



From Claire to Pipsqueak

The Brentwood Society

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<https://www.deviantart.com/thebrentwoodsociety>

2020-12-29

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It had been one year and 364 days since Claire had become a service animal. She'd spent those nearly two years assigned to a disgusting pig of a man doing whatever sick acts his perverted mind could conjure. The final day of her service was no exception. She bobbed her head back and forth in a steady rhythm, making her bright red, stubby pigtailed bounce with each motion, as her lips and tongue glided across his thick, slimy shaft. After all that time she probably should have been used to servicing with her mouth, but she wasn't. She hated being on her knees in such a vulnerable, submissive position. She hated being forced to look up at him with her big blue eyes during. He wouldn't even give her the dignity of looking down at her with contempt for the way she was acting; rather he looked at her with a kind of patronizing expression as if she really were a stupid animal doing something cute. She hated his sweat, how bad he smelled, how bad he tasted, and the way his coarse hair sometimes brushed her cheeks when he brought his fat thighs together to trap her. Most of all she hated when he would cum regardless of whether it was down her throat or on her face.

Claire kept her hate as buried as best as she could, so as not to upset the "Pet sitter" system contained in the "adorable" pointy dog ears pinned to the top of her head and in the leather collar around her neck. It was always reading her thoughts and always ready to issue a shock if she got out of line. She tensed when she felt her owner's heavy hand clap onto the back of her head.

"Don't struggle!" She still had to consciously remind herself.

His stout fingers laced their way through her hair as he forced her face into his crotch. His rough, thick pubic hair scratched her little button nose as his bulbous head thrust into her protesting throat. She gagged, but didn't dare fight him. Her whole body trembled as she choked and sputtered for air she could not get. His cock swelled and twitched in her tight windpipe.

"Here it comes, girl!" He groaned as he pumped his sticky, foul-tasting gunk down her stretched throat. He held her against him, his hairy scrotum plastered against her chin, until he finished and released her with a deep, satisfied sigh. Claire pulled back while gasping for breath and licking at the roof of her mouth to try to rub away the horrible fishy taste off her tongue.

"Finish, girl." He ordered, pointing to the glistening tip of his cock.

Claire sighed inwardly and meekly licked the last few drops off the tip, trembling with disgust as she did.

“Remember to say thank you!” He said as he ruffled her hair.

“Bastard...” She thought bitterly. Claire gulped, her cum-filled stomach was churning, his flavor was still on her tongue, his musk in her nostrils—she felt sick, but she managed to reply with a half-hearted, “Woof...” In addition to reading her thoughts, if her collar detected anything but “pleasing puppy sounds” she’d get a shock.

Her owner laughed as he pulled himself up from his worn, stained easy chair and walked toward the kitchen, “You know, Pipsqueak, I really do spoil you...” She could hear the electric can opener working. “I really shouldn’t let you have dessert before you have your dinner!”

Pipsqueak...she hated that name, but “Claire” was far too dignified a name for a lowly service animal now wasn’t it? Pipsqueak, as she had been told, was the “perfect” name for an undersized, skinny runt like her. Her Owner lumbered back into the room with her now-familiar plastic dog dish, heaped with a brown, gelatinous canned dog food. He tossed it recklessly in front of her, causing some of the mess to spill over the side.

“Oopse, spilled some! Pipsqueak, be a good girl and lick that up!”

Two years before she was staring down a bowl of dog food, Claire Sanders was in a very different situation. For twenty three years she had led a charmed life with access to the best schools and social circles. Eventually she got a great job at a top investment firm largely due to her parents’ money and connections, but also due to her ruthless personality.

After only a year with the company, she’d already gotten two men fired by falsely accusing them of sexual harassment. It wasn’t personal. It really wasn’t as far as she was concerned. She did it to advance her career and they were simply in her way. Her ambitions didn’t stop there, however. Though she had a substantial trust fund and her salary was extremely generous, Claire wanted more and so she began embezzling funds from the company. Everything had gone her way for her whole life, so when her boss, Rick Porter, called her to his office that morning, she had no reason to believe that all of that was about to end.

