

Pickup
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2/26/15

(Note: This is the follow-up to “Bad Trip”. Please read that first; otherwise, this will not make any sense to you)

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(Thirty minutes later)

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Yvette frowned as she looked up at the two-floor brownstone from her car.

“Damn...gonna be hard to clean this place out,” the grey vixen mused, stepping out of the limousine...then looking at the driveway.

A gleaming black Mercedes was sitting in the driveway, causing the vixen to scowl.

“Shit...one of them was at least an executive...this is going to be a BIG mess,” she mused, heading up to the front door.

The vixen straightened her jet black uniform...took a deep breath...then knocked hard three times on the door...

...and waited...

...and waited...

...and waited, her tail beginning to swish in impatience.

“Dammit. Can't you two answer the door!” she hissed, pounding on the door three times again.

She waited for a bit...then scowled at the lack of response.

“Probably screwing what's left of their brains out,” the vixen grumbled, fishing a set of lockpicks out of her pocket and leaning in close to the door.

She fumbled with the lock for a bit, her eyes checking for anyone looking her way...

...then she squeaked as the door was ripped open, causing her to stumble forward.

“Ooohh....someone's here!” a very light voice declared.

“Someone we can play with!” a second voice cooed.

Yvette regained her footing...and her composure...then looked up.

Standing there, clad in bright pink latex...were a white mink and a cocoa-furred coyote, both with their tails swishing.

Yvette took a breath...and smelled the musky scent of fresh sex all over the house.

“Good Lord, you two have been busy, haven't you?” she asked, waving her grey-furred paw in front of her nose.

“Uh-huh!” both of the new slaves declared.

“We wanted to celebrate being chosen by Master,” the mink said...then her eyes went wide. “Are you here to take us to Master?”

Yvette let a small smile cross her muzzle. “Yes, I am...” she began...

...then covered her ears at the extremely loud, girlish squeals coming from both pink-clad women.

“EEEEEE! We get to go to Master!” the coyote squealed, her tail wagging rapidly.

“I KNOW! We can finally meet him and serve him and...” The mink paused, her face seeming confused.

“Wait...is our Master a him or a her?”

“Does it matter?” the coyote replied. “We’ll serve either one.”

The mink giggled. “True, tee-hee.”

Yvette rubbed her face with a paw.

Couldn't you leave them one brain between them, she cursed inwardly...then looked up...

...and squeaked.

The mink and coyote were right in her face, looking at her with big eyes.

“What's Master liiiiiiike?” the mink asked.

Yvette blushed a bit, thinking about the wolf.

“Well..he's a...” she began.

“Told you Master was a male,” the mink huffed proudly.

“Nuh-uh! You said you didn't know!” the coyote retorted, sticking her tongue out at the mink...who promptly grabbed it with her paw. “Ey! WEGGO!”

This led to the two of them batting at each other for several seconds...

...and Yvette sighed.

“Good God...can't you two even remember your own programming?” she snapped.

Both females stopped moving, the mink letting go of the coyote's tongue.

“What's programming?” they both asked, in unison.

Yvette slammed her paw over her eyes in frustration.

“Oh sweet...” the vixen sighed...then shut the door.
“Look, you are supposed to already know all of these things, as well as who I am.”

She watched as the coyote blinked.

“We are?” the coyote asked, seeming very confused.

“Hey...who are you anyway?” the mink asked, her whiskers twitching.

Yvette sighed.

“My name is Yvette. I'm supposed to be taking you to your Master,” she began...

...and got cut off by a loud squeal of glee from the two females.

“YAY! WE GET TO MEET OUR MAAAAAA-STER!” both females squealed.

Yvette sighed.

“I am not paid anywhere NEAR enough for this,” the vixen groaned...then looked at the two women, who were bouncing up and down, the latex shining in the light.

“Okay you two...listen up!”

Both women stopped moving and stood still.

“From now on, if you have a question, you need to raise your paw,” the vixen stated...

...then blinked as the mink raised her paw.

“Yes?” Yvette asked.

“What is our Master like?” the mink asked.

Yvette nodded. “Very good. You may lower your paw.”

She watched as the mink lowered her paw, smiling and puffing her chest out a bit...and caught the coyote again

sticking its tongue out at the mink.

“Now then...your master is a wolf,” Yvette stated.
“Black fur...a little taller than me...”

She paused...as the coyote raised its paw. “Yes?”

“Will we get to see Master?” the coyote asked.

Yvette nodded and made a “lower your paw gesture”, which the coyote followed.

