyed. In addition to all her measurements, habits, and a record of ownership, she noticed that her parents and sister were listed, unsurprisingly, under a section titled “Relatives.” Out of curiosity, she tapped on the word “sister” and a truncated version of a ComPet file for her popped up. It showed April’s start date of service as well as a note about her permanently postponed release. Juliette gasped when her eyes ran across the name “Donald P. Fisher” listed as April’s original owner, before she’d proven “dangerous” and was reassigned to the experimental division.

The gears in Juliette’s mind began to turn. Donald had never been shy about bribing FBP officials and HPPS inspectors. It was too convenient that April would be declared a dangerous animal when she had less than a day before her release. It was too much of a coincidence already that both April and Juliette had been drafted into pet service. It was near impossible that they’d both end up with the same owner. The son-of-a-bitch knew something about her sister and Juliette was going to find out what.

The F.E.R.A.L people were very good at setting up new identities for the young women they’d rescued. Though they tried to persuade her to join their cause, but after learning what Sapphire had done to poor Ed, she had no interest. Besides that, Juliette had only one cause, finding and rescuing her sister from whatever the so-called experimental division. Armed with a little money and new identity papers, Juliette came back across the border and took the first train back to Central City. Dressed in a baggy gray hoodie and jeans and with her hair cut to pixie length and dyed blonde, she neither attracted attention nor resembled her old self.

Donald's house was dark when she arrived just past midnight on a Friday night. Unless his routine had changed he would no doubt be passed out on his favorite chair after consuming a tragic amount of greasy pizza and cheap beer. He would be an easy target. Juliette's heart pounded as she crept around to the back door. Only the thought of what Donald and the ComPet program had done to her sister kept her going.

The doggy door in the bottom of the backdoor was still unlocked. It took every ounce of willpower Juliette had to go down on all fours and crawl through it into the dark kitchen. She braced for a shock as she slowly stood back up and breathed easy when it did not come. The TV flickered and blared from the front room. Steeling herself, Juliette fished zip ties from her pocket and slid the butcher knife from its holder on the cluttered counter.

Donald was right where she thought he would be, sawing logs in his favorite chair. His snores were so loud that they almost drowned out the blast of the TV. He never heard her coming and Juliette acted quickly. Before he'd even begun to awaken, Donald's wrists were secured to the d-rings he'd had installed to the front of each armrest, ironically to keep *her* from wandering off.

"Wha... what's going on?" Donald mumbled sleepily and strained against the zip ties.

Juliette said nothing and instead turned down the TV.

"Who – who are you? What do you want?" Donald asked, his speech slightly slurred.

Juliette stared at him as the multicolored pictures from the light of the TV played out across his fat, stupid face. She brandished the knife and watched its shadow travel across his face.

Donald pulled against the restraints again and said in a slightly more sober voice. "Hey, just take what you want, okay?"

It was gratifying watching the paunchy pig squirm. She wanted him to understand what it was to be helpless, but she wanted to rescue her sister

more. So, she kept things moving.

“Your first ComPet, what happened to her?”

“What?”

“You heard me.”

“She – *they* took her back after she went wild.”

“Who is ‘they’?”

“Why the hell should you care? I’ve got money in my wallet... it’s on the...”

“I don’t care about your money.” Juliette was losing patience. She stepped closer. The training and torture she’d undergone made her hesitate to be aggressive, but when she heard no correction, and she felt no shock, she came closer with the knife at Donald’s eye level.

There was a sudden look of recognition on his face.

“Lilly?”

She put the knife to his throat. “Don’t ever call me that again!” She was trembling. “Tell me what happened to my sister. Tell me where April is!” She hissed.

“Oh, God, fuck!” Donald exclaimed. “I’ll tell you whatever you want to know. Just take the knife...”

Juliette pressed the knife ever so slightly into his skin giving him no more than a paper cut, but it was enough to make him keep talking.

“She’s under the name ‘Patches’ now and they have her at the FBP Headquarters downtown in the experimental division. God, that’s all I know!”

Juliette wanted to kill him, but even then she still wasn't a killer. She returned to the kitchen, flipped on the light and saw the "helper collar" hanging on its familiar hook. She remembered the terrible shocks if she even dared breathe too loud. It wasn't long enough to go around his stout, flabby neck so she made sure the two metal prongs were firmly against his sweaty throat and then ran duct tape around his neck until she was satisfied that the collar was secure.

She turned it on. The solid green light showed that the collar would respond with an intense shock if it detected the slightest sound from Donald. "It has a full battery, Donald." Juliette said.

Donald opened his mouth to beg, but the shock choked his pleadings into silence. With great satisfaction, Juliette noted the wet patch forming on the front of Donald's pants and seat cushion below him.

Juliette left a blessedly silent Donald behind her. She may not have been a killer, but she had no problem stepping aside and letting hunger and dehydration do the work for her.

Part 1: Consequences

It had been just fine to say that she accepted the consequences for doing the right thing, but Sue had quickly learned that accepting consequences and living them were a world apart. For “failure to follow orders” and “deserting their duty” Sue and Robert had both been placed under disciplinary action. Robert had been suspended from the police force for two months without pay. If she were a regular employee of the Federal Bureau of Pettification, Sue might have simply been fired, but she wasn’t a regular employee. Her contract, while saving her from the draft, still technically made her the property of the Bureau, so while she was suspended without pay for the same duration as Robert, during that time she was expected to serve the organization in whatever way its leadership deemed fit. They deemed it fit that Sue serve as a postal pet around the FBP headquarters – postal pet number twenty-five to be exact. Sue had only been at it for a matter of weeks, but twelve hour shifts without a day off made it feel like she’d been at the job forever.

The morning started like normal. At 4:50 AM, Sue entered the Federal Bureau of Pettification headquarters through the back entrance, red-eyed and sore from the previous day’s work. As much as she wasn’t in a hurry to start her shift, she absolutely did not want to be tardy. In the short orientation that she’d received on the first day she’d been informed that every minute she was late would result in an extra hour being added to her already grueling shift.

At 4:55 AM Sue and the others doing “community service” hastily undressed in front of their lockers. As dehumanizing as it was to have the heavysset, sour-faced matron barking at them to hurry up, Sue was actually grateful for it. With the big bitch rushing all of them there was no time for awkward, idle chit chat. There was no time for anyone to really look at each other. Most importantly, there was no time for anyone to tease her about her slight figure, which actually made the whole situation a step above gym class in high school.

At 5:00 AM Sue and the others were on all fours, the cold of the metal exam tables that they'd been placed upon bit at their open palms and knees, while the hot, bright light above them simultaneously made them all sweat. The handlers in charge of getting them ready were nothing like Donna. As much as it irritated Sue to admit, in the world of puppy girl grooming, Donna was a true artist, but the handlers preparing the postal pets were more like line workers in some perverse factory. They were as cold as the table, and incredibly ruthless in their efficiency. While they were brushing her hair into high pigtails and securing large, light blue bows at their bases, Sue found herself almost wishing someone would tell her that she was "a pretty puppy" just once. There was no praise for her obedience as she remained perfectly still while they rudely shoved her hands into the standard, light blue, padded paw mittens, slipped the matching paw "booties" over her feet, placed small round covers with jingly little bells over her tender, pink nipples, and affixed pointy doggy ears to the top of her head. There were no comforting, reassuring words as latex coated fingers probed her and rubbed in ample, funny smelling lubrication over her gaping, raw holes. Sue tried to stay relaxed as the cruel, metal tubes were shoved into both of her well-greased openings and secured. When they were finished, she sported two capped "mail slots" for particularly important messages stored in red cylinders that everyone referred to as "mail knots." There was a number one engraved on the cap that covered the slot nestled inside her quivering pussy. In addition to having a stubby, light blue tail affixed to it, the other slot, sticking out of her similarly trembling anus, was engraved with the number two. Sue had learned after the first day, when it had taken the whole team to hold her still, not to fight it. Though tight as she was, no matter how relaxed and accommodating to the invaders she tried to be, she felt tears of pain running down her cheeks. Worse than the pain, she felt deep shame as she felt herself squeeze down on the hard cylinder despite the discomfort. It was just enough to mingle pleasure with the pain.

Before whisking her off the table, they place a light blue, nylon "vest" over her back with a sign on either side that read, "Please don't pet me! I'm working!" The sign made her want to laugh bitterly, but fear of receiving a jolt from the final item they put on her – the heavy shock-collar – always held her back. The bruises and red marks on her upturned behind and

hanging breasts made it clear that they weren't interested in protecting her or making her more efficient at a pointless job, they just wanted to make her feel more like an animal than she already did.

At 5:29 AM Sue and the other postal pets lined up in the dingy mailroom on a yellow line that was half worn away from the textured paw pads of all the puppy girls before them. At the exact half hour, the whole line sat up a little straighter as the petsitter that was embedded in each collar, pair of ears, pair of mail slots, and nipple covers sprang to life. Each of them heard the same mechanical voice in their heads, "Petsitter – Postal Pet Edition online... running equipment diagnostic..." Every morning she heard the cold, unfeeling voice Sue felt a flutter in her belly. The rough handlers had only put her little body into bondage, but it wasn't until the sitter was on that Sue felt the terrible intoxication of true helplessness. She wondered if there were any other girls in the line who were enjoying it like she was, if only just a little bit.

The petsitter continued with its morning setup, identifying each component of the gear. Sue was so lost in thought she forgot to tense like all the others when the petsitter droned without passion, "Correction test... Bad dog!" The whole line yelped in unison as a shock went through their collars, their clip on ears, their nipple covers, and worst of all their mail slots.

Sue blinked away tears and sniffled. She'd learned after the first day not to drink much water if any at all before her shift. The shock was far more intense than the ones she'd received when she'd gone undercover as a puppy girl months before in specialized gear. So intense that with a full bladder she'd made a puddle during the diagnostic. Days later the tip of her nose was still a little red from being rubbed in the mess. The rough concrete floor did quite a number on her soft skin.

The moment that the petsitters were all online, a cheerful chime sounded in the mailroom manager's office, which was in an adjacent room. Moments later, the manager plodded through the open door and stood in front of the line. Lloyd Hannah didn't command much respect from the "his" postal pets for a variety of reasons. Only in his mid-twenties, he was already sporting the gut and thinning hairline of a slovenly man twice his age. What's more, he only had the job because his dad was higher-up in the FBP,

which meant that he could be as careless and lazy as he wanted – almost – and not have to worry about consequences. Sue disliked and disrespected him as much as the others, but she felt a little hypocritical as she had benefited from family connections herself. Then again he was standing and she was stuck on all fours with a tube up her butt, so obviously their connections were not equal.

After being summoned by the chime, every morning he would summarize the previous day's performance and offer "helpful" advice to improve performance, before assigning the girls their daily routes. The way he stumbled his way through these morning speeches bored Sue, but she made sure to listen carefully nonetheless to make sure that she didn't miss anything important.

"Uh, so, anyway..." As he spoke he gestured with a half-eaten convenience store breakfast burrito and a white coffee mug that read "Cool story, babe, now go make my coffee" across the side. "There have been some complaints from the higher-ups, you mutts have been whining for treats too long after making early deliveries. Knock it off! No more than five seconds of those pathetic noises! If they don't want to give you a treat after that you're not getting one! Understand?"

The whole line barked unenthusiastically in response. Sue grimaced. It was easy for that greasy looking bastard to say something like that. Postal pets didn't get a break for their whole shift. They were completely dependent on being fed treats for good performance.

"Besides, you lazy, little bitches are getting kind of pudgy anyway. You could afford to skip a snack and probably a meal or two! Especially you, number six! Oink! Oink!"

Lloyd snorted at number six; a chubby, dark skinned girl, when she lowered her head shamefully. He laughed so hard that he spilled coffee from his mug onto the floor. "Oh, damn. Well, *somebody* is going to have to clean this up! Um... how about number..."

Lloyd gestured back at forth at the line with his stupid mug, spilling more coffee on the floor with each sweep. Sue shrank against the floor with the

rest of the girls. After having gotten his attention on her first day when she'd had her little "accident," the last thing she wanted that morning was to be on his radar and to have to hear the dumb nickname he'd given her.

Sue silently begged the universe. *Please, just let it be someone else. I'm so tired...*

"Number 25, I mean, Puddles, come!" He pointed to the floor in front of him.

Sue cringed.

Well, that figures.

She crawled to the spot he'd indicated, sat back on her haunches and waited. The springs in the tail attached to the cap of her number two mail slot made it wag back and forth with every motion she made. It gave her the appearance of being happy and eager to serve even though her posture and the dark circles under her eyes said otherwise.

"Let's see if Puddles is as good at cleaning up messes as she is at making them! Puddles, lick up the coffee. Make that floor shine!"

After having been with the Federal Bureau of Pettification for some time, Sue wasn't particularly shocked by the command, but she still didn't want to do it. Thinking about all the foot traffic that went through there made the prospect of licking the floor more than just gross. The mail sorters working behind Lloyd stopped their work. They stood there with their arms crossed, watching and waiting. Lloyd and the sorters all had the same shit-eating grins on their faces, while the other postal pets watched with a mixture of sympathy and relief that they weren't in her place.

"We're waiting, Puddles!" Lloyd coaxed.

Sue stared down at the splashes of black coffee. It only felt like a moment, but the petsitter clicked on in her head and rebuked her, "Bad dog! Obey commands!" The scolding was punctuated with a stinging shock to her throat making her yelp.

Knowing that more hesitation would only mean more pain, Sue sniffled, lowered her face to the ground, stuck out her tongue, and gently touched it to the first coffee puddle. Sue shivered in disgust as the flavor of dirt, grime, and cheap coffee soaked into her taste buds. She bristled at knowing what she looked like with her covered nipples brushing the floor and her scrawny, pale behind up in the air.

Lloyd remarked to the sorters, “See, what I tell you? Not even a bit of shame in any of these little bitches!” The men laughed and clapped in agreement, urging her to keep “scrubbing.” After three generous licks the first puddle was replaced with small, wet swaths made from Sue’s tongue. As she moved to the next one she rubbed her tongue against the roof of her mouth in a vain attempt to rub away the awful, dusty taste and cottony feeling.

She struggled through licking up two additional spots and was relieved that there was only one more to go. She crawled, almost gratefully, for it and prepared to finish her disgusting task, when suddenly Lloyd stepped on the last spot with his scuffed, brown dress shoe.

“Oh, now would you look at that?” He chortled, raising it up. “I accidentally got some on the bottom of my shoe! I guess that’s one more thing for you to clean, but I’m sure you don’t mind, do you Puddles?”

I dunno... would you mind if I bit off your fat nose, asshole?

Sue looked at the worn sole of the shoe. There wasn’t even a trace of moisture on it. Not that it would have mattered. She wondered why it was so much grosser when it was the bottom of his shoe as her tongue slowly came back out of her mouth.

She could hear the sorters stifling laughter and see them pointing. “Look, the little bitch is going to actually do it!”

“Hell, you’d think she’d fight it just a little!”

You try getting shocked for fighting it “just a little!” Then see how much of a struggle you put up...

“Clock is ticking, Puddles!”