When Claire entered his office Rick was sitting behind his desk in front of a large picture window overlooking the city. He was a tall, handsome man, in his mid-thirties, but Claire was too busy picturing herself sitting behind the desk as his replacement to

notice. He looked up from his work and smiled warmly, “Ah, Claire, thanks for coming so quickly. Sit down, please.” He motioned to one of the chairs in front of his desk.

Claire nodded and took a seat. “When this is my office,” she thought, “I’ll have to do some major redecorating...”

“Ms. Sanders, I want you to know how impressed I’ve been with your work over the last year. The Anderson and Reynolds portfolios look great and both clients have told me how pleased they are!”

Claire smiled and shifted in her seat. She liked the praise, but she already knew that her work was great and she didn’t need compliments from a low-level stepping stone like Rick Porter.

“But you didn’t call me up here just to tell me that did you?” She asked.

“No.” Rick said. “About the Anderson and Reynolds portfolios...”

“What about them?” Claire interrupted him.

“We’ve discovered some anomalies...”

“Anomalies?” She interrupted again.

Rick paused and gave her an uncharacteristically stern look, “Certain funds appear to have been transferred to places unknown. It happened on your watch, Ms. Sanders and furthermore we have documentation...” Rick handed Claire a stack of documents with passages highlighted.

Claire’s heart sunk, but the realization that she had been caught and the consequences of that hadn’t quite entered her mind. As she skimmed the highlighted words she saw quickly that she wasn’t going to easily be able to talk her way out of her situation, but that wouldn’t stop her from trying.

“Mr. Porter, this had to have been Tom Johnson’s...” She began, invoking the name of her predecessor.

“No.” Rick shook his head. “Check the dates. This all happened after you replaced him six months ago.”

“Well, still I—”

“No.” Rick cut her off, “It’s an open and shut case, Ms. Sanders. I called you in to tell you, not to discuss with you.”

“What does that mean?” Claire asked, dumbstruck.

“It means that if you plead guilty to a host of crimes and tell us what you did with the money you might be lucky enough to get a twenty year sentence,” Rick smirked.

Claire felt her heart go up into her throat. “Twen—Twenty years?” She choked.

“If you’re lucky,” he repeated. “If you’d been in the business even just five years ago you’d probably of gotten away with a slap on the wrist, but...white collar crime is taken so much more seriously now—and rightly so!”

Claire shook her head as her vision blurred with tears. “No, this has to be a nightmare! At least twenty years?” She thought as she began to take frantic, panicked breaths. Claire was too upset to notice how amused Rick seemed to be about the whole affair.

“Claire!” Rick’s voice cut into her miserable thoughts. He was suddenly standing next to her with his hand placed reassuringly on her shoulder. “Claire, calm down. There may be a way out of this for you.”

She looked up at him with wide eyes, “P—p—please!” She struggled not to sob. “I’ll do anything!”

Rick handed her a colorful flyer. In big bold text at the top it read, “Do your part. Serve society. Become a Service Animal today!” Underneath there was a cartoonish picture of a pair of smiling service animals on their knees. Since service animals had become a thing, Claire had never paid them much mind. Being over twenty when the service and laws were enacted, she was exempt from the draft certainly had no intention of ever volunteering. Besides that, service animals were still fairly rare, though their ranks were growing for a variety of reasons as she had heard. The two “animals” looked ecstatic and dumb with their open-mouthed, drooly smiles, their tongues sticking out and their eyes wide and bright. Adding to their already ridiculous appearance, they wore furry dog ears on top of their pigtailed heads, collars, paw-like mittens on their hands and feet, and clearly had tails attached to them, although Claire could not see exactly how.

Claire did a double-take at the poster. “Me? In the animal service?” She thought incredulously as her eyes scanned the other text on the poster. Her eyes locked onto the words “two year contract.” She looked up at Rick, “So...I’d only have to do it for two years?”

Claire frowned, but she did as she was told. Nimbly, she lowered her face to the floor as her rear raised up in the air. Slowly she stuck out her tongue and began to lick up the greasy, foul smelling food, running her tongue along the dusty floor, before turning her attention to the bowl. She grimaced as she noticed that there was dried food encrusted on the rim from previous feedings.

“Come on,” she told herself. “This will be the last time you’ll ever have to eat this crap!” Claire had been trying to decide what her first real meal would be once she was done with her service. Visions of green salads, shrimp, filet mignon, tiramisu, white wine filled her mind, but she couldn’t quite decide what she would pick.

