

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 that 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 pigtailed 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.