Sue’s cheeks burned hotter as she tasted and felt the same grit, dirt, and filth along with an undercurrent of burnt rubber and the smell of old shoe polish. Try as she might, she could not imagine herself elsewhere like she normally would. She was trapped physically and mentally, licking a loathsome man’s shoe while everyone watched. The fact disturbed her, but fortunately, the 5:45 AM alarm went off signaling that it was time to receive their mail knots and start their deliveries by 6:00 AM.

Sue was exhausted already and her day had only just begun.

Part 2: The Mail Must Go Through

Damp with cooling sweat, Sue panted and crawled as fast as she could up the stairs of the cold, musty, dimly lit stairwell. As tiring and inefficient as it was for her and the others to use, it was the only way that postal pets were allowed to move between floors as the elevators were reserved for “people” only. Having been assigned to a “bottom to top route” she would be spending the day slowly ascending the building making deliveries between departments. It was a grueling assignment that she was already very familiar with as she’d already been made to do it three times. Of course, she and the others had been assured that the route would only be given once a week, but Sue wasn’t surprised at being singled out.

She was carrying a “full load” to the ComPet draftee processing center, which meant she had a mail knot crammed into both her number one and two slots, and she carried a third one horizontally in her mouth like a dog would a bone. The knots were just a little longer than the cylinders of the slots and Sue could feel their bulbous, smooth ends rubbing her inside making her journey up the stairs even more challenging. Drool escaped from the corners of her mouth as drool of a different kind was already starting to seep out from the edges of her number one slot. Each step she ascended was maddening, as the motion made the knots move in and out just a fraction. They teased her to the edge of orgasm, but never allowed her to get to that point. Sue wasn’t surprised about that either.

Eventually, she reached the top of the stairs and made her way through the little doggy door next to the fire door. The tile floor was just as hard under her paws as the concrete stairs, but at least they were cleaner and the hallway she’d emerged onto was better lit. Better still, it was deserted so that there was no one to gawk at her. Still, Sue kept to the side, because like the elevators, the lion’s share of the hallway was reserved for “people.” It was supposedly for her safety as well, as even though she had bells attached to her nipple covers and collar to signal her presence, she was well out of the eye line of people and thus risked being stepped on. In any case she

moved as quickly as she could down the hall to the door simply marked, “Main Processing.”

She could already hear the hubbub through the flap of another conveniently placed doggy door, but she still jumped a bit when she poked her head through and all the usual commotion in the room struck her ears. Large, male handlers in gray overalls with the red FBP symbol emblazoned on their sleeves and caps barked short, intimidating orders at cowering groups of twenty-year-old girls of all shapes, colors, and sizes.

Sue crawled by one group as a handler shouted, “Strip!” at them.

The group, or “litter” as they’d soon be called, ran the gamut of emotions, just like they always did. Some cried, some blushed, some were surprisingly composed, and there was always at least one who outright refused. In that group there were two “troublemakers.” Both of them defiantly yelled a choice selection of four letter words at the handler along with variations of “you can’t do this,” which, of course, was demonstrably wrong as they were immediately seized by other handlers and “assisted” in undressing. There was a part of Sue that admired them for showing backbone, but in the end they ended up trembling and naked just like the others, and worse the rough treatment they received for their trouble only seemed to make the ones that were already timid even more-meek. Each day she watched roughly the same scene play out, and Sue wondered how she would have reacted had she not been spared the draft.

As the group was marched off for outfitting, Sue made her way toward the floor manager’s kiosk in the middle of the room. She spied the manager, the only thing distinguishing him from the others were the words “team lead” written across his cap, leaning on the counter casually reading something off a scuffed tablet while eating a delicious looking pastry.

His eyes darted down towards her before returning to whatever it was he was reading. He slowly took a bite of the pastry and savored it in the most obviously exaggerated way possible, as if he were being filmed for an ad. Sue looked down and gritted her teeth, but not too hard lest she leave marks on the knot. She hated that every guy, and most girls, in the building seemed to just have to play this stupid little flex every time she made a

delivery. She popped up into a squat, quickly widening her eyes and curling the corners of her mouth up into a smile as she did to appear as excited to do her job as she possibly could.

The floor manager chuckled and nodded at whatever he was reading and took another bite of his pastry. Sue bounced to make her bells jingle, hoping that her impatience didn't somehow show through their jingling.

“Oh, number twenty-five, sorry, didn't see you there!”

Like hell you didn't!

He set the pad and the pastry down on the counter and held his palm under her drool-slicked chin. “Drop it.”

She gratefully let the knot drop into his hand and waited for him to give her the “present” order. He made a circular motion with his finger.

“Let's see that tail, twenty-five.”

Sue dropped back down to all fours, lowered her face to the tile floor and presented both her slots to him. Her whole body went rigid as he popped both of the caps at once making the slots move inside her. She braced just moments before he pulled the knots from both her holes with a wet “plop.” She shuddered at the disgusting sound and the feeling of her warm, sticky juices running down the inside of her thighs. The absence of the two invaders suddenly left her feeling empty and needy, and her hips wiggled slowly as she instinctually searched for them.

The floor manager laughed. “Damn, girl, these are greasier than usual! This isn't supposed to be fun!”

It's not! It's...

Sue braced to be “reloaded” but felt a mixture of relief and disappointment when he simply closed and secured the lid of each slot. Her pussy and her anus continued to clinch around the cylinders in anticipation of the knots being replaced.

“Sorry, girl, no more fun for now.” The floor manager chuckled. “All we’ve got is one for that muzzle. Okay, up, girl!”

A little shakily, Sue hopped back up into the squatting position and begged for a treat. In response, the manager reached into his pocket and pulled out a small, bone-shaped dog treat. They gave off a terrible odor, reminiscent of stale urine, and they tasted way worse, but Sue, like every postal pet, would completely abase herself to get one to fill her grumbling tummy. She wasn’t even particularly hungry yet that morning, as she’d woofed down her last protein bar before entering the building, but she knew that she needed to use every opportunity to keep her calories up if she was going to make it through the day.

He looked at his watch. “Well, you were four minutes early this time, but let’s try to get it to five, then we’ll talk!” He put the treat back into his pocket and shoved a new knot into her open mouth. “Take that to grooming room eighteen!” He said before sending her on her way with a hard smack on her already sore behind, the first of many she would receive that day.

Then we’ll talk... asshole. Sue grumbled inwardly, her rump still stinging as she crawled her way through processing and to the grooming and outfitting rooms, the next stop on her long ascent. Sue paused in the long hallway when she suddenly remembered that grooming room eighteen was Donna’s station. Sue felt herself deflate. It was bad enough having to do her new job, having to do it in front of someone who recognized her made it worse. Besides, seeing Donna would make Sue think of Robert, and she didn’t want to think about him, even though she often did anyway.

The petsitter clicked on, “Don’t dawdle, puppy. You’ve got a job to do!” Sue bit down on the knot so hard she thought she might have shattered her teeth when the shock came. Knowing that a second shock wouldn’t be far behind if she didn’t get moving she quickly made her way to the door to room eighteen, knelt down and started pawing at it and whining loudly. She could hear people passing in the hall behind her snickering. For better or for worse though, most in the building found the novelty had worn off of seeing a pathetic, mostly naked girl act like a dog.

The door opened several long moments later. There was Donna dressed in her brightly colored groomer's smock, the loose garment doing little to conceal her voluptuous figure. Despite the early hour, she was just as cheery and full of energy as she always was. What's more, she'd somehow found the time to show up to work with flawless make-up, and her hair put up in a quirky sideways ponytail secured with a retro scrunchy that matched the color of the smock. Sue strongly doubted that it was by accident.

"Aw, does someone have something for me? Why thank you, puppy!" She pulled the knot from Sue's mouth. The strings of Sue's saliva broke and Donna laughed. "Oh, my! We're a drooly little thing aren't we?"

God, Donna, even when you're trying to be nice, you're... still nice, I guess.

Donna removed the contents of the knot and set everything aside. "I don't have anything for you to take today, puppy, but here's a nice treat for being on time!" She held a treat in the palm of her hand under Sue's chin. Sue licked the awful tasting morsel from the groomer's hand. She was grateful that she didn't have to beg for the privilege of eating dog food, and even more grateful that Donna didn't seem to recognize her.

Donna knelt down and patted Sue's head as she praised. "Good girl! That's right. Eat it all up! Oh, there's a little crumb you missed!"

In spite of herself, Sue melted into the kind touch and words, worming her little pink tongue over Donna's palm to get every last bit.

"Hey..." Donna whispered in her ear so that the other groomers in the room did not hear. "Hang in there, Sue. Let's talk after your shift."

Sue made eye contact, as hard as it was, and nodded back before she was sent on her way again. At least she could still be grateful for the treat and not having to beg to get it.

Sue had always avoided the training floor as much as she could. At first because she just couldn't bear to see the perversion and the cruelty. Then because of the guilt she felt that she had escaped such treatment while so

many others couldn't. Then finally, because she was afraid that she might like what she saw.

And to her horror and shame, she did – at least partially.

With both her slots full again, Sue made her way through the expansive, concrete space that smelled heavily of fear, sweat, and urine. All previous days she'd lucked out and gone through the floor either knot-free or just carrying one in her muzzle. Stuffed and relentlessly teased by the probing knots, Sue crawled shakily; the constant stimulation dulled her disgust and made her see everything she'd previously ignored through a hot, sultry, pink haze. Panting and red faced, she observed other girls, nearly naked and also locked in humiliating puppy gear just as she, at the feet of their trainers learning basic commands and proper doggy behavior. It was clear that some had been there for hours switching between positions like "sit" and "beg" until their muscles and their brains were mush. Each time a girl failed to position herself just right, or she didn't look "perky" enough, or God forbid she try to speak or object to her harsh treatment like a person would, and the new trainees often did, the trainers hurled all kinds of verbal abuse, and liberally employed the shock collar and the crop. So the air was filled with shouted orders, brutal insults, and miserable whines and howls.

Even though all the puppy-girls-in-training wore different patterns of the basic gear, there was a kind of sameness to all of them. It wasn't surprising to Sue. After all, they were all being stripped of their identity by the same methods in the same program. Still, there was one trainee that had stood out to Sue. Sue had first seen her at processing on her first day as a postal pet. She was short and pale, like Sue, but their similarities ended there. She was athletic, sporting an unnatural red pixie cut, and a tattoo on her upper left arm that read "Fuck the F.B.P." Her name was Mia Braun. Sue only knew that because the girl had shouted it, along with language that would have made a sailor and a prostitute blush in equal measure, when they stripped her of her punk rock t-shirt, torn jeans, and spiked bracelets and dragged her away for outfitting. Sue had admired Mia, knowing that she herself could never have been as brave and resistant.

The next day, Sue saw Mia. Though her hands and feet that she had punched and kicked with were encased in padded paws, a thick leather

shock collar had silenced her of her human speech, and the ears and tail made her look ridiculous, Mia had lost none of her fire. Sue watched her bite and struggle even as she was insulted, cropped, and shocked, and she once again admired the redhead's strength. Over the next couple of days, however, Mia's resistance became less and less as the bruises and red marks across her white skin multiplied. Then after just a few days, Sue didn't see her on the floor anymore.

That morning, Sue didn't recognize Mia at first. The tattoo had been removed. All that remained was a pink patch that would soon heal and then all traces of it would be gone. Mia knelt in front of her trainer, her paws were up in a begging pose, and her tongue busily lapped at the man's hairy scrotum while his erection rubbed against her cheek, leaving a trail of stickiness. Normally, Sue was aware that new trainees would have had their paws restrained behind their backs and dental gags propping their "muzzles" open during "oral service" to prevent biting, accidental or otherwise, but Mia had no such accessories. With her gaze locked on the trainer's face, her eyes seemed utterly dead as she licked rapidly, letting out needy, little whines as she bounced her paws ever so slightly.

Sue couldn't believe what she saw. Mia seemed just so... pathetic. Her drool dripped down her chin, onto pert breasts, smooth belly, thighs, and on the floor. The trainer tugged on her leash, choking her, and pulling her back from him. Then he smacked his cock across her face and commanded her curtly to "suck." Her mouth fell open immediately and the bobbing soon followed. Sue couldn't believe her punk rock hero, Mia Braun, could have fallen in line so easily. Sue suddenly hated her for that. How could Mia just be another submissive slut just like all the others?

Just like me...

The sitter clicked on again, "Don't dawdle, puppy. You've got a job to do!" Then in a more robotic, more ominous voice, it added "Second warning" followed by a slightly more intense shock that made Sue yelp and start crawling again.

The trainer grabbed Mia's head and shoved himself to the hilt. With his scrotum resting on Mia's slick chin, he looked over at Sue. "Oh, you want

some of this, pup? Too bad that sign makes you ‘technically’ off limits otherwise I could give you the same lesson!”

With her air cut off, Mia mewled and trembled and choked. When she could clearly take no more, her paws came up and pressed against the trainer’s thighs. The trainer grabbed her head and buried her face in his crotch, which only made her struggle more frantically.

“Bad dog!” He scolded. “I decide when you get to breathe!”

Sue paused and watched the scene, her eyes wide.

Finally, the trainer violently pulled Mia’s face away. His cock popped out of her mouth like a cork out of a champagne bottle, and Mia collapsed to the group gasping and coughing. Without giving her a moment to recover, the trainer harshly ordered her to “sit” with a rough tug on her leash. Dazed and whimpering, she shot back up into position.

“Good dog!” He praised and then spit in her face.

Mia flinched, but Sue saw no resistance in her eyes. How long, Sue wondered, would it be before Mia would at least act like she liked such treatment? Would she ever grow to actually like it?

While the postal pets were only fed treats, they were allowed to stop for drinks at strategically placed water dishes throughout the building, with the caveat “whenever time allows,” which naturally was rare. It was well into the afternoon and Sue was dying for a drink, even more than she was dying for a treat to fill her empty belly, and even more than that she wished she could have just five minutes alone with the horribly uncomfortable slots out of her so that she could paw herself to orgasm. As appalling as the last desire was, she had been forced to make peace with it days before. The hunger and thirst left her without the strength to lie to herself, and the constant stimulation from the knots whether they were being shoved into her, pulled out of her, or just left inside of her only made matters worse.

Sue spied a dish in a small alcove down the hall. There was another postal pet, the voluptuous and dark skinned number six, lapping at it. Sue

scampered up to it and waited her turn. Number six, paused, and slowly looked over her shoulder at Sue, then went back to lapping. Sue was in a daze and stared straight ahead, not even really thinking about the fact that she was staring at number six's backside. She stared at the girl's swollen holes clamped around the cruel metal slots, pulsing a little.

God, I hope I don't look like that back there!

She saw number six's thighs were slick with her juices and reflexively sniffed the air. Her nose wrinkled from the tangy scent of the girl's musk. Sue felt a little ill. She hoped that no one else could smell her like that, but she had a sinking feeling that she both looked and smelled very similarly.

Number six suddenly reared up and yelped, startling Sue. It was clear that she'd been loafing for too long and that her petsitter let her know it! Number six quickly backed away from the bowl. Her and Sue exchanged looks that seemed to say, "Can you believe this?" before she scampered off to her next delivery.

Without looking, Sue quickly replaced number six in front of the bowl. She placed her paws on either side; the tips of her little hanging breasts brushed the ground as she lowered her face down. She opened her eyes when her tongue touched the bottom of the dish, and instead of water she tasted the saliva and sweat of number six, and who knew how many before her.

