

The New Puppy

January 2022 – Part Two

What the hell was she even thinking?

Barbara wasn't quite sure, to be perfectly honest. Here she was, already ten minutes after normal quitting time, bundling cardboard boxes into the back of the plain white minivan that served as their delivery vehicle. Her boss had been overjoyed to hear of the sale this afternoon, of course – and he'd been more than happy to tell her that since she was getting the commission, it was only fair that she took care of the delivery to the customer's house.

Just as that strange woman had asked. Or rather, ordered.

Barbara felt an uneasy wave of gooseflesh ripple over her arms once again as the woman's voice resounded in her memory. "...a good puppy like you..." "...my adorable little puppy..." "...such an adorable, obedient little thing..." Good god, she had a boyfriend, for heaven's sake! Why on earth was this one strangely dressed, eccentric woman making her feel as though she was about to... to–

No, she told herself fiercely, shoving the last, massive cardboard box into the back and slamming the door shut. She was *not* getting aroused by this Mrs. Carina Kostopoulos – or so the name on that scrap of paper had read. She was going to be brisk and businesslike and polite. She was going to deliver the goods and leave. The dishes, and the leash, and the cage and collar and toys...

Oh, the toys. She groaned internally at her own stupidly dirty imagination that had led her through the stock shelves earlier, urging her to choose all of the toys that looked most akin to... well, to other kinds of toys. Sex toys. The sort that she'd seen online, advertised as surefire means to spark passion in the bedroom...

Where the hell was this address again? She consulted her phone one last time and put the van in gear, mainly in order to distract herself from these extraordinarily unprofessional thoughts. Okay, that wasn't too bad. Barely twenty minutes' drive away. Just enough time to collect her thoughts and put on the brightly polite and helpful demeanor that the job required.

It would be fine. She'd drop it all off, and leave. Of course. No one would be putting any silly collars on anyone. Not this time.

"Why, hello there, sweetie! I was beginning to think you'd lost your way. Come on – yes, just back it right in. There's plenty of room here beside my car..."

Barbara felt her heart skip a beat at the sound of that woman's voice. *Keep it together, Barb! Focus – focus on backing in, nice and smooth...* Which she did, somehow. But as she eased to a stop, she caught a glimpse of Mrs. Kostopoulos's uplifted hand holding a little remote – and then she was watching with a sudden flash of apprehension as the garage door slid shut before her with a soft thud.

"It's just so chilly these evenings, isn't it?" came that same soft laugh as Barbara slid from her seat and stood awkwardly beside the van. "I really don't want my dear little Ronnie to get all chilled..." Oh, that's right – this lady had mentioned something about having a kid, hadn't she?

"Um, okay," Barbara managed, doing her best to shake off the tingles that this woman's voice was already unleashing up and down her spine. "So, um, Mrs. Kosto- Kostopo-" "Oh, sweetie, just call me Auntie Carina," the woman beamed, and Barbara flushed and bent to open the back hatch to hide her sudden embarrassment. "It's a mouthful of a last name anyway – and the two of us really don't need such silly formalities, after all..."

Barbara stiffened at that, but did her best to pretend not to notice. "Okay, um... Auntie Carina. Where- like, we should set all this out here, I guess...?" "Oh, but of course not!" the woman exclaimed, motioning toward the half-open door into the house. "Please, no little pet of mine is going to be stuck out in the garage, sweetie! Here, let's bring it all into the living room – just right inside and to the right..."

Well, there wasn't much else to do but follow the order. And so Barbara did, feeling both apprehension and a morbid curiosity to see the inside of this strange woman's house. Would she really have an ancient rotary phone on the wall? A grainy old black-and-white TV in the corner? Hand-embroidered cushions and mottoes on the wall?

She found none of that. Instead, she found herself in a crisp, modern interior, complete with a kitchen gleaming in stainless-steel and a cozy living room all in monochrome shades of grey. In one corner was a pile of toys beside a play mobile, and in the doorway to the hall there hung a padded baby bouncer – though for some reason it seemed strangely large to her eyes...

Not that she had time to think about that. "Yes, let's put it right in that corner," Auntie Carina

smiled, and Barbara dutifully dropped the box and leaned it there against the wall. "Now, then! I don't suppose you can show me how it goes together...? Come on, be a dear and open it for me..."