“Yes, you will after you have been checked out,” Yvette replied...then noticed that the mink had her paw up.
“Yes?”

“Does Master have any others like us?” the mink asked tentatively.

“Quite a few,” Yvette replied...then saw the mink still had her paw up. “Was there more?”

The mink nodded.

“Okay. What?”

“What will we be doing for Master?” the mink asked.

“You will be doing whatever he asks of you,” the vixen replied...then saw that the mink STILL had her paw up.
“Yes?”

“But...if Master has a lot of people like us...when will we ever get to see Master if he has so many like us?” the mink whined, finally lowering her paw.

Yvette chuckled softly.

“Don't worry. He makes sure to spend time with each and every slave he owns,” she replied.

“OOOH! I have one! I HAVE ONE!” the coyote squealed, waving her paw in the air.

Yvette chuckled, in spite of her growing frustration.
“Yes, dear...what is it?”

“Can we serve you too?” the coyote asked, lowering her paw.

“Yeah. I wanna know that too!” the mink asked.
“After all, girls are more fun than boys.”

Yvette blinked. *Wow...these two really didn't go through the programming. I should let him know.*

“Umm...possibly?” Yvette posited. “That will be up to him.”

“Oooh! I have another one!” the coyote squealed, waving her paw again and bouncing.

Yvette sighed. *I am DEFINITELY not paid enough for this...*

“Yes?”

The coyote grinned.

“How often do you get to play with us?” the coyote asked.

“Ooooh....that's a good one!” the mink cooed, her eyes wide.

The vixen was confused. “Play...?”

“OOOOH! She wants to play with us! YAAAYYYY!” both females squealed...then clamped onto her arms, pulling her close.

“Wait! Stop! No Play! NO PLA-”

...

(four hours later)

...

Vzzz! Vzzz!

Yvette slowly began to stir at the annoying buzzing coming from somewhere in the room.

The vixen stretched and yawned...and felt forms slide against her body, snuggling closer to her.

The vixen blinked, feeling confused for a bit.

Wait...why am I naked?

Slowly, she felt around her...

...and felt two female forms near her, clad in a slick material.

As she ran her paws along the forms, they began to murr softly...and squirm against her.

Oh yes...now I remember...

Vzzzz! Vzzzz!

The vixen yawned...then slid out from between the two forms, looking around for her clothes.

Where are...wow.

She found her pants on top of the mirror in the bedroom, partially torn...her phone dangling from a pocket in the front.

Vzzzz! Vzzzz!

She padded over and tapped “Accept Call”

“Yes?” she whispered softly.

“Why aren't you back yet, Yvette?” came a soft masculine voice.

The vixen sighed...and padded out into the hall, closing the door behind her.

“Because these two are fundamentally BROKEN,” she cursed at the voice. “They did NOT follow the programming. I doubt it even freaking installed correctly!”

AND they prefer girls to guys!”

“Well of course they do,” the voice replied. “The file said they were lesbians prior to conversion, Yvette. Thus it would make sense that they would prefer females...”

“But these two are dumber than that Senator!” she hissed.

“Yvette...those two are yours,” the voice replied.

The vixen froze, stunned.

“M-m-mine, Sir?” she stammered.

“Indeed they are,” the voice replied. “You have done so much work for me...going to pick up new slaves, helping train them...that I thought you might appreciate having a couple of your own.”

The vixen's eyes went wide.

“After all, everyone here has seen how lonely you are,” the wolf's voice stated. “So, when that mink quote-unquote applied to become part of our staff...and I saw she had a lesbian partner...I figured that they would be perfect for you.”

The vixen stayed silent, completely stunned.

“Consider those two your year-end bonus, Yvette,” the wolf stated. “Oh...and take a month off, Yvette. You've been woefully overworked and could use the time away.”

The vixen heard the phone line disconnect...and stared at the phone.

Those two...are for me?

No...oh god NO...

“Lady...why are you in the hallway?” a soft voice asked.

Yvette squeaked, bobbling the phone as she turned around.

Both the mink and the coyote were standing there, looking at her, eyes wide.

“Is...is something wrong?” the mink asked.

The coyote's ears drooped. “Did we not make you happy?”

“H-h-happy?” Yvette stammered, still blown away by the news she had received, clutching the phone in her paws for dear life.

Both women's faces lit up.

“Yay! She's happy! We did good!” they squealed, racing forward to hug her.

Yvette looked from one to the other.

Each had their eyes closed...and were pressing against her.

I swear...if it is the last thing I do...I am SO going to kick his ass for this, the vixen swore in her head.