Sue gulped, and hurried to her next delivery. Surely, she'd find some water soon.

Two more deliveries and Sue still hadn't gotten any water, but the sight coming out of the Media Room – her next drop off and pickup – made her completely forget about her thirst. The door swung open and a gruff handler strode out dragging a pathetic, gagging puppy girl behind him. Only this one wasn't a typical puppy girl. In addition to the usual paw-shaped ComPet brands on the left side of her butt and on the bottom of her belly, she was tattooed on her upper left arm and over the top of her left breast with "EXP 717." Experimental pets were the reason that Sue had always avoided the research wing of the building more seriously than any other part, even the training floor. They gave her the creeps, even if they were

supposed to be there either because they had volunteered for the procedures or because they were there for “their own good.”

The bone-shaped, metal tag hanging from the black, leather collar around the pet’s neck read, “Pepper.” She was clad in black pet gear that matched the collar and her pigtailed hair. Pepper’s expression was obscured by a ridiculous, snout-shaped muzzle strapped tightly over her mouth, but her narrowed, glaring eyes made her feelings very clear, and did nothing to set her apart from many others who resented their situation. Unlike all the other puppy girls Sue saw on a daily basis, Pepper’s arms and legs had been removed at the elbow and the knee. Over the nubs, there were black leather caps with pink paw prints on the bottoms, textured to provide grip on the slippery tiles beneath them.

“Pepper, heel!” The handler snapped, but the truncated puppy girl growled behind her muzzle and tugged back against the leash.

There was a beat and then Pepper went rigid and yelped as no doubt her own petsitter shocked her for growling.

“Oh, so it’s going to be a bad day, huh?” The handler said wearily and looped a choke chain around her neck.

“Pepper, heel!” He repeated, this time with a powerful yank that made the poor pet gag loudly. It didn’t matter if she was inclined to obey or not as he pulled her to his heel and dragged her down the hall. Sue saw tears in Pepper’s eyes and her tail tucked between her legs and followed, choking and gagging all the way.

Sue was horrified, but also morbidly curious. Had this girl volunteered for something so drastic? Had these bastards done it to her on the pretense of *science*? Pepper’s further, pathetic whines as she was dragged down the hall, stumbling on her stumps, her large breasts dragging along the smooth, cool tile each time she did, should have been enough of an answer, but Sue knew how miserable *she* looked and sounded on all fours, while she guiltily shivered with pleasure from the treatment – at least some of it anyway.

Lost in thinking about Pepper, Sue almost missed her opportunity to squeeze through the door before it closed, as frustratingly not every room in the building had a doggy-door installed. The bells affixed to Sue jingled as she scrambled through the opening just before the door clicked shut behind her.

The Media Room was where they made propaganda – *promotional* materials – for the Federal Bureau of Pettification and its programs. Sue wondered what kind of promotion would have included poor Pepper. Did they really think that showing someone like her would make Bureau look good in the eyes of the public? Then she thought about selling points that every media outlet available vomited out, like “rehabilitation” and “repurposing” and how so many people ate up the idea of “troubled” or “rebellious” and “directionless” girls finally finding a place in pet service. Who knew who Pepper used to be, but surely in the eyes of the public she would be “better off” in her grotesque, truncated form.

And if thy right hand offends thee, cut it off, and. cast it from thee...

Sue’s eyes were drawn to a dark haired man with a long, unfashionable beard and a beer belly to match. Despite these two unfortunate qualities, he still managed to cut a sharp, dignified appearance in a suit, reminding Sue a bit of an older Ernest Hemingway. He conversed with another man in a white lab coat in a deep, husky voice. Unsure to whom she was supposed to make her delivery, Sue took a chance and crawled towards him.

The room was set up for a photo-op, with a beach backdrop, cameras, and an excessive amount of dog toys. Sue weaved her way past a beach ball that was bigger than her and narrowly avoided stepping on a squeaky, duck-shaped toy. There was another puppy girl amongst the toys. She looked more like what Sue expected of a poster-child – poster pup – for a photo-op. She was petite, with long brown hair and if not happy she seemed at least content to be just another object – another toy – amongst the others strewn around, sitting and panting and drooling while she watched Sue as she passed.

Sue reached the well-dressed man and prayed that he was the right person. She popped up into a squat and rang her bells to get his attention, but

frustratingly, like so many others he didn't immediately respond. Sue's face was hot from shame and from arousal. Why did she like being disregarded so much? As she bounced, the mail knot buried in her number one slot slipped back and forth inside of her teasing her. She raised her paws up to her mouth and bit into one to keep herself quiet and to hide her face a little – anything to make the situation more bearable.

Oh, I hope no one can smell me! Oh, god, what if I drip on the floor? If only I could just...

The man's deep, powerful voice broke into her desperate thoughts. "Well, it looks like our little delivery is here – and a whole 6 minutes early! Well done, pup, you must know all the shortcuts around here. You're really quite... *sharp!*"

Sue stopped bouncing. Another ruined orgasm smoldered inside of her as she tried to make sense of his words. Did she know him, or did he know her?

"Well, go ahead, pup, present!"

Sue dropped to all fours and presented just as she had many times that day. She tried not to visibly shake and to keep her panting under control as he fiddled with the latch on her number one slot. Every little motion tickled and irritated her, which was surely the point.

She sighed audibly as the knot slid out of her. Her needy little opening clenched against it and Sue silently prayed again that no one in the room could tell how aroused she really was. Her whole tiny body dripped with sweat as she tried to catch her breath and calm down.

The man set the knot aside and said, "What an eager little postal pet you are! Why, I'd have to *sue* to get good help like this anywhere else!"

Sue furrowed her brow. One reference to her name may have been a coincidence, but two? She definitely didn't know him, but he definitely knew her.

“Does the puppy want a treat?” He held out a small, bone-shaped dog treat in his palm.

Sue forced a dumb smile on her face and immediately jumped back into a squatting to beg.

“Do you want it, puppy? Just say so!”

Later Sue would berate herself for immediately replying to him in a high-pitched bark, instead of hesitating for a moment and thinking about biting his offered hand.

“That’s a girl!” He praised and placed the treat into her open mouth.

The dry, crumbly treat sopped up what little saliva was left. Sue struggled to chew and swallow, but she never let on that she didn’t enjoy it. The last thing she needed was to be written up over not showing enough gratitude for such a generous reward.

The man laughed. “That’s right, puppy, eat it all up! We can’t have one of our own starving now can we?”

Sue stopped chewing and stared up at him. She was both frightened and annoyed at his little game, but mostly annoyed.

“There, there. No need to get all flustered – even though it is adorable. I’ve been around here for nearly 30 years. I know practically everyone, even if they don’t know me. It really is unfortunate that this had to be our first ever meeting though. I think you’re one of the few HPPS inspectors that I *haven’t* had the pleasure of meeting.” He scratched her head, which calmed her a bit whether she wanted to be relaxed or not. “I’m Chairman Abernathy, and since you can’t introduce yourself, you’re Inspector Susan Penelope Sharp. It’s a pleasure.”

Sue’s moment of peace evaporated. Of all the people she had to encounter while serving as a postal pet – of all the people to recognize her – it had to be the god damned head of the Federal Bureau of Pettification’s board.

As if he sensed her thoughts, Abernathy added, “Fortunately we can always reintroduce ourselves once you’re back on two legs!”

Yeah, that sounds, uh, awesome...

“Trinket,” he pointed at the picture-perfect-pet. “This is Miss – well – we’ll just call her Sue Sue for now. I think it’s a bit more fitting considering the circumstances.”

Sue Sue? Gross...

“She’s one of our most-thorough inspectors, or at least she was. Hopefully after this little lesson she will be again.”

“Sue Sue, this is Trinket. She’s one of our new transfers from the northern branch to the voluntary admissions program; she’s here to show everyone how the program has helped improve her life. You might be seeing a lot of her around the office soon.”

Sue shot a glance at Trinket. She wondered who in her right mind would volunteer for service, but then she thought about the way Donna and some of the other pets she’d met over the previous year said they felt about pet service. She thought about her own juices drying on the inside of her thighs. The other girl stared back at Sue. Trinket’s big brown eyes seemed to go distant and lose focus every few moments, and Sue wondered if she was on something.

You’d have to be doped up to volunteer for service!

“Don’t think that I’m going to let you get away without greeting our little visitor properly, Trinket.”

Sue cringed.

“And, Sue Sue, I know you got a crash course in puppy manners, so come on you two! Say, ‘hello.’”

Sue shuddered as Trinket crawled towards her timidly, which was surprising. Normally, volunteers were eager and rambunctious. True

enough, Sue had been told what she needed to do if she were introduced to another puppy girl, but she hadn't actually had to perform the demeaning action. Trinket came closer, and with a nudge on her backside from Abernathy, Sue came forward to meet her.

With their faces inches from each other, Sue could feel Trinket's hot breath from her open mouth and smell her sweat. Trinket licked her across the cheek first and Sue tried not to grimace. It was a blessedly quick lick, not the sloppy one she was expecting.

Okay, you can do this...

Sue reciprocated with a quick lick and paused awkwardly as Trinket's flavor spread out across her tongue. Trinket looked back into her eyes before they began the second half of the greeting. Sue couldn't be sure what she was trying to say with the look, but coupled with her slow, purposeful movements, Trinket seemed as if she were perhaps trying to show a little consideration.

Trinket moved first again, maneuvering her "snout" towards Sue's "puppy parts" and her own backside towards Sue's face. Puppy girls were expected to greet each other just as real dogs would. Sue wanted to run. It was bad enough having to lick some strange girl across the face, but to have to sniff some strange girl's hindquarters while the strange girl did the same to her was just too much.

Sue found herself remembering Donna's words that had gotten her through her undercover work at the kennel.

I am not a person. I am a dog. I am a dog. I am a dirty dog!

Sue felt herself relax a bit. As she felt Trinket's hot breath on her still open slot she twitched back and forth. She didn't care for the moment that Trinket or anyone else for that matter could see how swollen and wet she was. No one would judge a dirty little dog for being all wet now would they? And certainly she couldn't judge herself for happily sniffing some random bitch now could she? Trinket's puppy parts were just as overheated

and pungent as her own were. Sue sniffed at them eagerly. There was nothing sexual in it, she told herself. It was just what dirty little dogs do!

Abernathy's voice snapped her mind out of its hiding place. "Good girl! So polite! Tell you what, Sue Sue, since you're such a polite, little puppy and you got here early, I'll let you get a drink from one of the new 'knot' water dispensers we'll be putting up around the building. Trinket, why don't you show her how to use it? Hurry now, pups!"

Sue didn't like the sound of "knot," but she loved the sound of water. She crawled after Trinket to a curious looking device attached to the wall, near the ground so that even a "toy breed" like herself could reach it if she were in a squatting position. Beneath a small water tank, there were two buttons side by side, each with a paw print on it. Right above the buttons, against the side of the tank there was a large, reddish, rubber tube, which just happened to resemble a part of male anatomy. Right above the base of the tube there was another button with a picture of a dog nose. Sue had a little experience with suggestively shaped tubes on water bottles, but she'd never seen one with buttons before. She sat down and waited for Trinket to show her how it was done.

Trinket squatted down in front of the tube. She took a deep breath, set her paws on the pair of buttons at the base, placed her mouth on the head of the tube and began sliding down the shaft. She choked a little and pulled back a few times. As her ample drool coated the tube she slid down easier and easier. Sue noted the tears in Trinket's eyes, but they seemed merely a byproduct of the choking. She didn't seem particularly bothered to be sucking what was basically a rubber dildo in front Abernathy, Sue, and the man in the lab coat.

Finally, Trinket reached the base and her nose pressed against the smaller third button. The tank gurgled. Trinket's eyes went wide and her cheeks slightly swelled as the tube shot water into her mouth. Sue watched with her mouth agape. Of course, they would put resources into developing something like a knot dispenser. Of course they would!

"Well done, Trinket!" Abernathy praised.

Trinket, blushed, seemingly eating up the accolades.

“Okay, Sue Sue, it’s your turn!”

Sue looked at the knot. Even if she could keep herself in the “proper puppy” mindset, there was no way she was going to be able to take the whole thing down her throat.

I may as well try to deepthroat a baseball bat!

There was a flash that blinded Sue for a moment. She blinked a few times and saw that the photographer had apparently returned to the room and had decided to snap a picture of her and Trinket by the water knot.

Oh, God, kill me now...

“Aw, no pouting pup!” Abernathy said, apparently noticing Sue’s displeasure at being photographed. “The picture will go well with the other ones in your official file!”

Oh, wonderful...

“Trinket if you’re a good girl I’ll have a copy of it hung up in your kennel next to the one of you and Pepper. But, I’m getting distracted. Sue Sue, get a drink so you can get back to your route!”

Sue squatted in front of the knot. She knew that she at least had to try or she’d get scolded – and worse, Abernathy, *Chairman* Abernathy would remember her behavior. Even if she didn’t want to care about what he thought, someone like him could make her life much more difficult if she crossed him. So, with no other option and truly being quite thirsty, Sue slowly opened her mouth and took the head inside. The taste of rubber and of Trinket’s saliva filled her mouth. The smooth bulbous head pressed down on her tongue and she already felt the urge to gag. She steadied herself and inched forward, but the moment the head touched the back of her tongue she gagged loudly and recoiled. She coughed and sputtered into her paws with her shoulders slumped forward in defeat. The third button may as well

have been a mile away. She'd never get there with her pathetic skills – or lack thereof.

Sue realized that Trinket was watching her. She braced for some kind of ridicule, but she saw no malice in the other puppy girl's expression. She motioned with her eyes, which had lost their distant cloudiness, to show that Abernathy had returned to talking with the man in the lab coat. Trinket motioned for her to get back on the knot.

Hesitantly, Sue put the foul tasting thing back in her mouth and placed her paws on the two lower buttons. Then, to Sue's surprise, Trinket winked and pressed the third button with her paw. Sue's mouth filled with cold, refreshing water and she drank greedily for as long as she dared. Then she rocked back on her haunches and sighed contentedly.

Sue looked at Trinket and smiled. It was nice, in a way, not to have to think of the words to convey how thankful she really was, but it seemed her smile was more than enough. Trinket smiled back.

Ha, so this is what it feels like when doves cry?

“Well, would you look at that?” Abernathy pointed at the water still dribbling down Sue's chin. “I didn't think you had it in you, Sue Sue.”

Sue self-consciously dabbed at her chin and wondered if he'd actually noticed Trinket helping her.

“Well, break time is over, time to get back to your route. You know the drill!”

Sue reluctantly presented herself. Normally having to do such degrading things was worse when it was in front of another girl, but she didn't feel judgment radiating from Trinket. She felt almost a camaraderie that she simply didn't get from the others. It was a nice feeling that she tried to focus on as she braced for the knot into her number two slot. She whimpered and felt the blood rush to her face again as the strange sensations tormented her.

Abernathy knelt down beside her and said quietly, “I know that there’s no way you got that pretty little mouth of yours all the way up that shaft, but I’ll let it slide this time.” With that, he sent her off with a firm, open hand slap to her upturned behind.

With her butt stinging, Sue scampered out of the media room to her next delivery. Before she left, she glanced over her shoulder at Trinket and winked back at her. Sue hoped that they might meet under better circumstances someday.