And before she quite knew it, she was cutting open the cardboard, and pulling the dully gleaming steel bars and mesh from within, and unfolding the cage into its stiff, uncompromising final form. *This better be a heck of a commission! Just don't think about all those other things she said earlier. She was probably just teasing-*

But then as she was kneeling to tighten the last metal clasp, the fingers brushed once again over the nape of her neck, and she froze. "Perfect," came Auntie Carina's voice, and Barbara shivered as she turned and gazed up into her smiling eyes. "It's just perfect for a sweet little pet like you, don't you think? Surely you haven't had second thoughts since this afternoon?"

Yes- No, not second thoughts. She'd never intended- Barbara gulped nervously, desperately trying to work out what to say. "I- I- um..." And then this woman's magical fingers were playing in her hair, and she shuddered as her eyes slid involuntarily closed. *God, why and how did this woman affect her so? Every touch from Auntie was setting her trembling, every syllable she spoke making her thrill as if to the voice of a lover...*

"Good puppy," she heard once more, and she blinked back to reality. "Oh, sweetie, I see how much you want this. Listen: you can stay here tonight, okay? Just one night to see how wonderful it can be. I promise I won't hurt you, sweetie – promise..."

Why was she biting her lip? nodding? blushing as she rose to her feet? But so she was, and even as Auntie Carina's voice breathed into her ear she felt a surge of joy: the primal, simple joy of an obedient pet at the approval of her mistress. "Perfect. Such a good pet! Now, let's get those silly clothes off you, shall we? Good pets don't need anything but their collar, after all..."

And so it was that, half entranced and half aroused into wordless longing, Barbara stood mutely and allowed Auntie Carina's dexterous fingers to unclasp her: first her drab vest and shirt, then her jeans and shoes and socks, and then progressing to her bra and panties. "Shh, no worries," Auntie whispered as she glanced down apprehensively at the bra being withdrawn from her substantial breasts. "No more silly clothes for my pet tonight. Good pets need to let Auntie dress and undress them, exactly as she sees fit..."

When she stood there at last, naked and shivering with silent anxiety, Auntie beamed and produced the now-familiar leather collar from the bag. "Come, sweetie. You know whose collar this is, don't

you? Tell me, sweetie. Tell me whose collar this is." "It- it's- mine, Auntie Carina," Barbara heard herself saying, and blushed to hear the groveling obedience in her voice. "Yes, it is..." Auntie breathed – and then the leather was slipping smooth and tight around her neck, and the buckle was clicking softly closed. "Now then... be a good girl. You know your commands, don't you? Down."

Barbara sank reflexively to her knees, eyes fixed on the floor. "Good pet," she heard, and once again she felt that simple rush of delight at having pleased her new mistress who was now bustling about the room. "Now let's get a nice soft blanket... yes, like this. I really want to have you try out your new cage, pet. I have a surprise for you if you obey..."

Oh, the feeling of crawling obediently forward, of ducking into the cage she'd only just set up with her own two hands, of turning and watching the door swing shut and latch behind her naked ass! "Good girl!" Auntie praised yet again, and as Barbara blinked up at her through the bars, Auntie beamed and half-turned toward the hall. "Stay, sweetie. Stay there, and Auntie will be back with a surprise just for you!"

What on earth was coming down the hall scarcely two minutes after Auntie had disappeared? It was something- someone- someone crawling... like her...

It was a young man – perhaps only a year or two younger than her own twenty-three years. He was clad in an outfit the likes of which she'd never in her life expected to see on a grown man: a sky-blue baby's onesie, and bulging beneath it, swaying heavily between his legs with his every movement, was the visible bulk of a giant, oversized, diaper. In his mouth was a giant pacifier, and in his eyes there gleamed the strangely bright, regressed innocence of a toddler catching sight of a new toy.

But what had Barbara staring in petrified shock was his face... for behind the giant dummy, she recognized none other than her own boyfriend, Ronald.

"Look, baby! Mommy got you a new puppy! Oh, Mommy knows you're going to love playing with her so much! Here, why don't you give her one of her new toys, baby?"

At which the naked, collared, and caged Barbara could only gulp and gaze with wide eyes. She had no idea where the rest of this evening was about to go... but somehow, she had a feeling that neither she nor Ronald was going to forget it for years to come.

Maybe ever.