“Face down, ass up, Pipsqueak!” Her owner ordered with a stinging slap on her behind. “I won’t have the HPPS coming down on me because they think you’re underfed when I give you back!”

Claire gritted her teeth and plunged her face into the bowl and began to gobble the slop down.

“Come on! Show some appreciation!” Her owner ordered with another swat to her pert upturned butt causing her to inhale in surprise and forcing some of the slop up her nose.

Claire gobbled faster and more noisily. “Asshole...” She thought. Claire sounded and felt like a pig, but that seemed to satisfy him. She was just licking up the last of it—he liked the bowl to shine afterwards—when she heard a knock at the front door. She watched her owner lumber to the front door and open it.

“Rick!” Her owner said. “Come to see Pipsqueak one last time?”

Claire had been on a daze on her way to the drafting station. She tried to think of something meaningful, but found she couldn’t think of anything at all. The world outside the car window rushed past and then suddenly they had arrived. Rick parked in front of the building and walk around to her side. He opened the car door and offered his hand to help Claire out of her seat.

“What a gentleman!” Claire thought sarcastically and slapped his hand away. She stepped out of the car on shaky legs under the shadow of “Drafting Station #5.”

“Am I really doing this?” She thought as she followed Rick through the double glass doors into the lobby of the station and up to the front desk. Rick smiled at the middle-aged receptionist.

“This is Claire Sanders, she has an appointment.” He said.

Not wanting him to speak for her, Claire added, “Yes, uh, Claire Sanders!”

The receptionist gave her a puzzled look and scrolled down a list on her screen. “Yes, Sanders, Claire...She’s—you’re right here. You’re late.” She pointed to her left. “Just go down that hallway and give this to security.” She handed Claire a plastic pass with a barcode on it.

They both thanked the receptionist and went a short distance down the hall to a metal detector set in an archway labeled “Security.” An attentive security officer in blue stood next to it. He eyed both of them as they approached.

“Well, Claire,” Rick began. “It looks like this is it.” He put his hand on her shoulder.

Claire stared at the arch, not really feeling Rick’s touch. She knew that once she passed it, she would be in state custody, and unless she didn’t pass the initial inspection she would be deemed property of the state. She shrugged his hand off her shoulder.

“Do you expect me to be grateful?” She spat and strode towards the arch.

As the security guard scanned the pass and waved her through, Rick called, “See you in two years, Claire. And remember, it’s better than prison!”

On the other side of the arch Claire was greeted by another security officer with a tablet in his hand.

“Sanders, Claire?” He asked.

She nodded.

“I asked you a question.”

“Y—yes, I’m Claire Sanders...”

“Yes, I’m Claire Sanders, sir.”

“...Yes, I’m Claire Sanders, sir.”

“You’re late.”

“Well—I—”

“Come with me.”

“Aren’t you going to say please?” She joked half-heartedly. The officer’s stern expression silenced her and she followed down the hall to a door.

The officer opened the door. When Claire hesitated to go through, the officer put a hand on the small of her back and pushed her through. The room was stark and empty except for a plastic bin sitting on a table and another officer. The first officer closed the door behind them while the second looked Claire up and down with a lecherous grin.

“Strip,” the first officer commanded.

“What?” Claire blurted out.

“Strip, little chicken, or I and the other officer will pluck you ourselves!”

Claire looked between the two of them. “Aren’t you going to leave? I—”

“Strip. This is your last chance if you want to do it on your own.”

Claire hung her head. Despite her arrogance and confidence, Claire was actually very shy about her body. She was too short and too skinny. Her breasts were too small and her butt too flat. Yet, she preferred not to be “plucked” so after another few seconds of hesitation, she mumbled, “Okay...”

“Say, yes, sir.”

“...Yes, sir...” She whispered.

“So we can hear it!”

“Yes, Sir!” She shouted, on the verge of tears.

“That’s better. Now do it. We haven’t got all day!”

As the two officers looked on, Claire she stepped delicately out of her three inch heels and onto the cold tile floor in her stocking feet.

“Hurry up!” The first officer barked.

Claire cringed as she reached for the buttons on her black suit-jacket. As she slid it off her shoulders she looked at the officers for guidance.