Part 3: House Guest

Just after five in the evening, Sue walked out of the same service door she'd entered through twelve hours before. It had snowed during her shift, and it continued to snow as she stepped out the door. Large, white flakes lazy floated down from the sky like feathers from a burst pillow. The sight of the snow and the clean scent that the city had taken on from it, plus the usual elation anyone felt at the end of a difficult work day, gave her a spring in her step despite her being dog tired and knowing that she was only about halfway through her eight week disciplinary period.

And there's a five o'clock world inside myself, thinking that the world looks fine, yeah!

Sue had always liked snow – except for the cold, and the wetness. She liked it from a distance, preferably with a window and a thick blanket between her and it. Her delight wore off quickly when the wet snow squeezed its way into her sensible low heels with each step on the unshoveled sidewalk. She missed the car that came with the inspector job. Postal pets didn't get cars. Postal pets walked and took the subway home.

Fortunately, the station wasn't far from the FBP headquarters. On her way there she glanced into the many stores and restaurants that lined the street. The smells that drifted from the latter made her empty stomach growl. She'd managed to get more treats from early deliveries than she had previous days and she was still absolutely famished!

Yeah, Sue, go ahead and smell that greasy, fat burger, so you can think about it when you dine on ramen – again.

Sue was sick of ramen noodles, but postal pets didn't get cars and they didn't get paid either, so she had to eat what she could afford with her dwindling bank account. That meant no money for vape juice, and no more money for booze. She passed by her favorite bar, The Mascota, its neon sign buzzed above her and she realized that she missed going there more

than getting a decent meal. She turned the corner and braced against the wind. The snowflakes whipped around cars, benches, trash cans and people. It was just one more block to the subway. Sue stopped in the warm glow of the pizzeria Robert had taken her to after they had caught the so-called “mutt maker” a few months prior. He’d ordered a damned vegan pizza and insisted she try it.

You can keep your stupid vegetables, Robert.

Looking through the frost rimmed window, she half-expected – she *wanted* – to see him in there drinking water with a lemon, his signature drink – and eating a slice of thin crust laden with vegetables, but he wasn’t. Robert had been waiting for her outside after her first day of postal service. He’d offered to give her a ride home, to take her to dinner, to do *anything* she wanted. Tired, embarrassed from the treatment she’d received, still upset that he’d even considered sending those poor girls back to pet service, and still angry at how disproportionate they’d been reprimanded, she had yelled at him to leave her alone. Robert, being ever the gentleman, had nodded slowly, sadly, then got into his car and left.

Sue gathered her thin coat around herself and continued to the subway. She glanced at the street, wishing she’d see Robert there, so she could say that she was sorry for yelling at him for something that was mostly not even his fault.

But would you really tell him you’re sorry, or would you just fuck it up again?

She wasn’t sure.

The subway was warm, clean, and like all the trains above and below ground in Central City, they always ran on time. Sue was lucky enough to find the last open seat in the crowded car. Wedged between a rotund businessman and the metal armrest of the bench, Sue gingerly worked her jaw open and closed. Spending the whole day carrying message tubes in her mouth like a dumb retriever dog had taken its toll. While she massaged the soreness of the joint, she squirmed and awkwardly crossed and uncrossed

her legs again and again. The constant teasing she'd received the whole day from the mail slot harness and knots had left her feeling especially needy.

Out of the cool crisp air and in the well-heated, packed passenger car she suddenly felt gross. They didn't provide shower facilities for postal pets to clean up after shifts. Sue was still coated in a layer of dried sweat from head to toe. The inside of her thighs had an extra layer of dried fluids from her constant leaking throughout the day. Though she'd tried to calm herself down before redressing, her over-stimulated pussy tingled from the slight vibrations of the train and she felt the crotch of her boring, white cotton panties starting to grow wet. The open seat was apparently not the lucky find that she thought it was. Sue shifted in her seat again. The man next to her shifted too. Could he tell what state she was in? Could he smell her? Did he know? Sue considered standing up, but she didn't want to draw any more attention to herself.

Passengers exited and entered at the last stop before hers. Sue closed her eyes, squeezed her legs together, and tried to think of something else. She heard the train doors snap shut and the ride continued. Moments later, she heard the telltale jingle of a puppy girl's ID tag against the buckle of a collar followed by a young man's plea, "Lolly, no!"

Sue opened her eyes to see a frazzled, young man desperately pulling on the leash attached to the collar of a rambunctious puppy girl with a chic, pixie haircut. He was trying to get her – Lolly – away from the leg of the businessman sitting next to Sue. The short haired pup, her cheeks red as apples, clung to the man's leg and gyrated against it. Her drenched crotch wet the pant leg more and more with each passing moment. Her eyes were glazed over, her mouth was turned up into an open smile, and she didn't even seem to notice that she was being choked by the leash pulling the collar against her throat. She was utterly lost in the throes of passion.

Some people in the car laughed, some cheered her on, and some recorded the whole scene on their phones. The victim of the whole affair, the fat businessman, chortled as the young owner stammered apologies. No one but the owner took the situation the least bit seriously, least of all Lolly.

Sue bit her lower lip and unconsciously began to rub back and forth on the bench. Though there were certainly some murmurs among some of the passengers about the conduct of Lolly, Sue couldn't hear them. All she could hear was the laughter and the praise – especially the praise. No one was calling Lolly a “slut,” at least not in the way that Sue's mother had called her a “slut” at a particularly awkward moment. It wasn't fair that puppy girls could get away with that and she couldn't. Sue kept rubbing, her eyes locked on Lolly.

I bet Robert wouldn't let me get away with that! She thought with the heat rising inside of her. He'd drag me right out at the next stop and then I'd be sorry!

Sue closed her eyes and imagined him scolding her as he gripped her hips fucked her hard from behind.

And I'd have no one to blame but myself! That's what happens to slutty, little puppies doesn't it? Yes, it does!

Sue moved a little faster. If only she didn't have her stupid clothes in the way then she could...

The door of the car chimed and opened. Sue's eyes snapped open with them. It was her stop. She quickly stood up and made for the door, but made the mistake of looking behind her. The business man was smirking at her.

He clearly knew.

With shoes as soaked as her underwear, Sue fished in her purse for her apartment key without bothering to look around. She kept imagining herself in Lolly the puppy girl's place with Robert holding the leash. It was something she fully intended to keep thinking about as soon as she was inside her apartment. She may not have had a steady supply of food, vape juice, or booze, but there was still one thing they couldn't take away from her!

She paused. There was a note on the door. She ripped it off and quickly read it.

“We need to talk about the rent.”

Sue scoffed at the note signed by her landlady. She knew that the rent was a month overdue, but what could she do about it? Without money coming in, the rent would just have to wait. Besides that, she just couldn't be bothered to think about something like money right then.

Puppy girls don't have to worry about human things like bills and rent! No they don't! No they don't!

She fumbled with the lock for several maddening seconds. The heat and desire continued to build inside of her and she was sure that she wasn't going to make it. Her thoughts were a jumbled mess of filthy things that she could no longer push away. She recast herself in every awful, perverse situation she'd witnessed that day and days previous. One moment she was commanded to strip in front of everyone in the processing room, the next she was on her knees, helpless, with the trainer's great big cock shoved into her drooling mouth. No matter what situation, it was always Robert giving the perverse commands, or better yet, doing the perverse things to her. She was still mad at him, but that only made the degradation greater, which made her more desperate just to get inside the apartment.

Finally, the key slid into the lock. With trembling hands she turned it and pressed her weight against the door. It cracked open. She sighed with relief and stepped over the clothes she'd shed in front of the door the night before and into the dark room. The door hadn't even clicked shut and she'd already dropped her small purse on the ground and was hastily unbuttoning her wrinkled, white blouse. Her cold fingers struggled with the buttons. The damned things just wouldn't move fast enough.

Suddenly, she was shoved from behind into the room. The door swung shut, putting her in darkness. Before she could even process what had happened, she gasped at the weight of another body on top of hers. Sue filled her lungs to scream, but a hand clapped over it.

Sue tried to remember some of the grappling moves she'd learned in class, but she had been caught so off guard and was in such a bad position all she could do was yell into the palm of her attacker.

“Stop screaming! Calm down!” A female voice hissed in her ear.

Sue weakly struggled for a few more moments before she realized that she recognized the voice.

“If I take my hand away from your mouth will you be quiet?”

She wasn't in a position to negotiate. Sue nodded once.

The hand slowly came away and Sue whispered, “Lilly?”

Sue felt the body pinning her tense.

“I mean, Juliette... Juliette... Walsh?” She corrected herself.

The body on top of her relaxed and then there was silence.

Sue licked her lips. “Are you quiet because I'm wrong, or because I'm right?”

“If I let you up, are you going to call the Catchers or the police?”

Sue hesitated to answer. Of course, she was *supposed* to call the authorities in such a situation. Besides it being part of the job and the law, Sue knew what the consequences would be if she were caught harboring a ComPet escapee. Still, she figured that if she turned Juliette in, then everything she'd already suffered over the previous would be for nothing. Besides, after what happened in her first assignment, Sue couldn't bear the idea of returning a runaway to her owner – especially an owner like the one Juliette had endured.

“No.” She replied. “I won't call anyone.”

Sue felt the weight come off of her. Then the light switched on, making her squint. Juliette stood over her, her hand still on the light switch. She was blocking the door. She looked very different from the last time Sue had seen her. So much so that if Sue hadn't of first heard Juliette's voice, she wouldn't have even recognized her. Her shoulder-length red hair had been dyed blonde and cut to a short bob, and she'd wisely chosen the least

attention-getting hoodie and baggy jeans to wear, making it unlikely that anyone would want to give her a second look.

“Can...” Sue held up her hands. “Can I get up?”

Juliette looked thoughtful for a moment. Her hands were shaking ever so slightly, perhaps from the cold, perhaps from nerves.

“Yeah, yeah, go ahead,” she finally said.

Sue slowly stood up, making certain that she made no sudden movements. “So... you’re back in town.”

Good one, Sue. Good one...

“Yeah...” Juliette nodded. “I mean, no, I mean...”

“It’s... complicated then?”

Juliette closed her mouth and nodded. Sue could see the bags under Juliette’s eyes. The poor thing was exhausted.

“Would you, uh, like to sit down?” Sue motioned to a pair of chairs at a small table in the kitchenette.

Juliette didn’t respond, but she followed Sue to the table.

Sue was no housekeeper in the best of circumstances, and with her new schedule, she’d let everything go. All the furniture and most of the floor were covered with crumpled, dirty clothes, dirty dishes, and empty sangria bottles and takeout containers. Feeling a bit self-conscious, she quickly cleared the chairs by tossing their contents onto the floor.

“Sorry about the mess, the, uh, maid quit!”

Juliette didn’t crack a smile. She stood by the chair uncertainly. Her eyes were distant.

Tough crowd!

“Did you not want to sit down?” Sue asked, not sure if it was fatigue or her attempt at a joke that prompted the hesitation.

Juliette seemed to come back from wherever it was she’d gone. “No... yes, I mean, I want to sit down.” She pulled the seat out and very carefully sat down in it, as if her knees were bothering her.

“Can I still make dinner?” Sue asked. “It’s been a really long day.”

“Why are you asking me?”

“Well... aren’t I your hostage or... ?”

“You can make the damn noodles.”

Sue looked in her tiny pantry and saw that she only had two packets of ramen left. She took her soon-to-be absent food supply in stride, but seeing that she was down to her last bottle of sangria in the refrigerator made her spirits sink through the floor. Still, she hastily rinsed two glasses in the sink, filled them and offered one to Juliette. Sue’s mother wouldn’t have approved of drinking alcohol, but she would have approved of not serving a guest even less.

“You look like you could use this. The food will be ready in a minute. I hope you like noodles.”

Juliette looked at Sue and made a drinking motion. “You first.”

Sue took a sip. “You thought I was trying to drug you?”

“No... not really... ah, fuck, I don’t know.” Juliette stuck her tongue out as if she were about to lap up the wine. Then she paused and looked at Sue out of the corner of her eye. She retracted her tongue and took a big gulp.

“That’s so sweet!” She gasped.

Sue stared at Juliette’s obvious near relapse into puppy girl behavior. She realized that Juliette’s hesitancy to sit in the chair must have been because

she was used to sitting on the floor. Not wanting to draw further attention, Sue quickly asked, “Is that a good thing or a bad thing?”

Juliette mumbled into her glass and took another drink. “It’s a good thing.”

Sue took a big drink herself and then refilled both glasses, rinsed two bowls, and filled them with steaming, cooked noodles and their cheap, overly salty flavor packets. Then she joined Juliette at the table.

Juliette put both her palms on either side of the bowl and lowered her face towards it, just as she had the glass, only this time she didn’t catch herself. She opened her mouth wide and took a huge bite, slurping loudly as she came back up with noodles trailing out of the corners of her mouth.

God, how much of a mind-fuck must it be for her? She has to relearn everything!

Juliette swallowed, opened her eyes and her cheeks went crimson. Experiencing second hand embarrassment, Sue held out a fork. She was also strangely intrigued by the whole thing, but she didn’t want to ask the questions that were starting to crop up just behind her lips.

So, she settled for a more immediate question. “So, if you don’t mind my asking – as a hostage – why am I a hostage?”

Juliette took the fork and went back to eating, but like a person. After another few bites she said, “I need your help.”

Sue laughed nervously and motioned all around her at the mess and then at their lackluster dinner. “Do I really look like I can help anyone?”

Juliette stared back at her, unblinking and Sue shut her mouth.

Juliette slurped more noodles and then took another big drink. “They have my sister.”

Sue took another drink too. She was tired, horny and really just wanted Juliette to go away.

“You mean she’s in the ComPet program? Well, she’ll be out then in...”

“No! She *was* in the program before me... but then...”

It didn’t take long for Juliette to explain the whole story. In a way that seemed so matter-of-fact to the casual observer, explained what had happened to her sister, April. Sue was not a casual observer. The rage and sadness boiling just under Juliette’s icy exterior was quite evident as she described saying goodbye to April at the train station. Then she talked about the worry and anxiety she felt when there was no news for two whole years – no news until the very day April was supposed to be released.

“They declared her a ‘dangerous animal’ and made her disappear into the system.” Juliette gritted her teeth. “April did her service; she didn’t deserve to be kept like – like some kind of *thing!*”

Sue finished her glass of wine and lamented that there was no more in the bottle. She counted to five in her head. She was eager to stop the silence, but wanted to make sure that she didn’t interrupt. Sue thought of her own sister and how upset she would be in the FBP, or anyone for that matter, made her disappear.

Then why haven’t you called her even once?

Finally, Sue figured it was safe to speak. “Well, I want to help, but what can I do?”

“I learned that she’s at the FBP headquarters, in the ‘experimental wing’ under the name ‘Patches.’ You work there; you could find her for me.”

“Find her... me?” Sue sat back in her chair. She thought about seeing the experimental pet, Pepper, earlier that day, and of the victims of the mutt plug, and shuddered at the thought of what may have happened to “Patches.”

“Who else could I ask? I remember how you tried to help me before, and how you let me go when you probably would have gotten a promotion or

something for returning me and the others. I know it's selfish, but I'm asking you to help one more time."

