

## 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 and 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 draft 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 of 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.