“In here!” The second officer slid the plastic bin across the table to her.

She carefully laid her shoes and her jacket inside, followed by her jewelry and her phone. Then she hesitantly reached for the top button of her crisp, white blouse.

“Take your bet,” the first officer said to the second.

“I wouldn’t put her over a b-cup.”

Claire sobbed as she unbuttoned her blouse, bringing her red, silky pushup bra into view. She shrugged the shirt off and placed it in the bin as her shoulders shook. The chill of the room made her shiver. She crossed her arms across her chest and trembled.

“Continue.” The first officer warned.

Claire wouldn’t—she couldn’t.

With a sigh the first officer ordered, “Hold her,” as the second moved in behind her and restrained her arms behind her back.

“No!” Claire cried as the first officer came towards her with a box cutter.

“Hold still, girl!” He said as he cut away her bra, exposing her small breasts to the chill of the room.

Claire cried hysterically and shook her head as the first officer examined her bra and then looked at her breasts. “Sorry, she’s an A-cup—barely.” Both officers laughed as the second promised to buy beers that night after their shift. “Looks like she was just wearing a padded bra...” He got in her face, “Don’t you know that’s false advertising, honey?”

Not waiting for her respond, the first officer stripped her of her black skirt, her panty hose, and her red panties leaving her completely naked. She twisted and squirmed in the second officers grasp, mortified to be so exposed to the cruel men’s eyes.

“Bashful, huh?” the first officer laughed. “You’re going to have to get over that or it’s going to be a long two years, girl!”

The second officer released her and the first took her by the arm. “Now we go to see the vet,” he remarked as he dragged the struggling girl through a door opposite of the one she entered.

“Vet?” Claire thought, “What the fuck does that mean?”

They entered a small examination room with a metal exam table in the middle. A tall, slender man in a white coat stood next to it and a rolling tray with an array of instruments laying on it. As the antiseptic smell filled her nostrils Claire recoiled, but the officer easily dragged her forward and wrestled her onto the table when she refused to crawl up on it.

“Hold still, girl!” The officer said through gritted teeth as Claire thrashed in his grip.

The man in the white coat—the vet—looked down at her patronizingly as he stroked her cheek gently.

“The results from your pre-admission physical show no diseases and that other than being a runt, you’re in perfect health. Do you know what that means, girl?” He asked.

Claire simpered and shook her head as a few tears rolled down her pale, slightly freckled cheeks.

“It means you’re cleared for service, girl! In an hour or so you’re going to be a newly minted puppy girl and all ready to begin your training!”

Even though she didn’t want to go to prison, part of her had hoped that she wouldn’t pass the initial inspection for some reason and would be released. Claire sobbed loudly and shook her head.

The vet petted her hair softly, “Aw, but you’re going to be such a cute puppy girl, honey. You’ll see!”

His assurances didn’t make Claire feel any better. The officer held her in place as the doctor started his “process.” After a series of painful injections, the vet started by rubbing her down with a depilatory to remove all of her body hair. Claire practically howled as the hair was chemically burned away.

“Oh, come now, it’s not that bad! No more of that whining!” The vet admonished her as he prepared his next task.

Her legs, vagina, and underarms all felt like they were on fire. Claire took sharp breaths as she tried to endure the pain. “Not that bad?” She thought. “How about if I slap this stuff on your balls, you monster!”

Fortunately, the burning didn’t last long. Claire sniffled and submitted to having the horrible stuff wiped off of her. She looked down at her now hairless body. It didn’t even

look like her anymore—especially her vagina—and suddenly she felt naked all over again. The vet approached her with what looked like a large hole-puncher.

“Hold her still!” he told the officer.

Suddenly Claire felt the man’s powerful hands on her jaw and the top of her head as the vet approached her left ear with the device.

“Now, you’re just going to feel a little pinch...” he said followed by a loud click and horrible pain in her left ear lobe.

Claire screamed and tried to reach up to touch her ear, but the vet and the officer restrained her.

“Shh...shh...” the vet cooed. “Calm down girl. It’s just part of your registration process. We can’t have you getting lost now can we? That’s why we give you an ear tag.” He held up a mirror so she could see. To her horror she saw a metal tag with a serial number and barcode imprinted on it hanging down from her now reddened, painfully swollen ear. She’d been tagged like a piece of livestock!