It's not selfish. Even if it is, after what you and your sister have been through, you're allowed to be a little selfish!

Sue wanted to tell Juliette that she was under disciplinary action because of what I did for her. She wanted to explain that they had her stuck in pet gear delivering mail seven days a week, but then she remembered the inspection she'd done on Juliette. She remembered the girl's pleading eyes as Sue left her with that fat, greasy pig in charge of her.

At least you had a choice, Sue. You wanted to help her, now you can. If that's not the universe giving you a chance to make things right, I don't know what is!

Sue took a deep breath. "I can try to find her..."

Part 4: The Search Begins

Sue knew that rather than waiting for pure chance, she should have been thinking of some clever way to get herself assigned to deliver to the experimental wing of the FBP headquarters. She should have been thinking about how she was going to pay her rent. She should have been thinking about where she was going to find money for food and wine, but as she crawled her way up the stairs with a particularly irritating mail knot stuffed in her number one slot, all she could think about was how because of Juliette taking up temporary residence in her apartment, she hadn't been able to release all of her tensions from the day before. Of course, she'd thought about trying to do it in the shower, but she was very much aware of how noisy she was when she masturbated, and knew that the running water wouldn't nearly drown out her squeaks and squeals, especially not after the day she'd had. Needy or not, she couldn't do it with an audience.

Despite the ticking clock, Sue paused on the landing between flights of stairs. Panting and sweating, she looked down past her little hanging breasts to her crotch. Her delicate pink lips were red and swollen around the slot from irritation and arousal. At that point, she couldn't really differentiate the two and neither could her nether regions. The inside of her thighs were already streaked with viscous trails, telltale signs of her unwanted, but nevertheless intense desire.

She strained her ears and heard no people, or other postal pets in the stairwell. All she heard was the buzzing of the closest fluorescent light above her, and a thought crossed her mind. What if she could get herself off before the petsitter zapped her for being still for too long? What would be the harm in trying?

Just as long as you don't get caught, dirty dog!

Staying on all fours, she widened her "hind legs" and slowly reached back with her "forepaw." She wanted to imagine she was anywhere but in a dusty, dank, smelly stairwell. For some reason, her mind dropped her into

that monstrosity of a puppy girl room – the one that belonged to Mr. Richter’s “beloved” Boji. Trapped among all the pink fluff and frills, it seemed only fitting that Sue be a prisoner there after helping to ensure that Boji was returned to that room to be a prisoner forever.

It should be you, not her!

The idea that she deserved it only made her hotter as her paw came closer and closer. Her leaking cleft clinched around the slot at the very thought of being confined to the plush prison, with Robert as the warden. No doubt he’d be strict with her; he’d have to be after what she’d done. Letting puppy girls go free was wrong. It was *wrong*. She could imagine him telling her so as he gripped her hips.

I’m a very, very, very bad little puppy! I have to be punished! Yes, I do! Yes, I do!

Just as her paw touched her burning crotch she imagined the feel of his finger tips digging into her narrow, soft hips and the sensation of his no-doubt, thick cock against her delicate, silky folds. Ecstasy surged through her, but before it could complete its course she heard the petsitter click on, “Bad dog! We do not tamper with mail!”

Sue shrieked as the shock ripped through her engorged pussy, making it clench harder around the slot. She nearly collapsed, but somehow managed to stay on all fours. A moment later another shock made her cry out, followed by the petsitter saying, “Don’t dawdle, puppy. You’ve got a job to do!”

Whining from the pain of the shock and from the neediness going unsatisfied, Sue continued on her route. Through her haze of arousal, she still had enough self-awareness to realize that it was probably better that she didn’t get to orgasm. If she were more-clear headed she would have felt disgusted at the thoughts that had run through her head.

The early afternoon saw Sue no closer to the experimental wing. Instead she had a mail knot clenched in her teeth containing a message for her former boss, Mr. Cross. Being on the floor of the building that she had most

frequented before her disciplinary period, Sue kept her head low and prayed that no one recognized her. Of course, it was pointless. The bells attached to her gear made sure to attract at least a passing glance from anyone nearby. Besides that there was no getting around the fact that Mr. Cross would recognize her.

It was strange. Mr. Cross had seemed more disappointed than angry when he handed down her punishment from the high-ups. Seeing him again in the state she was, nearly naked, crawling, drooling, and panting, she was worried about disappointing him further. It was almost like disappointing a father figure.

She reached the door of Mr. Cross' office and steeled herself to start the normal procedure. With a sigh she came up on her knees and started pawing at the door while whining. Sue bit down on the knot just a little harder when she heard a familiar female voice behind her, "Is that you, Sue? Oh, it is! Turn around so I can get a look at that getup!"

If she'd been allowed to, she would have ignored the voice and the person it was attached to, but as a postal pet she was required to follow the commands of all "human staff members" regardless of the situation, even when it was an irritating office clerk interfering with a delivery just so that she could gloat.

Still on her knees, Sue awkwardly turned around to face the clerk, Lucia Hernandez. Lucia was a little bit taller than Sue; she was also far more top-heavy, so much so that her impressive chest seemed barely contained by her tight, white, button-up blouse.

"My God, Sue! They really did a number on you!" Lucia covered her mouth in mock horror, but it was clear that she enjoyed seeing Sue in such a lowly state.

Sue blushed and tried to keep the drool from leaking out of the open sides of her mouth without much success. She couldn't remember exactly what had happened, but her and Lucia had gotten off on the wrong foot soon after they first met. It only got worse when Sue would bring back ComPet hardcopy welfare reports that Lucia was supposed to file, but rarely took

seriously. Lucia was of the grossly misinformed opinion that the “little sluts got what they deserved.” Sue had let her know exactly what she thought about that, and that ended any chance of their relationship being salvaged.

“I told you that your attitude would get you into trouble!” She wagged her finger at Sue. “I wonder if you can do any tricks. Roll over!”

When Sue hesitated, Lucia took out her phone. “Oh, I guess I’ll have to call the mailroom and tell them that number twenty-five is acting up!”

Sue sunk her shoulders. There was no point in resisting. She was told. Halfway through her slow roll, Lucia told her to stop. Sue felt especially vulnerable with her sweaty back against the cold tile. She cringed at the feeling of the dirt clinging to her moist skin and waited for whatever stupid thing Lucia would come up with next.

Kneeling down, Lucia reached between Sue’s spread legs and gently stroked her swollen pink lips. She held her wet fingers in front of Sue’s face.

“Oh, *now* I see why you were so worried about those bitches! You’re just like them!” She wiped her fingers on Sue’s belly and laughed triumphantly. “You’re probably getting off on this right now, aren’t you?”

Sue felt herself clench against the unyielding, metal slot. She didn’t want Lucia to be right, but that didn’t make what she’d said any less true.

Mr. Cross’ deep baritone voice sounded from the other side of the hall. “What’s going on here?”

Lucia quickly stood up. Having not been commanded to move, Sue remained on her back with her legs spread and her head back so she could see Mr. Cross, albeit upside down.

“What do you think you’re doing, Miss Hernandez?” Mr. Cross asked.

“Mr. Cross! I was – I was just playing a little with Sue – number twenty-five!”

“Uh-huh... you know that it’s an offense to interfere with the mail service.”

“Yes, sir, but everyone does... I mean... I didn’t think...”

“You’re right, you didn’t think.”

“Yes, sir...”

“You know, I hear they’re about to have a vacancy down in the mailroom. Why don’t you come by my office in an hour and we’ll talk about it.”

The color seemed to drain from Lucia’s olive cheeks. She nodded weakly and scurried off down the hall.

“Up girl!” Mr. Cross ordered cheerfully.

Sue rolled back onto all fours and then sprang up into her begging pose to offer the mail knot still stuck in her mouth.

Mr. Cross smiled down at her. It wasn’t a mocking smile either, but a genuine one. “Good girl.” He patted her head gently and took the knot from her mouth.

“You’re not just like them Sue. You just have a big heart, just like Lucia said.” He looked around and then pulled two treats out of his pocket and held them under her nose. “I know that you messed up, but I trust that you’ll do the right thing in the end. Go ahead. You look too skinny!”

Sue gobbled the treats up and then rocked back on her haunches while licking her lips. She had skipped breakfast and the treats were very welcome to her grumbling tummy.

“Well, you’d better get a move on. Good luck, Sue.”

Sue scampered back towards the stairwell, eager to avoid any other co-workers. She was happy that Mr. Cross seemed to think that she was above the kinds of feelings she was having, even if he was wrong and Lucia was right. Sue smiled. Right or wrong, maybe Lucia would get a taste of postal

pet service. Then they'd see how in-control Lucia was after her nether regions had been incessantly teased for days on end!

As she crawled through the doggy door to make her way back down to the mailroom, Sue felt a pang of regret. Mr. Cross believed she'd "do the right thing." Sue wasn't even sure what that was anymore. Was it the fact that she was just beyond horny, or was working for the FBP finally subverting her? There was a nagging voice inside that told her she should report Juliette – Lilly, because wasn't that the "right" thing to do?

She shook the thoughts away and focused on her work.

Part 5: Eviction

Sue had made sure to stand on the train on her ride back to her apartment building. She had it so bad that she was afraid that any amount of stimulation would set her off, so she gripped the handhold tightly and prayed for a quick ride. The whole day had been an absolute bust, and with Juliette laying low in her apartment, Sue couldn't even hope that the girl would go for a walk and give her a precious fifteen minutes of time alone.

The snow from the day before had become gray slush, so it was not only cold and wet, but ugly too. Sue shook her wet feet from side to side as she entered into the building's entryway.

"There's no point. You're just going to have to get them wet again," Juliette remarked from the interior steps.

Sue was about to chastise her for being out where someone might recognize her, but then noticed that she had several beat-up cardboard boxes around her. They were filled with all kinds of odds and ends and clearly packed without much thought. Then Sue realized that they were her things.

"Is that my stuff? What happened?"

Juliette smiled wryly. "Your landlady came by and evicted you. She dumped all your stuff in boxes, she made me help, and then we carried it all out, because apparently I'm your 'girlfriend' and she 'always suspected.'"

Sue frowned. "I don't suppose you have any money?"

"I had enough to get back here. That's pretty much it. Wait, you mean we don't have anywhere else to go?"

Sue scanned through her mental rolodex, because apparently her mind still thought it was the 1980s. Her list of contacts was short and she didn't want to deal with any of them. She still couldn't face her parents or her sister, especially not with a fugitive in tow. She couldn't go to Robert.

Oh, I could just imagine showing up at his door. Hi, Robert, can you please arrest me and Juliette so that they can put us both in pet service for like forever? That'd be just fucking dandy! And it would be the "right" thing to do!

Robert probably wouldn't arrest them, but she didn't want to put him in the situation where he'd even have to face the dilemma. With that she came to the end of her short list of contacts and she cursed herself for not making more friends. She thought about meeting Trinket the day before in the media room. Why was it so much easier to make friends as a puppy girl than as a human?

The door swung open behind her and Sue braced at a rush of cold air that followed. She stepped aside to let whoever it was through. Glancing over her shoulder as she moved she saw Donna in the doorway.

"Hey, hun!" She smiled and went in for a hug.

Sue allowed Donna's arms to encircle her, her own stayed rooted to their sides. If she was worried about Robert turning them in, she would doubly so about Donna. Knowing her, she'd probably act like she had just gotten two little poor strays off the street and into nice, safe homes!

"Hey, yeah, Donna, great to see you... what are you doing here?"

"Oh, well, I was worried about you! You looked so pale and thin. When you didn't call me, I tried calling you, but the only number I had was your FBP cell, and it wasn't working."

"Yeah, they took that along with the car and my stipend..."

"I thought so! That's why I wanted to come by and get you some dinner, maybe give you a chance to vent if you need to!"

"It's fine Donna, really, I..."

Donna looked over her head at the stairs and then pointed at the boxes.
"What's all this?"

“It’s nothing I…”

“Is this all your stuff? Did you get kicked out of your apartment?”

“No, it’s…”

Donna put a hand on her shoulder. “It’s okay, Sue. Hey, why don’t you stay with me until all this is sorted out?”

“Oh, no, I couldn’t!”

“Why not? I live closer to work, so it’ll cut down on your trip, and it’ll be a great chance for us to get to know each other better!”

Sue forced a smile. She didn’t want to get to know Donna better in general, and with Juliette involved she wanted it that much less. Sue looked over at Juliette for the first time since Donna had interrupted them.

Donna looked between them. “Oh, who is your friend?” She held out her hand to Juliette.

“This is, uh, Sophie, she was just helping me move out, weren’t you *Sophia*?”

Juliette nodded rapidly. “Yup! That’s what I was doing!”

“Well, why don’t you both come over? We can order takeout and have a girls’ night.”

Sue wondered why the universe, God, or whatever seemed to give her exactly what she needed, but always with a sense of irony.

Standing out in the hallway of Donna’s apartment building, Sue nodded to Juliette reassuringly, but she did feel so sure herself. Sue had started dozens of hypothetical conversations with Donna in her head, but they all fell apart one way or another and ended up with the friendly pet-groomer calling the Catchers. Unable to really talk over the arrangement with Juliette, Sue’s reassuring glances must have been doing something right. Otherwise, the girl would have probably run off.

Donna opened her door and the hallway was suddenly filled with the sweetness of a cupcake scented diffuser. It reminded Sue how hungry she was. If things didn't work out without going disastrously wrong, if Donna bought them a meal, then at least they could search for another place to live on a full stomach.

Donna told them to make themselves at home and disappeared down the hall, leaving Sue and Juliette alone in the living room. It was very different from Sue's, or what had been Sue's apartment. For one, it was more than a cramped little studio. While the light coming from lamps covered in gauzy draperies was soft, the walls and decor were bright and colorful. The shelves and furniture were loaded with plushy things, fuzzy pillows, and tiny knick knacks. Though there were many moving parts, so to speak, everything was in perfect order creating a sense of controlled chaos.

"This is a bad idea!" Juliette hissed at Sue.

"You think I don't know that? But we don't have anywhere else to go and, anyway, I'm starving!"

"You don't understand! I recognize her. She cleaned me up one of those times I ran away from my owner – from Donald – and ended up at the vet!"

"Oh, shit." Sue gasped.

"What are we going to do?"

"Maybe she won't recognize you, I mean, I barely did..."

"This isn't going to work, and anyway what's my excuse for staying here?"

Sue opened her mouth to respond when Donna came bustling back into the room.

Somehow, Donna looked exactly how Sue imagined she would during her off time. Her long blonde hair was up in dog ear style pigtails that hung down to her shoulders. She wore a short, pink kimono-style robe with a white and orange floral print, and knowing Donna there was probably

nothing underneath. Perhaps what was least surprising was the lacy pink and white choker she had tied around her neck.

“Who wants drinks?” Donna chimed and went to the kitchen without waiting for an answer.

The moment she left, Sue whispered to Juliette, “Look, just have a drink and then say that you’re too buzzed to go home. Donna won’t say ‘no,’ trust me.”

Donna returned with a tray of three high-ball glasses filled with something fizzy and brown.

Sue took the glass and immediately took a sip. The drink was sweet like candy, which also didn’t surprise her. Sue looked at Donna quizzically, and she responded, “It’s Malibu and Dr. Pepper.”

