

Another night, another satisfied customer. The mouse wiped the thick, white smear upon her lips with the back of her arm, coating her paint-splotch patterned white fur, as she raised her gaze from beyond his deflating shaft and sack, falling limp with satisfaction as the pup's eyes rolled back into his head.

"Mmn...that was a lot. You really were keeping it all for me, weren't you?" she said, with a rehearsed sultriness, before reclining beside her client, a pup named James, who could only stare at the ceiling with stars in his fluttering eyes while panting breathlessly as his whole body quivered, leg twitching with light kicks.

"Th-that was fucking amazing. Worth every...single...cent...ohhh fuuuck..."

"I'm glad you enjoyed," Kari offered that same, practiced, porcelain doll smile to the client. ". . . to hear you got it out of your system..I'm always here when you need me, okay?"

"I love you, Kari," he said. "You listen to me every time. About my bitchy wife, about my shitty job...I can't tell you how much I love you."

Kari looked away, though kept up her smile. That was because he loved who she had to be. She knew better. No attachments. She couldn't get close to them. They were just a way to save money, pay bills, all that. Nothing more.

And yet . . .

"James . . . I appreciate the love, I really do. And I'll be here for you whenever you need to relax...and get away from it all."

"Come on, a girl as wonderful as you should have a guy to hang off of. I really mean it. You go above and beyond just, well, a quickie."

"I..." Kari shook her head. "It's getting late. You should sleep. Relax. Dream well. Dream of me..." She offered a saccharine smile, forcing it across her lips, hoping he would drop the probing questions.

"Alright...we can talk more in the morning...?"

"Sure," she nodded with a little too much enthusiasm, her smile stretching cheek to cheek.

"Alright." It wasn't long before the pup was sound asleep, his balls drained dry.

He wasn't wrong. She did her best at this job. But it was just that. A job.

Kari gazed upon the sleeping pup. James worked 9 to 9 with no paid overtime and shit benefits at a office job for a indie game studio in town. A young pup with big dreams, with no one behind him—his wife constantly biting his ear off to get a “real job,” and his parents having long since written him off as a layabout failure.

Admittedly, she had a soft spot for him for more than a few reasons.

She knew she didn’t know the whole story. Only what James told. Still, it was enough for her to give a little extra for the young pup, and really allow him to let loose all over her face and chest just so he could tackle the world for the upcoming week with renewed vigor.

Sadly, in a place like Dick’s, there were a line of such folks, and she regretted not having the energy to give each of them everything.

There was Edward. The team lead in some tech firm in the area. A bit of arrogant jerk of a weasel, he tipped well for her time at least, though the pillow talk was excruciating. He had tried to push those boundaries, too. And she had to give the same saccharine-laden excuses to avoid that awkward conversation. Though all talk with him was awkward, really, given how much he loved to talk about his projects, where she barely understood half of what he was saying, and he was sure to point it out in such a way that reminded her she was just a stupid bimbo as she could only manage to smile and nod.

Yet, there were also times he came in and begged her to step on him, and have her ride him, and slap him. Chain him up and blow him. And those were the nights he really opened up to her—he hated always having to fulfill the bloated words he spat, always having to live up to big expectations—always having to compare his proverbial dick size to everyone else.

She remembered one time, through tears, he was asking with sobbing anguish “for what purpose is it all!?” as she held his face to her chest, stroking his hair as he cried into her naked breast.

She couldn’t answer that, and merely held the space for him as he cried himself to sleep, leaving her alone with the gravity of everything he had told her.

Then there was Matthew. An older middle-aged cop, Matthew was all business, though was not above turning a blind eye and granting favors to Dick’s Drinks because of his ‘favorite girl.’ She found herself fascinated with his stories, and he knew how to treat her well—knowing when to ask permission, and when to, well, assume it. And they shared a mutual interest in the handcuff play—though she dared

not show him too much favoritism. Matthew thankfully understood the professional boundaries she had to set...though sometimes that ended up making her heart ache more.

He was world-weary. Had seen way too much shit in the field on all sides. And she dared not ask too many questions and probe too deeply. Because in the end, like anyone else, he just wanted to get away. And so, she let him chain her up and use her any way he liked.

Oddly enough, in spite of him trying to get away, he still told stories. Kinda came with the play as he firmly spanked her with his night club, leaving her rump black and blue. That had its own story to tell to the other girls who saw it the next day, leaving them green with envy.

They wouldn't be so green if they had heard the weariness in his voice as he told those stories...

Oh and Angie, a runaway who ran the local hair salon. She always picked on Kari, teased her about how bad she was about things like makeup and haircare and the like, given how much of a tomboy Kari could be, often clicking her tongue. Still, Kari knew that Angie liked it when the mouse made her bite her tongue with the mouse's own tongue between her legs.

She had been abused by her father growing up, and ended up forming a clear preference for what she swore was the fairer sex. And their girltalk ended up being a lot of Angie telling her horror stories about men. The mouse had long since learned to not try and argue with her—and just let her talk it all out. The mouse often just gently kept working through her ranting.

After all, it wasn't like her experiences with men were real or anything...or anything about her was real.

She shook her head, curling up underneath the covers, as her thoughts continued to twist and turn within her head. They all loved that sickeningly fake-sweet appeasing little doll of a mouse who catered to their every whim or desire, regardless if she liked them or not.

She looked back to James, who was fast asleep with a satisfied grin on his face. She wondered. Would he listen if she told him her worries? Would he still love her?

"...hah. Stupid girl," she muttered, before turning away, and curling up under the sheets, hoping that the darkness of sleep would come soon...