“Bastards...” she thought as she sniffled and cried from the realization and the pain.

The vet turned back to the rolling tray and retrieved what looked like an oversized price gun that one might see at a store’s checkout counter. Claire recoiled from fear as the vet placed it over her flat, trembling belly.

“This is going to burn a little too, girl, steady now...” He said as he pulled the trigger.

Claire screamed again as she felt her skin burn. Through blurred vision she could see that she’d been laser branded in the shape of dog paw with a bar code and a series of numbers.

“Flip her!” The vet commanded and the officer flipped her onto her hands and knees as if she were as light as a feather.

“No! Ah!” She managed to scream as she felt the same burning sensation on the left side of her butt.

As she wailed she could vaguely hear the doctor say, “There, there, girl...now you’re all ready to get dolled up!” The vet went to the counter and retrieved a large box. He set it on the wheeled tray and began to collect its contents.

“Let’s start with your hind legs...” The vet held up a pair of what looked like reddish leggings, but instead of feet at the end, they had comical looking padded paws on the end. The officer held her steady as the vet tugged them up her legs and secured them on her slender, white thighs. He explained that these would keep her on her hands and knees like a “good little doggy” and protect her knees while she crawled. He also noted that they had matched their color to her hair for “consistency.”

“Now, let’s get your forelegs...” The vet held up a pair of padded reddish mittens in the shape of dog paws and then secured them onto her hands.

Claire brought her newly imprisoned hands up to her face and look at them sadly. She suddenly felt more-helpless than she had ever felt.

The vet smiled, “It’s going to take some getting used to, but doggies do not use their hands! Soon you’ll be an expert at using your mouth for most things, don’t worry!”

Next the vet applied reddish, heart-shaped, pads over her pointing, pink nipples and something that she couldn’t see over her clitoris. He explained would be used to both punish and reward her—though he didn’t explain how—and added, “Look at it this way, at least you’re not naked anymore, eh, girl!”

“Asshole...” She thought.

“And now for your crown, my little princess!” The vet held up a pair of reddish pointed dog ears with clips on the bottom. “You’re getting perky ears since according to your file you’re a very perky girl!” He explained as he clipped them to the top of her head and then turned his attention to a nearby tablet.

As he tapped the screen, Claire’s eyes darted up. There was a momentary buzz from the ears, and the pads over her nipples and clitoris making her start. Then suddenly she had the most peculiar feeling. It was as if she wasn’t alone inside her own head anymore. She didn’t have more than a moment to consider it as her “dolling up” continued.

“Everything looks good...” The vet muttered as he looked at the screen. “Alright, now for your tail,” he said as he presented a reddish, fuzzy tail. Claire’s eyes scanned down it to the large shiny plug at the end.

“Oh, hell no!” She yelled and struggled. The officer pushed her face down. Her face was smashed against the cold metal table as the officer spread her cheeks.

“No!” Claire cried out.

“Relax, pup,” the vet cooed. “How else are you going to show that you’re happy or sad without a proper tail?”

Claire felt the cold metal plug, greased with lubrication, against her anus, which only succeeded in making her more-tense. She cried out hysterically as the vet pushed it in, spreading her tight opening painfully.

“No! Take it out! Take it out!” She begged, but he continued. “No! No! No!” She wailed.

“There we are!” The vet said and punctuated his words with a slight tug to her tail. “You’ll be learning all about how to use it in your introductory obedience training over the next few days.”

Claire shook her head. “No...no...” She whined weakly as she tried to reach back with her mitten-encased hands to pull the plug out. The officer stopped her easily and forced her to face the vet.

“Now...” The vet said as he raised a sturdy black leather dog collar with a bone-shaped metal tag hang off of it, “For the finishing touch—your collar!” Claire stared at the collar, almost hypnotized as the vet approached her bare neck with it.

Claire whined pitifully. While she may have been aware of the crimes that led her to that cold exam table and the awful, dehumanizing treatment she had received, she was unable to accept that she had deserved any of it. The leather of the collar was cool as it encircled her neck. As the vet buckled it on, Claire felt the pressure against her throat and realized that while she wore the collar she would always be aware that it was there. Then she felt another buzz both from the collar, from the ears, and from the pads making her squirm a bit.