It wasn’t her drink of choice, but the cold liquid filled Sue’s mostly-empty stomach and she already felt herself starting to relax.

Donna invited them to sit down. Sue nestled into the ridiculously soft couch, deciding that there should be a law against furniture so comfortable. She couldn’t say the same about the color choice though.

“So, Sue, how is the postal pet service treating you?”

Sue sat up a little straighter. Of course Donna would want to know. With the way Donna talked about ComPet service, she was surprised that Donna hadn’t volunteered to spend her weekends delivering mail knots.

“It’s, uh, fine, I guess.”

“Well, you looked a little tired when I saw you the other day, but you were a real trooper. I hate that gear they make you all wear though! The color is all wrong for you. You’d look much better in the SP model gear I helped you into that day we met.”

Sue flushed a bit. It was the reason she didn’t like being around Donna. It was hard to carry on a conversation around someone who spoke so casually

about the time she dressed you up like a dog and stuck a plug up your butt! It always felt like Donna wasn't taking her seriously, but then who could blame her?

“Yeah, the color of the gear is the least of my problems.”

“Oh, I know, I'm just making fun. It really sucks what they did, but it's not like it's forever!”

Sue felt a glimmer of hope. Perhaps Donna could be helpful. There was a knock on the door.

“Who's that?” Juliette jumped up.

Donna cocked her head to the side, visibly a bit confused by Juliette's abrupt reaction. “I ordered some food, that's all.” She replied before going to the door.

Sue gave Juliette a look that was meant to say, “Calm the hell down.” She was jumpy enough herself without Juliette making it worse. She couldn't stop imagining the Catchers rushing into the room and dragging Juliette and her into permanent pet service. Fortunately, it was, in fact, the delivery boy at the door, just as Donna had said.

Sue didn't care for Sushi, but that was what Donna had ordered, and she was extremely hungry, so she picked at the least offensive thing she could find and kept drinking. It felt good. If she'd only had her vape pen, for after then all her vices would be covered – *almost* all of them.

Sue stopped deconstructing a California roll and glanced over at Juliette, who was sitting perched on the edge of her chair staring intently at the food. Sue could just see the drool starting to escape the corners of Juliette's mouth. To her horror, Sue realized that Juliette had regressed again.

“Juliette...” Sue whispered and nudged her. “... Lilly?”

Juliette's eyes snapped to Sue and she quickly wiped her chin.

“So, how long has it been since you’ve been out of the service?” Donna asked.

Juliette looked at Sue with her eyes wide.

“The first few weeks are always the hardest, but you’ll get there!” Donna paused and looked at Sue, “Wait, did you say ‘Lilly’?”

Sue shook her head. “No, I...”

Donna looked more closely at Juliette. “Wait, I recognize you, you’re that runaway I took care of, right? You’re Lilly, the one of the pups taken during the shooting!”

Juliette stood up. Sue froze.

God damn it, Donna. Why can't you be an airheaded bimbo when it really counts?

“Juliette, wait!” Sue said. She took a deep breath and tried again not to think about being hauled away. “Donna, I know what you’re thinking, but please don’t call the authorities yet. Just let us explain.”

Donna relaxed back into her chair. “Okay, but Sue, honey, you could be in so much trouble!”

“You think I don’t know that? You think I wouldn’t do something like this without a good reason.”

Donna shook her head slowly and then waited. Sue described the inspection she performed on Juliette. She took her time describing Juliette’s state and how awful her owner, Donald was.

“So, that’s why you didn’t catch her and the others. You let them go?”

Sue nodded.

“Juliette, honey, I’m sorry that it was like that for you...” Donna said.

Juliette clenched her jaw. “Sure, but you work for them. How sorry can you be?”

Without hesitating, Donna spread the bottom of her robe. Sue immediately saw that she was wrong about Donna wearing nothing underneath, but she wasn’t at all surprised by her choice of underwear, what little there was of it. Donna gestured above the waistband at her ComPet brand.

“I understand more than you might think.”

Juliette looked completely taken aback.

“Is that why... is that why you were so nice to me when you were... when you were cleaning me up?” Juliette sobbed a bit.

“No, I did that because I’m a fucking human being. Besides, even though I had a nice owner, I still understand a lot of what you went through.”

Sue cleared her throat. “Donna, if you call the authorities, they’ll send her back to him – maybe for life. You saw the condition she was in, can you live with that?”

Donna sat back down and sighed with her head in her hand.

“No, I guess I can’t...” She looked back up. “But what are you even doing here, Juliette? If you were already over the border, why did you come back?”

Juliette explained what had happened to her sister and Donna looked a little ill. Sue and Juliette went on to explain their plan to find the sister and get her out of there, and Sue’s failure on the first day.

“I wish I could help,” Donna said. “I don’t have clearance to the experimental wing though... Wait, so, Sue, you just need someone to assign you to go on some runs there, right?”

Sue and Juliette nodded.

“They use the same scheduling system in the mailroom that we use. If I could just get to the mailroom computer I could assign you the runs.”

“Yeah, but it’s in Lloyd, the boss’ office.”

Donna smiled as if she were the only one in on some esoteric joke. “I can take care of Lloyd.”

Sue felt herself wanting to vomit a little at the thought of *anyone* being so willing to “take care” of Lloyd.

Moments after waking up, Sue rummaged through the cardboard boxes from her apartment. It was extremely depressing to her that nearly everything she owned didn’t amount to much, but at that moment, being minimalist was a blessing, because it made it easier to find what she wanted. As she pawed through odds and ends, she began to worry that it hadn’t gotten packed by the landlady, but then her fingertips touched the smooth, cool copper colored buckle of the old leather collar – the one that Robert had put on her in the cozy, forest cabin not so long ago. She pulled it out and pressed it protectively to her chest before heading for the bathroom.

Knowing she didn’t have much time before her postal pet shift, she quickly shed the t-shirt and panties she’d slept in before holding the collar up to her throat. There were butterflies in her stomach as the well-worn leather encircled her neck. Her skin was a little chaffed from wearing the shock collar all day, but the old collar from the cabin was like a salve.

The warm shower felt amazing. Donna’s apartment had much better water pressure and much hotter water too. Most importantly, the walls weren’t so thin, so Sue knew that she could finally get some relief. With the hot water raining down on her, she reached down and stroked her swollen clitoris with nervous, trembling fingers while she tugged on the collar with her other hand. Her eyes rolled back in her head and she whimpered. She thought back to the night she stayed with Robert in the cabin. Why couldn’t she have been braver? Why did she have to ruin the mood by telling him that she was a stupid virgin? She licked her lips and imagined what it would have been like, when he pulled the blanket away from her, laid her back, spread her legs and climbed on top of her.

Sue furrowed her brow.

No, that's not right...

She didn't deserve to be taken by him on her back on a bed like a woman. She slowly squatted down in the tub. With her legs spread wide her busy fingers rubbed more frantically as she opened her mouth, let her tongue loll out, and her breath quickened. She deserved to be taken on the floor, like a miserable, pathetic little bitch in heat.

Because that's what I am!

Sue imagined Robert putting her in the gear even as she weakly protested, before putting her on all fours in front of him on the bare hard boards of the cabin floor. What would it feel like when he put his great big cock – his knot – inside of her? Sue's thumb continued to make circles on her clit while her middle finger stroked back and forth along her slippery slit. As she imagined the thick rod thrusting inside of her, she let her fingertip slide up into her and she gasped. She began to wiggle and bounce with nervous frantic energy as she felt her much-sought-after orgasm building.

“Oh, Robert... Oh, *Master...*” She whined.

She yanked her collar hard.

Bad dog! No talking! I mean...

“Woof, woof!”

She had nearly reached her peak when suddenly the shower curtain pulled aside. Sue's eyes snapped open and she tore her hand away from her needy, gaping pussy. She looked up at Donna standing over her wearing the same pink robe from the night before.

“Hey, I have an early morning too!” She said, shed the robe and joined Sue in the shower, completely undaunted by seeing Sue in the state she was.

Sue groped around at the ground and mumbled about dropping something, then quickly stood up. “Uh, I'll leave you to it then...”

“Oh, don’t worry about it, hun. It’s not like you have anything I haven’t seen before!” Donna squeezed some peach scented body wash onto a Loofah and offered it to Sue.

Sue took the Loofah and began to soap up her pale skin. Donna was right, she had seen just about every nook and cranny of Sue, which made it tolerable, but still beyond embarrassing. Sue had been desperate to be clean, anyway, even if it was only for a little while before her shift started.

Donna lathered up her tanned skin with another Loofah. “Sorry to interrupt by the way!” She reached out and tapped the buckle of the collar.

Sue felt her heart stop. She’d completely forgotten about the collar!

“Oh, come on, Sue, you think you’re the only one that likes to have a little fun in the shower?”

“No, I guess not...”

“The collar is kind of unexpected though!”

Sue wanted to sink to the floor and go right down the shower drain. She wanted to rewind and erase the previous two minutes. More practically, she wanted to reach up and unbuckle the collar, but she was paralyzed.

“You know, if you want I could help you out.” Donna winked.

“What?” Sue gave a start.

“I know that it’s got to be murder wearing hat harness all day and having those knots put in and pulled out of you! So, I was just offering to...”

“I’m – I’m not a lesbian!” Sue crossed her arms over her chest and inched back.

“Good for you! Neither am I,” Donna replied very matter-of-factly while she continued to wash.

“Then why are you... ?”

“Old habits I guess.” Her fingers brushed over the soapy ComPet brand on her stomach. “Back in the service we ‘helped’ each other a lot. So, I got pretty good at seeing when another girl is pent-up and on taking care of that. It’s got nothing to do with being straight, lesbian, bi, or whatever. Like the trainers and owners would say, we were ‘just being good little animals!’”

Sue’s first impulse was to say how horrible that all sounded, but in her denied state lots of things had started sounding more acceptable. But doing *it* with another girl? That still wasn’t acceptable. Was it?

“Uh, no, I’m fine.” She managed to say, even though she was still burning inside.

“Suit yourself.” Donna shrugged. “So...”

“So?”

Donna flicked the buckle on Sue’s collar. “We’re bringing our work home with us now?”

Finally regaining the ability to move Sue reached up and awkwardly fiddled with the collar’s buckle.

“Here, hun, let me.” Donna easily removed the collar and set it on the edge of the shower. “You know, you really had me fooled!”

“What do you mean?”

“Oh, the way you squirmed and whined on my table when I was getting you ready – you know – the day we met, I really thought you were a prude. I never would have suspected that you actually *liked* your work!”

“I don’t ‘like’ my work. I’m not like that!” Donna looked at her skeptically and Sue realized just how stupid she sounded. “Okay...” She looked down at the collar. “Maybe I am a little like that.”

Donna chuckled. “It’s okay, Sue, you know I understand. So, you’re seeing someone then? Who was the ‘Master’ you were moaning about?”

“No one!”

“Uh-huh, is that why you moaned ‘Robert’ before ‘Master’ and before you barked like a good little doggy? So, you two are really *partners* now, huh?”

“No, we’re not.”

“Why?”

“Are you sure you want to talk about this? Aren’t you two...”

“Oh, we just went out a few times...”

“But you were sleeping together!”

“Well, wouldn’t you?”

“Yes! I mean, no, I mean...”

“You know he said your name one time during. He thought I didn’t notice, and I let him go on thinking it.”

“He did?”

“Yup.”

“Why are you telling me this?”

“Ah, there’s fun and then there’s relationships. Robert and I were just fun.”

“What if Robert and I are just ‘fun’?”

“So have fun!”

“But I –”

“Oh, honey, you have it bad, don’t you? You’re in love with him?”

Sue nodded solemnly.

“Did you at least tell him?”

“Well, yes, but then I ruined it by telling him that I’m a virgin.”

“You’re a virgin?”

“God damn it...”

“That doesn’t really change anything. If you love him... and I think he has feelings for you too, then you should do something about it.”

“Yeah, like what?”

“Why don’t you try talking to him for starters?”

But then I’d have to act like an adult...

Part 6: Discovery

Sue was in line with the other postal pets while Lloyd gave his usual morning “motivational” speech. She half-listened, the fear of getting called on kept her from completely zoning out. Being unable to paw herself in the shower that morning meant that the wanting between her legs was still there, and was in fact heaped upon the previous day’s desire. She felt herself involuntarily clenching and unclenching around the slot, buried deep inside her.

Talk to Robert? I’m supposed to just go talk to him? God, it would be so much easier just to crawl to him like this and wag my ‘tail’ at him!

If he’d said her name while fucking Donna, what could that even mean? That Robert had bad taste and wanted a gawky little nerd instead of a blonde bombshell? Could he have that bad of taste?

Lloyd stopped talking when Donna sauntered up to him. Neither Sue nor any of the other postal pets could hear what she was saying, but the way she tapped on the buttons of his shirt with her long, well-manicured pink nails while she giggled made the nature of the conversation pretty clear. Sue was amazed how Donna could flirt with such a repugnant pig like that. The ComPet training she’d received certainly did the trick. She could act “friendly” to anyone.

Sue glanced over her shoulder as she was sent out on her rounds with another full load. She watched Donna and Lloyd walking into his office. Whatever happened, she hoped that it would be worth it.

An hour later, Sue’s hope still hadn’t faded, even as she’d endured the usual deprivations and degradations of her station. Finally, she heard the petsitter click on, “Postal pet number twenty-five, report to grooming station 18 for pick up!”

Sue perked up. If she was being sent to Donna's station then there must be good news. She quickly made her way through hallways and down stairs to the grooming stations. Once there, she only had to paw and whine at the door for a moment before the door opened. Donna smiled and cheerfully said loud enough for anyone nearby to hear, "Oh, hello there, pup! You're early! Here's a treat for you!"

She took a treat out and popped it into Sue's open mouth. Sue savored it as it was the only food she'd had since breakfast.

"Okay, pup, present!"

Sue swallowed, flipped around so her backside was facing Donna, and then she raised her behind as she lowered her face to the floor. Sue trembled when she felt the pop on her number one slot. She braced herself both trying not to wiggle from the sensation and in anticipation for the mail knot. Donna slid it in slowly and Sue whimpered. Normally she could resist the need to make more noise than a disgruntled grunt, but she'd simply be teased too much. She could feel herself drooling on the floor as she let go and enjoyed the feeling before Donna closed the top of the slot.

"Oh, my, I think we have a little puppy that is in heat!" Donna announced to another groomer who was walking down the hall.

The groomer stifled a giggle and said as she passed, "They're so adorable when they're in season, aren't they?"

Donna agreed and waited until the other groomer was out of earshot.

"You're really got it bad, honey!"

Strings of drool on her chin and cheek attached her momentarily to the floor. As she sat up, each one broke. Sue wanted to argue, but even if the shock collar would have allowed it, she knew it was pointless.

"You should have let me help you out this morning," Donna whispered. "Oh, well... Anyway, good luck!" She shoved a knot into Sue's mouth and sent her on her way with a soft pat on the behind.

Sue sat outside the doggy door that led to the first hallway of the experimental division for as long as her petsitter would allow it. She really didn't want to go in there, but knowing what it took to get the opportunity, Sue steadied herself and crawled through the door. The hallways were really no different than the others in the building, but there was an oppressive feeling she couldn't quite shake. Perhaps the floors were just a bit too clean. Perhaps it was the faint antiseptic smell that grew stronger the further she went.

