

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.