“The Pet Sitter is going to mind your thoughts and your speech from now on. You’ll be learning to think and speak just like a proper puppy over the next few days. For now, do your best to think pleasant thoughts and keep quiet or you’ll be very sorry.” He looked at the officer, “You can take her now.”

Claire crawled clumsily down the hall, guided by the officer’s leash towards the kennels. Her ear tag hurt, her brands hurt, and the tail made her feel like she really had to go to the bathroom! Worst of all her pride was sitting in the plastic tub with her \$5000 designer suit. Claire was not defeated, however. Whatever else happened, she took comfort in knowing that she would still be young when she was released from service and her nest egg and her career would still be there waiting for her.

Claire's eyes warily tracked Rick as he entered her owner's house. She'd seen a lot more of Rick than she thought she would over the last two years. When he'd learned who purchased her after her graduation from obedience school, he'd made an acquaintance of the man and had been making weekly, sometimes bi-weekly visits. Sometimes just to watch her suffer, sometimes he paid her owner for her "service." He hadn't been in that week and she was hoping that she could finish out her final puppy days without having to see him again.

"Yes, as a matter of fact I have come to see her." Rick chuckled as he handed her owner a few folded, green bills.

Her owner counted the bills and smiled, "Ah, just had to get one more taste of that tight little pussy, eh? I don't blame you!" He handed Rick her remote and walked back towards the kitchen. "I'll be in here if you need something..."

After he'd gone Rick looked down at her and grinned. "Well, now Pipsqueak, we're looking stunning as ever."

Claire's eyes flashed with anger even as she kept her mouth upturned in a dumb-looking open mouth smile and her tongue wagged in and out just as she'd been trained to. She knew that he was referring to the nasty dog food clinging to her cheeks, but there was nothing she could do about it. It was awful every time Rick came over. Whenever he looked at her—leered at her—it was as if it was her first humiliating day as a puppy girl all over again. She always felt so naked under his gaze and painfully aware of the dumb paws, the ears, and her status.

"Aw, let's make you a little more-friendly!" Rick said as he pushed a few buttons on her remote.

Even before the heart-shaped pads covering her nipples and the stimulator attached to her clitoris started to vibrate, Claire knew that he was putting her into "in heat mode." She hated being put in heat. It just reminded her how out of control she was. She clenched her eyes shut as an involuntary whimper escaped her open mouth, her panting quickened, and her pussy began to moisten.

As Rick stepped behind her, Claire's butt went up to meet him as she wagged it back and forth in blatant invitation.

"Fine, you sick bastard..." She thought through a haze of arousal. "Get one last ride. Enjoy it, because you'll never get it again!"

“Good doggy!” Rick said as he unzipped his pants and grabbed her wiggling hips. “Does Pipsqueak want her bone?”

“No, you fucking asshole!” Claire thought even as she began to drip for him. She could feel herself grasping for him desperately despite herself.

“Come on, Pipsqueak,” he teased her opening with his head making her hips gyrate maddeningly. “Don’t be stubborn or you won’t get anything at all!”

If she could think clearly, Claire would have doubted that he’d come all that way to tease her and not get any for himself, but she couldn’t. That was the whole point of putting her in heat—to strip away what little humanity she had left.

Finally, she barked loudly in response and Rick slammed his thick cock inside of her. He was never gentle and never concerned with her, but the vibrators and perhaps some hidden sick part of her own mind only made her want more bad treatment. He slammed in and out of her, using her as one might use a tool or a piece of furniture, as something to be used. Claire whined and groaned as her eyes rolled back into her head. She was acting like a filthy slut—like a dumb animal—and she didn’t care.

Rick groaned in response and pumped her full with a few final violent thrusts. Claire bit her lower lip and humped at the air. She wanted more—much more. After a few moments Rick returned in front of her, still sweaty, red-faced and breathing a bit heavier than normal. She looked up at him with desperation written all over her dog food-encrusted face.

He pulled out his phone and took a picture. She blinked away the flash.

“Bastard...” She thought. If it was going to be the last time the least he could have done was finish her off!