As she went, Sue peeked through open doors and observation windows, at least those that she could reach. While she looked for a shapely, pale, red-haired girl, Sue knew that it was possible that Patches – April – could look totally different. So, she scrutinized the ID tags of every puppy girl she saw, no matter how implausible it might be that they were April.

Door after door and window after window, she found nothing. She'd taken the long way to her delivery through the almost labyrinth-like halls, but if she waited any longer it would look awfully suspicious. Eventually, she had to make her way there. The door to "Observation Room #33" was thankfully open, so Sue made her way inside without any trouble.

She paused inside at a curious sight. It was Pepper, the truncated puppy girl she'd seen a few days before coming out of the media room. She seemed even more difficult than before. A handler dragged her across the room by her leash to a clear wall with a door that divided the room. Pepper choked and sputtered from behind her muzzle, but her eyes burned with fury as her little stumps slid across the smooth floor.

A man in a white lab coat stood by scribbling something down on a tablet. "My, my, Pepper is full of vim and vigor today, eh?" He chuckled.

The handler laughed back. "Yeah, she's full of something alright! Should we do it now?"

"Yes, go ahead." The man in the lab coat nodded. "Make sure to apply it generously."

The handler holding the leash and another standing nearby unceremoniously grabbed Pepper and lifted her up in the air. The look in her eyes switched from defiance to panic. Sue could feel her helplessness from all the way by the door. Pepper let out a single, muffled yelp and flailed her stumps as the two handlers quickly flipped her over onto her back.

While one of them pinned the wiggling girl down, the other removed the c-string, revealing her shaved crotch. Sue couldn't help but look, more out of morbid curiosity.

At least they didn't do anything to her down there! Sue thought with relief, but while she was staring she could see that Pepper's was so wet, she glistened. Sue wondered if they had done something to her after all. How could someone in her position be even a little aroused?

Look in the mirror, Sue!

Sue was appalled at her own mind. She shivered at the mere idea that switching places with the struggling girl just a few feet away could be in any way appealing – let alone, sexually.

Still, she could not stop watching any less intensely when the handler removed the tail plug with a sickening *plop* sound that Sue hated so much. Pepper's whole body shuddered and her struggles grew slower and more feeble. The fight had appeared to have gone completely out of her by the time the handler unbuckled the muzzle. Stale, tacky drool escaped from all sides around the muzzle as it was pulled away from Pepper's face. Sue's eye widened when she saw what the relatively benign looking facsimile of a dog snout hid. On the interior, there was a large red knot that would fill Pepper's mouth whenever the muzzle was in place. Thinking back to the water knot prototype, Sue couldn't imagine having to cope with such a huge rubber thing all day, every day. It was no wonder Pepper looked so irritated all the time. Having to focus one's attention on not choking constantly would have done that to anyone!

With those parts of her gear removed, the handler took a spray bottle from his belt and spritzed Pepper's exposed nether regions. On the urging of the

man in the lab coat, the handler sprayed her more, first across her pussy, then her anus and then finally her face. Sue's nose twitched. The room was filled with the concentrated musk of, for lack of a better word, maleness.

They carried Pepper to a plexiglass wall that divided the room and shoved her through a small door to the other side before slamming and latching it shut. Pepper immediately scrambled around and pawed futilely at the door. Sue couldn't help but notice that never once did Pepper look to the man in the lab coat or the handlers for help, for mercy. No, unlike the girls on the training floor, she was long past expecting humanity from them.

The man in the coat tapped on his tablet a few times and a pair of small, doggy doors slid open, one on either side of the room on the opposite side of the glass. Pepper flipped around to face them as a puppy girl bounded out of each one. Curiously, they weren't bound in pet gear. Sue recognized them immediately, by the slight purple discoloration they had on their hands and across their noses, by the emptiness in their wide, searching eyes, their freely lolling tongues, and their complete lack of self-consciousness.

Suddenly, Sue understood why the concentrated, intense scent they'd sprayed on Pepper had made her stir inside. The smell and the sight of the Mutt Maker's victims brought her back to the moment she'd received a partial dose of the loathsome, purple chemical. She thought of how awful it was for her body to be not just partially out of her control, as it had been over the previous weeks, but completely acting on its own accord. She thought of how she'd jumped on Robert and humped his leg like a horny dog. But most of all she thought about how much she hated that her body understood what she really wanted better than she did.

The two purple muzzled puppy girls both became still for just a moment as they sniffed the air. A moment later, when they caught the pungent odor emanating from Pepper, they lunged towards her with wide, drooly, open mouthed smiles and frenzied, needy eyes. Sue noticed that they both wore large strap-on, red knots secured by black, nylon harnesses. Pepper must have noticed too, because she squeaked and tried to scamper between them to escape, but it was to no avail. The two desperate huntresses, with their full limbs, were far faster and more agile than poor Pepper on her ridiculous

stumps. They easily grappled Pepper down from both ends, making her stumps fly out from under her, leaving her wiggling helplessly on her belly.

Both purple muzzled pets sniffed eagerly at the spots where Pepper had been sprayed as she thrashed and flailed uselessly. Then, clearly not accustomed to having apparatuses between their legs, they awkwardly moved their hips into position. Pepper's eyes went wide at the sight of the knot in front of her face. She closed her mouth tightly and tried to turn away as the pet began to hump her. The hard, rubber knot slammed against her cheeks, her forehead, her chin as the pet relentlessly pounded her. Pepper grimaced with disgust and kept her lips tightly together. That was, until the one on the lower end grabbed Pepper's hips with mostly limp and useless hands and slammed her knot inside the pinned puppy girl's tight, dripping hole. Pepper's mouth popped open and not a moment later the knot from the one at the top hammered into her gaping orifice.

Sue watched as the two purple muzzle puppy girls, the victims of the Mutt Maker, had their way with Pepper. She could see as they humped that the knots were double-sided, which meant that Pepper would be enduring their advances for a long time.

"Amazing," said the man in the lab coat as he took notes.

The sitter clicked on. "Don't dawdle, puppy. You've got a job to do!" Sue bit down hard on the mail knot in her mouth as she was shocked. The man in the lab coat glanced down at her with an annoyed expression.

"Delivery?" He asked and offered his hand. Sue delicately placed the knot in his upturned palm. He grimaced from the drool and called to one of the handlers for a wet wipe. "This troublesome, little beast drooled on me!"

Insults aside, Sue was very happy to be quickly dismissed from the room. Back out in the hallway, she refocused herself on her mission so that she wouldn't dwell on what she'd just witnessed. She made a few more rounds through the hallways, peeking and searching where she could. Sue knew if she took much longer then she'd be on report, so she reluctantly made her way back to the entrance of the experimental wing.

Sue was feeling very low. After all, she'd wasted her time and she didn't even want to imagine what Donna did to get her there. Then when she was just about to turn the corner to return to the main hallway and then move on to the exit, she heard a woman and a man conversing.

“Ah, so you think your natural PRINTS bitch is shameless, look at how I've improved upon nature with this one!” The man said.

“Well, I didn't really think of it as a competition, I was just trying to explain...”

“Patches!” The man snapped and Sue's ears perked up. “Greet!”

The voices were coming from a room labeled “Kennel Room #15.” Sue crept up to the door and poked her head inside. There in a typical kennel room with white walls, white tile, buzzing fluorescent lights, and the faint smell of bleach, Sue saw a man and a woman, both in white lab coats, standing above two puppy girls. Sue recognized the unremarkably pretty blonde woman with glasses. It was Natalie Jones, the assistant veterinarian who had worked for Robert's friend Ed. Sue had only briefly spoken to her after Ed had been killed. She seemed nice, but the grief had made her somewhat distant and detached, so Sue couldn't have been sure. Fortunately, that seemed to have passed. Sue recognized the dark haired, Asian puppy girl at Natalie's feet too. Her name was Cookie. She'd also been very sedate when Sue had seen her in the aftermath of Ed's death. She also seemed to have bounced back. She sat on her haunches, panting and drooling with a great big, open mouth smile. Curiously, she wore specialized pet gear that was different from the soft, dark brown standard gear Sue had seen her in before. The new gear was sleeker and included a small, black nylon backpack and similar pouches attached to her upper thighs, the red cross inside of the heart-shaped paw symbol of the FBP suggesting that they were filled with veterinarian supplies. She also wore a very, out of place scarf around her neck, but was anything really in place?

What is she going to do next? Climb on top of her dog house and shoot down the Red Baron?

Though Sue took note of Natalie and Cookie to file away for later, it was the redheaded pet with the bouncy pigtails and perky, pointed ears on top of her head that held her interest. The bouncing, eager puppy girl was, without a doubt, Patches. Sue watched the happy pet, on the command of the man in the lab coat, bound over to Natalie and poked her head right up the veterinarian's skirt.

"Patches!" Natalie yelled. Her cheeks were red and she tried to push the over-zealous puppy girl's head away. "Bad dog!"

The man in the lab coat laughed, and then snapped, "Patches! Heel!"

The puppy girl immediately stopped and scrambled to the man's side. The doctor was a tall, slender man with jet black cut high and tight. He watched Natalie with equally dark eyes.

Natalie straightened her skirt. Sue couldn't help, but notice that Cookie was staring daggers at the man despite maintaining the same open-mouthed smile.

The man in the lab coat pointed at Patches, seemingly very proud of himself. "You see Natalie, she says 'hello' to another female, even one on two legs, on command without the slightest hesitation. Can you say the same for Cookie?"

Natalie frowned. "Like I said, it's not a competition. Besides, I don't know why you'd want to brag about inflicting PRINTS on any girl, Dr. Wilkes."

Sue had heard of the condition before. The name PRINTS was an acronym that stood for "permanent, role, imprint, neuro traumatic syndrome." From what she could remember, it basically meant that the puppy girl became stuck in her role and was unable to return to her previous life after her service had concluded. She felt sympathy well up inside of her for Cookie and Patches alike. The latter made her equally angry as she thought of everything that Juliette had told her about her sister April. All of April's hopes and dreams, they were all gone, and it wasn't just by chance. They'd taken it all from her on purpose.

Yet, Patches just sat there smiling and panting, panting and smiling. She seemed completely content to wait for the man's next command. She seemed equally content when he ordered her to one of the floor-level kennels. Natalie ordered Cookie into the neighboring one and urged her inside with a gentle pat on the behind.

"Why shouldn't I brag?" Dr. Wilkes asked and then continued without waiting for an answer. "Patches is completely comfortable in her role. In fact, she's ecstatic to be in her role! Think of how much better it would be if every draftee had this kind of conditioning. They could fulfill their service in complete bliss no matter what they were asked to do!"

"Yes and when their service is over, what then?" Natalie asked. "What would we do with millions of artificially created PRINTS cases?"

"Of course, we'll have figured out how to reverse the process by then."

Natalie stared at him and said nothing.

"So, you'll at least consider working with me then? All I ask is that you 'recommend' a few new trainees be transferred to my department. The more subjects I have available to tinker with the faster the process."

"My answer hasn't changed, *doctor*."

Dr. Wilkes stepped close to Natalie. "Look, you're still pretty new here so you might not get it yet. I just want you to help me, so that I can help you. One way or another I'll get some subjects." He stared at her as if measuring her for a collar. It was a look Sue recognized only too well.

"Are you threatening me, Dr. Wilkes?" Natalie's voice was hard, but it had an undercurrent of nervousness.

"No, not at all, it's just some friendly advice." He held up his hands disarmingly and backed out of the room. As he did, Sue crawled across the doorway making him trip and fall backwards into the hall.

Dr. Wilkes clamored back up onto his feet. Rubbing his back he growled down at Sue, “You little bitch!”

Natalie stood up to him. “Relax, Dr. Wilkes. It’s just a postal pet, maybe you should watch where you’re going next time. Or maybe listen for the bells.”

He opened his mouth as if to say something more, but clearly realized that to do so would only make him look even more foolish. “You just remember what I said, Natalie.” He glowered and stalked off down the hallway.

Natalie knelt down next to Sue and petted her on the head. “Thanks, pup!” She said and pulled out a doggy treat. She was just about to offer it when she hesitated. “Hey, do I know you?” She adjusted her glasses. “Sue, Sue Sharp, right?”

Sue looked up at her reluctantly with burning cheeks. She hated being recognized in general, but Natalie remembering her could spell disaster.

“I heard about what happened. I appreciate what you and Detective Jericho were trying to do for Ed.” She held the treat awkwardly. “I don’t suppose you still want this?”

Sue snatched the crumbly thing from the veterinarian’s palm and chewed it hungrily.

“Good doggy – Sorry – I mean, thanks again.”

“You saw her? You saw April?” Juliette asked.

Sue chewed on a bite of pizza that was perhaps a bit too big and nodded emphatically.

“Was she okay?”

Sue swallowed and took a big gulp of one of Donna’s overly sweet cocktails. She wasn’t sure how to answer that. Yes, April seemed more or less physically intact, but her mind on the other hand...

“She looked healthy, but...”

“But?”

Sue looked at Juliette’s eyes. They were hopeful and alive for the first time.

“They’ve done something to her mind, Juliette. They conditioned her to have something like PRINTS, have you heard of it?”

Juliette shook her head. Sue explained as gently as she could and she watched the hope in Juliette’s eyes flicker like a candle not quite blown out.

Everyone was silent for long seconds until finally Juliette spoke. “It doesn’t matter. I’m not leaving my sister in that horrible place. We have to get her out.”

It occurred to Sue that Juliette had gone past asking for more help and was instead demanding it, but she didn’t mind.

Donna put another piece of pizza on Sue’s plate and refilled her drink. “So, how do we get her out?”

Over the rest of dinner the three of them discussed possibilities, before they finally decided on a simple plan. As it turned out, Trinket, the kind pet girl who’d helped Sue get a drink was going to be shown off at a presentation that very night. That meant security would be focused on the exhibition hall and lighter on the rest of the building. To get inside the experimental department, they would use the security code that Donna had gotten from Lloyd when she’d “charmed” him. While dressed in disguises, the three of them would go to Kennel Room #15 where April was being kept, place a leash on her, and lead her right back out the door, through a backdoor, down the street out of the view of the FBP building to where they’d have a car waiting. They knew April would be chipped, so they would have to get her away fast.

“What about a boat?” Donna suggested.

Sue looked at her incredulously. “Do you know anyone who owns a boat?”

Donna looked pensive. “Maybe... yes, I can get it.” She pointed at Juliette. “We can get you and April out of the country really quick that way.”

The fire in Juliette’s eyes returned.

Part 7: The Rescue

The following night, the Federal Bureau of Pettification Headquarters was packed on one side with all kinds of VIPs eager to come and gawk at the new poster pet, Trinket. The other was nearly deserted. Sue, Donna, and Juliette skulked through the latter. Donna had used her excellent makeup skills and access to certain uniforms, to make all three of them appear to be nothing more than three lovely lab techs. That's how they'd appear to anyone they met in the halls, and more importantly that's how they'd appear to the camera in front of the entrance to the experimental division.

Sue enjoyed walking on two legs through the halls again, but more than that she enjoyed the expensive and very convincing blonde wig Donna had put on her. She'd always wondered what she'd look like as a blonde.

But am I having more fun yet? I dunno... I really don't...

The three of them paused, but only for a moment, in front of the door to the experimental division. Like clockwork, Donna punched in the code and they walked through the open doorway into the antiseptic, maze-like halls. Like most of the areas they'd gone through, these were mostly empty save for the odd late night worker, which only made things easier. As they went towards the kennel room, Sue kept glancing at Juliette. Her face was like stone, but Sue noticed that her hands were balled up into white knuckled fists. Her anxiety must have been off the charts. Sue wished she could say something to try to calm her down, but it was better to keep moving.

It didn't take them long to reach Kennel Room #15. The three of them darted in through the door and closed it as quietly as they possibly could behind them. Sue flipped on the lights. The kennels lining the walls on either side shook with life. She could see movement behind the bars and hear whines and whimpers.

“We'd better do this fast before someone comes and checks on the noise!” Sue whispered.

The trio scurried down the line of kennels looking for the one labeled “Patches.” It was Juliette who laid eyes on her sister first.

“April? April is that you?” She sank to her knees in front of the kennel as tears began to fall.

Donna rubbed her shoulders as Sue hastily unlatched the door. Patches bounded from the confines of her small, stainless steel prison. She barked once and licked Juliette across the face before jumping at Donna and trying to sniff at her crotch.

“Whoa, girl!” Donna laughed and pushed her gently away.

Juliette didn’t laugh. She said in a small, defeated voice, “She doesn’t even recognize me.”

“Don’t worry, we’ll get her some help. I promise!” Sue didn’t know what kind of help they could give her, or if help was even possible, but she wanted to believe that Patches could be April again as much as she wanted Juliette to believe it.

Sue clipped a leash on April’s collar while Donna prepared her disguise. To make sure no one recognized her, Donna would give her brands a quick touch up so that their serial numbers would look different. Then they would put a full dog face muzzle hood over April’s head so that they could walk her out of the experimental division without anyone recognizing her. The vacant eyed puppy girl began to whine loudly as the hood went on, Sue and Donna had to hold her still to buckle it on. Once it was in place, April whined louder and thrashed her head about as she pawed at the ridiculous looking hood.

“Take it off of her!” Juliette insisted. “Can’t you see she’s scared!”

“But she has to wear it...” Dona said as gently as she could.

“She’ll attract too much attention like this!” Sue shook her head.

Juliette got down to April's eye level. "April! Calm down! It won't be for very long..."

April only struggled more. There were tears in her eyes and panicked gasps for air through the holes in the fake snout.

"Oh, Fuck..." Juliette mumbled. She got down on her hands and knees, stared intensely into April's fearful eyes and licked the tip of the muzzle.

April trembled, but her breath had slowed and she stopped trying to paw the muzzle off her face. Juliette licked the tip of the muzzle again and continued to stare.

Finally, she said slowly, "I think she's ready." As she stood up, April started shaking and whining again.

"Damn it..." Sue swore.

Juliette dropped back down again and April calmed down again moments later.

"What are we going to do?" Juliette said from all fours.

Sue looked around as she tried to think of what to do next. They couldn't very well leave the room with one lab tech crawling next to a pet. Then she spotted a set of pet gear laid out on a nearby table.

"What if..." Sue picked up one of the paw mittens. "What if one of us left here disguised as a ComPet to help keep April calm?"

Juliette sat back up with her arms crossed. "No!"

"I didn't say that *you* had to do it." She started to slide the brown paw mitten over her hand. Despite the seriousness of the situation, Sue felt a familiar pang in her belly as it slid over her fingers.

Yeah, you would volunteer for something like this. "Oh, no, I'm only doing it because I have to!" God, you're pathetic!

The mitten was roomy, too roomy. Sue looked down at the little size tag. It said “M.” Her heart sank. She was an XXS.

“Well, I’m out. This gear is way too big for me. Uh, Donna?”

Donna looked at the label, “Sorry, medium is too small for me.”

Juliette shook her head. “That’s my size but... I – I can’t.”

Sue knelt down next to her. How was she supposed to ask a victim of a terrible trauma to relive her trauma? “Juliette, we can’t make you do it. If you can’t, we’ll think of something else.”

Juliette stared at April for long moments. Sue wondered what Juliette was thinking. She thought about her own sister and how close they used to be. She wondered if she could have summoned the courage that Juliette needed to.

“No, I... I can do it.”

Juliette rocked back onto her knees. April whimpered, but when she saw that Juliette wasn’t going away, she calmed down again. Juliette began to undress.

She kept a stiff upper lip as she shed each garment starting with the white lab coat. It was like watching the evolutionary ladder in reverse. As her blouse slipped down, Juliette’s freckled shoulders were covered in goosebumps, but she still looked resolute when she reached behind her to unclip her bra. It wasn’t long before Juliette was naked and kneeling in front of her sister.

She glanced up to Donna and sighed deeply. “Okay, I’m ready.”

Sue scooped up the clothes and started folding them to put away in Donna’s backpack. Donna started with the collar and Juliette grabbed it out of her hands. “I can do it myself! At least this time I’m doing it for a reason...”

Sue had to admire her. It was always easier when someone else put you in chains. With the collar secured, with uncharacteristic seriousness, Donna set

to putting the rest of the generic pet gear on Juliette. The only thing she said during the process were quiet reminders to breathe. Stuffing the last of the clothes into the pack, Sue had only looked away for what felt like a few moments, but when she looked up, Juliette was gone and Lilly was back – mostly. Her hair was still different, but she had the same tear eyes, red cheeks, and timid posture while trapped in the confining brown pet gear.

April seemed to have relaxed in the hood. She crawled around Juliette with a quizzical look in her eyes that seemed to say, “Where did the lady go? Who is this new puppy?” It might have been cute under different circumstances. Finally, April paused and sniffed at Juliette’s backside.

Juliette cringed, but remained still. It might have been gross, but it meant that April had accepted her.

Sue looked at the clock on the wall. “We’d better go.”

Out in the hallway, Sue held Juliette’s leash and Donna held Aprils. The two sisters crawled between them. They were so close together their flanks rubbed. Every time April looked like she might act up, Juliette rubbed against her and gave her the eye. Sue wondered if it was having another puppy girl present that calmed her down, or if there was a part of April that still remembered her sister’s face, voice or...smell.

They were one hallway over from the exit when Sue saw Dr. Wilkes coming from the opposite direction. There was nowhere to duck into, and even if there was, it was too late. He saw them. Sue shot Donna a warning glance and then looked back at Dr. Wilkes. She tried to look casual as she walked along. For all she knew he would just pass by them.

“Hey, girls.” He half smiled at them. “Working late?”

Sue began to stop, but Donna started to walk faster. Sue opened her mouth, not certain what she was going to say, but Donna answered first.

“Yup, and *working* is all we’re doing.”

Dr. Wilkes laughed as they passed by him. Sue felt herself relax. Donna must have gotten hit on all the time, because she was really good at shutting it down.

“Hey, hold on a minute...” Dr. Wilkes called after them.

Sue felt her heart leap into her throat. She exchanged glances with Donna and turned around to face the doctor walking back down the hall towards them.

“I don’t think I’ve seen you around here before, what are your names? What project are you attached to?”

“We’re new!” Donna declared.

God, I hope you have something to follow that up with...

“Yeah, I know. I repeat my questions. Who are you with and what’s your project?”

Grasping for something – *anything* to say, Sue could see the horrible future with crystal clarity. Dr. Wilkes would call security, and all four of them would be taken into custody. April would be back in her little kennel within the hour. Her fate would be the quickest. For Juliette the process would take longer, but within a day she’d be trapped in her familiar pet gear, forced to answer to “Lilly” again, and returned to her pig of an owner. The media would cover the “heartwarming story” of a kidnapped puppy girl getting returned to her home – with service extended, no doubt. That would be nothing compared to the show trial that would be held for Sue and for Donna. Two FBP employees trying to “abduct” a puppy girl with special needs would be a sensational story that would earn the ire of all respectable citizens. It might be a full week before the predetermined verdict was handed down. Then both Sue and Donna would find themselves in permanent pet service – or worse. Sue would never see her family again. She’d never see Robert again.

“Dr. Wilkes.” Natalie Jones called from a doorway further down the hall. “I want to speak with you.”

Dr. Wilkes pointed at Donna and Sue and opened his mouth to protest.

“I want to speak with you about the proposal you made earlier today.”

The doctor walked away from Donna, Sue, Juliette and April without a backwards glance. Natalie allowed him to enter the room first. In the moment before she followed him, she looked down the hallway at the four of them and nodded.

In the backseat of the car, April gratefully licked Juliette’s cheeks when the tight, dog muzzle mask was finally removed. They knew that they could have lots of time, or very little time depending on when April’s kennel was checked. They all wondered why Natalie had intervened, but not one of them was willing to look a gift horse in the mouth. As Donna started the car and headed for the docks, they all silently prayed that Natalie was still talking to Dr. Wilkes and that he wasn’t checking the kennel right then.

There was no visible sign of pursuit. It was snowing again. Traffic was sparse. Sue leaned her burning forehead against the cool window and watched the distorted neon lights bent and refracted through the melted snow on the glass. Had they done it? She looked back at Juliette and April curled up against each other and she hoped so.

Sue stepped out of the car and onto the dock. The snow swirled around her and she crossed her arms to brace against the cold. Juliette was struggling back into her clothes in the backseat and April, with her inquisitive nose and busy tongue wasn’t making it any easier.

Sue poked her head back inside the car and said, “Wait here.” She stood back up and looked at Donna. “Well, where’s the boat?”

Donna pointed out to a white trawler slowly coming into view.

“How did you manage that with just a phone call?” Sue asked.

“She called me. I’m a rich boy, remember?”

Sue spun around to see Robert stepping out from behind a cargo container. He was wearing a fedora and a long, gray trench coat over one of his perfectly tailored suits. Even when he was a suspended detective, he still insisted on dressing like one, albeit from some bygone decade.

“Robert? I –” She looked back at Donna. “You called him? Without checking with me? He could have...”

Donna shrugged. “Yeah, but he didn’t, did he?”

Sue looked back at Robert. “You didn’t, did you?”

Robert shook his head. “The law is important to me Sue.” He looked behind her at Juliette and April in the car. “But justice is more important, and what happened to them wasn’t justice. It’s as simple as that.”

Juliette and April sat inside of a large wooden crate. With the panel to close it propped up against his side he handed Juliette a wad of cash. “Use it to start a new life across the sea, sweetheart.”

Juliette nodded. “I don’t know what to say... I don’t know what to say to any of you...”

“You don’t need to say anything to me. The guys on the boat will load you up. They’ve been told to put the crate down on the dock when you get into port. They’re supposed to open it and then walk away. Then you’ll be free to go. Understand?” He reached out and patted April on the head and she licked at his fingers.

Juliette nodded again and gulped back tears.

Sue knelt down to Juliette’s level. “You take good care of your sister.”

Juliette hugged her. “Thank you,” she whispered.

With the crate closed and loaded. The trawler sailed off into the night. Sue, Robert, and Donna stood on the pier and watched the boat disappear into the falling snow. Donna nudged Sue and motioned towards Robert with her chin before heading back to the car.

“Robert, I’m... I’m sorry I yelled at you.”

“I don’t blame you. After everything you’ve been through. Are you okay?”

Sue shivered, and not from the cold. His concern surrounded her like a blanket, making her feel warm and safe when he wasn’t even touching her.

“I’ll live.”

Robert took her arms and looked at her squarely. “Look, we ought to get out of here.”

“Oh... yeah, we should.”

“But before we do, there’s something I wanted to say to you for weeks.” He paused. “I think I might be falling in love with you too.”

Sue stared up at him. He’d said it! He’d actually said it!

He bent down and kissed her the way he had in the cabin and she felt her knees melt. She kissed him back and for a moment the snow around them seemed to turn to steam.

Sue’s cheeks were flushed and she was breathless when their lips finally parted.

He was breathless too when he said, “Catch up later? After your shift tomorrow?”

All Sue could do was nod.

The End

Epilogue

Juliette had done exactly what the detective had told her to do. She'd taken the money to start a new life. Wrapped in the crisp, new bills she'd found an address and phone number to a man who'd helped her get set up with new identification, which led to finding a modest place to live, a job, and something *resembling* a life.

She came home from a shift at the restaurant where she worked on the line. It wasn't glamorous by any means, but every day she was there she felt like she was getting back a small amount of her humanity. Going where she pleased, eating human food at a table, paying bills, hell, even using a bathroom were all reaffirming to her, and she still took great pleasure in them months after she'd been freed.

Coming through the door and seeing April was always deflating. April greeted her with barks and licks, her behind wagging furiously. Though she was out of her pet gear, she still insisted on crawling. Even though there was no risk of a shock from the petsitter, she still refused to even attempt speech. No, it was worse than that. It wasn't that she refused to stand or speak; it was as if she had never done either before. The clothes that Juliette had laid out for her had been ignored, save for one of the shoes that she'd used as a chew toy.

Juliette picked up the well-chewed shoe. It was still slick with April's drool. "God damn it, April!" She yelled and threw the shoe across the room.

April cowered at Juliette's sudden outburst.

Juliette took a deep breath and hugged her sister. "I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I just... I just want you back."

April looked at her with large, searching eyes. She couldn't understand the words, but she responded to the tone. That was all the connection Juliette had left, and she didn't want to lose that too.

Later that night, there was a light tap on the door. Juliette tensed out of habit. She'd never heard of any FBP agents going to other countries to recapture "strays," but she never discounted the possibility.

"Who is it?" She asked, not getting up from the couch.

There was a long pause. "It's Natalie Jones – the veterinarian – and Cookie, her assistant."

"Who?" Juliette went to the door and looked out the peephole. She recognized the young woman on the other side immediately.

"I just want to talk with you."

"About what?"

"Your sister, I think I can help her."

Juliette hesitated. She wanted to help her sister, but she didn't know if she could trust anyone from the FBP.

"How did you find me?"

"Detective Robert Jericho helped me."

Juliette took a deep breath and opened the door.

Serving tea at her own table in her own apartment was just one more little human pleasure for Juliette. Regardless of what Natalie had to say, she was already in a better mood. April and the dark haired puppy girl had become instant friends after sniffing each other's backsides. They played tug of war with a well-chewed, knotted rope on the patio while Juliette and Natalie sipped their tea and talked. It was nice to see April having some fun outside for a change. April hadn't been allowed on the patio by herself since she'd gotten loose and roamed the neighborhood, presenting her wagging, upturned backside to every dog she'd met. It was then that Juliette had realized how much damage those butchers at the FBP had done.

"So, you decided to run too?" Juliette asked. She was skeptical. "Why?"

“I tried to make things better. I really did, but... I couldn't. I was already planning on it, but when I saw your little group, and I figured out what was going on, I made up my mind.”

“So, what are you doing here then? You said you could help my sister.”

“Your sister has PRINTS. It was artificially induced, but she has it, and I want to cure it.”

Cookie ripped the knotted rope from April's mouth and flung it away. She barked triumphantly, looking very proud of herself.

“I know it doesn't look like it, but I've already made some progress with Cookie. I can't make any promises, but I think with time, maybe we can get them both back to their human selves.”

Juliette looked at her sister. She'd almost put away her dreams of truly reuniting with April, but Natalie had brought them back. Juliette didn't know what the future held, but at least it looked bright from where she was sitting.