“Well, I guess I won’t be seeing you again, Pipsqueak...” He reached down and ruffled Claire’s hair as she still writhed on the ground unsatisfied with him leaking out of her.

Then Rick snapped his fingers, “Oh, I almost forgot!” He paused and waited for Claire’s lust clouded eyes to focus on him. “You’re probably looking forward to going back to your old life tomorrow, aren’t you?”

“Of course I am, you idiot!” Claire thought. It had been the only thing to sustain her through the long two years of humiliating service. It wasn’t just imagining having a real meal. It was imagining herself on two legs again, speaking like a person, wearing the

expensive suit she'd left behind at the drafting station, making her own choices and living her own life!

“Well...” He said with an innocent smile, “I hate to be the bearer of bad news, but I’ve heard that there was some confusion with your paperwork...”

Claire listened anxiously to what he was going to say next. What could that possibly mean?

“I won’t bore you with the details, but until it’s cleared up I’m afraid you’ll have to remain in service.”

Claire went numb.

Rick laughed casually, “I’m sure you’re owner won’t mind taking care of you until then. Don’t worry, Pipsqueak, it’s the government, so I’m sure that they’ll have the whole thing sorted out in a month, maybe two...six at the most!” He added, “Besides, it’s not like you have much to go back to anyway.”

Claire looked back up at him quizzically.

“Your family has disowned you. No well-to-do family wants to shame of knowing their only daughter was a service animal! Also, I’ve had to implement some cuts, so your old job isn’t waiting for you anymore I’m afraid. And while it’s true you’ve been legally cleared of your crimes, we talk in our industry, so no other firm is going to hire you, that’s for sure! Oh, and if you’re thinking about living off that little pile of money you siphoned off the clients, don’t. As your sponsor, I was able to take over your assets while you’ve been in service, so it’s all mine now.”

Claire was dumbfounded. In just a few moments her entire world, all of her hopes and plans fell apart.

Rick reached down to pet her again, “So don’t be sad about the paper work mix-up... it’s not as if you have anything to come back to once you’re out!”

Claire’s rage boiled up as she felt his fingertips brushing her. She heard the Pet Sitter in her mind in its cool, metallic voice for the first time in a long time, “Bad dog! Puppies are not aggressive!”

Despite the painful shock running through her whole body, with a snarl Claire reared up and bit Rick’s hand as hard as she could. She didn’t stop even as the shock continued and the taste of his blood filled her mouth.

The gavel sounded on the bench. Claire knelt on the hard floor of the courtroom in front of the judge's bench. In addition to the normal bondage of her puppy kit, she was tethered to a post by a short chain. Her wrists and ankles were shackled with a short run of chain between them. Most humiliating of all, they'd placed a wire-mesh muzzle over her mouth and a sign around her neck that read "Caution. Biter." She waited anxiously for what the old judge would say. Surely he would realize that Rick deserved it. No one, not even a service animal, could be expected to be calm after what he'd told her!

"After reviewing and considering the evidence, service animal #22901—Pipsqueak—is hereby declared a danger to herself and others. She will hereby be reclassified as a service animal—permanently."

Claire looked up at the judge with imploring eyes and then began to cry.

The judge continued, although she barely heard him. "As the state has already received payment, she shall be turned over to her new owner as this court adjourns with the understanding that her new owner will have her appropriately disabled within the next thirty days." The judge paused then struck the gavel again, "Court's adjourned!"

Claire was so hysterical that she didn't even notice that the court officers had removed her restraints and that a new leash had been clipped to her collar. Then she saw the bandaged hand of Rick holding her leash.

As she sobbed, Rick guided her to the door and explained, "All that money you had in your trust fund and in your secret account made it easy to buy you and has left plenty of money to make sure that your paper work was "lost" and...for your surgeries."

Claire stopped crawling. "Surgeries?" She wondered.

Sensing what she was thinking, Rick continued, "It's nothing personal, Pipsqueak...you heard the judge, I have to have you disabled within the next thirty days. It's the law."

Claire whined pitifully and tugged against the leash.

Rick pulled the leash, choking her until she relented and followed again.

"I don't believe in putting things off, so you've got a date with the surgeons this afternoon—the tattoo artist too. I think you'll look adorable with a black spot on your nose and maybe a black circle around one of your eyes!"