



Inspector Sue Sharp

Sue's First Case

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Sue Sharp never wanted to work for the Human Pet Protection Service—the HPPS—she never wanted anything to do with the horrible Compulsory Pettification Program—aka ComPet®—period, but despite her feelings, she'd been with the organization for over a year. Even though she'd still been forced to leave university and put her life on hold, all things considered, it really was a preferable situation considering the alternative. The choice between being a human pet—a service animal—to some disgusting pervert and protecting human pets from disgusting perverts was obvious. The day she'd turned twenty, Sue received her pet draft notice from the Compulsory Pettification Program. Delivered by official courier, the notice put a real damper on her birthday. Fortunately, unlike most young women in her position, her family had the money and connections to make a deal with the government and the program.

Rather than spending the two long, degrading years as a lowly human pet, Sue would spend the next five working for the HPPS. Ever since it had been implemented, Sue had hated the idea of the draft in which ten percent of women at age twenty were forced into pet service by the government. In her senior year of high school she even participated in several protests against the act until protestors started disappearing and her parents had insisted she stop. Now, much to her chagrin, she was a part of that very system. It was a fact that she hated, but she learned to live with it because working with the system kept her on two legs instead of four. What's more, as she told herself often, she could help the less fortunate to at least have more-tolerable lives during their service period. That bit of rationalizing allowed her to sleep at night.

Sue was trained and classified as an HPPS Inspector. Her job was as straightforward as it was methodical and boring. Every day she would receive a long list of names and addresses of legally registered service animals and their owners. She would visit each one and perform a “welfare

check” on the pet to ensure that she was receiving “adequate care” as defined by the ComPet® program. The definition of “adequate” was rather vague and quite minimal, which often made it difficult for her checks to have any positive impact on the pet’s conditions at all. Still, even after seeing the plight of many less-fortunate human pets that she could not truly help, Sue soldiered on, always on the look out to nail one of the owners for any offense that she could.

Sitting in her official car, Sue took a big sip of coffee from an old, plastic travel mug, followed by a long drag from her chewed vape pen. It was Monday. Not that the days of the week mattered so much anymore. She may have escaped pet status, but she was still considered a draftee and property of the state, so the HPPS people could “use and abuse” her as they liked. She worked seven days a week, sometimes twelve or eighteen hours a day. Since inspectors in her position could be worked so much, they didn’t feel the need to hire many, so between the sheer number of pets to inspect, time spent driving, inspecting, and the paperwork, Sue was always busy, always under the threat of “Well, if you can’t do the job, you can always go to the nearest pet processing center!”

She really needed something stronger than cold coffee after the most recent inspection, but she only had a few moments to reflect before she had to get her next appointment. The pet’s name had been Lollypop #20751. The stupid names these creeps gave their pets made Sue sick. It wasn’t enough that they led them around on leashes and fucked them in every way imaginable at will; they had to give them dumb names too! It was always a shame to see a young woman cut down in the prime of her life and permanently reduced to the status of a dumb drooling puppy girl, but when her owner was particularly awful it was ten times worse.

That poor puppy girl, Lollypop, with her brown hair matted and her skinny body covered in dirt. She was chained to a post in a small outdoor kennel, with nothing but a half-filled water dish and a few tufts of grass for company. She was ten pounds underweight, with her ribs showing, but because she wasn’t beyond HPPS “standards” her situation was “acceptable.” She was tethered at all times, but because she had the minimum five feet of length on her chain her situation was “acceptable.”

She was dirty, and smelled terrible, but because she had no sores, or infections inside or out, her situation was “acceptable.”

It was all Sue could do not to punch her bastard owner in the nose.

Sue’s phone rang, cutting her two minute break short. It was her boss, Mr. Cross. “Great, he’s probably going to dump a dozen more cases on me....”

“Sue Sharp here!” She answered with as much energy as she could.

“Sue!” He said in his usual gruff voice. Cross wasn’t one for small talk—especially with her. “Mark yourself as unavailable for inspections. I’ve got a different assignment for you.”

Sue frowned. There was never a “How are you, Sue?” or a “Good job, Sue!” It was as if all he knew how to do was issue commands. She was intrigued by the word “different”, however. The last year had seemed like one long day. Anything new would be good!

“Yes, sir,” she replied automatically as she tapped her phone screen a few times. Sue smiled a little as she watched the list of addresses and case numbers disappear. Her case load would be dumped on the other inspectors, but she didn’t care. In fact, she was almost gleeful to see a blank screen for the first time since she’d started the job. Then a new address popped up on the list.

“We got a new draft deferment today. She’ll be taking over your inspections for awhile. We’re moving you to Investigations. This is a trial run. If you don’t perform you’ll go back to Inspections, understand?”

“Yes, sir!” Sue was intrigued. The investigation branch of HPPS worked with the local police and dealt with any crimes that were ComPet® related, such as unsanctioned back alley pet makers, illegal pet fighting rings, etc. It was the kind of work that she wanted to be doing, that is, if she had to work for the HPPS.

“The address you’ve been given belong to one Mr. Richter. Yes, the Mr. Mark Richter.”

Sue, like most people had heard of Mark Richter. In addition to being filthy rich, he was a huge proponent of the ComPet® program. His support probably had something to do with the fact that prior to the program he ran an unsuccessful pet food company. When the program began he somehow managed to secure a government contract to manufacture service animal food in lieu of regular pet food, which turned him into a huge success.

“Last night Richter’s beloved puppy girl, Boji, was abducted right out of her kennel. Her tracking chip was disabled, so we have no way of knowing where she is. The details are all enclosed in the file I’m sending you, as well as your probationary status with the police if you need to prove your credentials. Given how high-profile Richter is we want to keep this quiet, so be discreet. Got it?” He hung up the phone without waiting for a response.

Sue frowned as her hopes to make life better for service animals were again dashed. It was the exact opposite of what she really wanted to do. Though she reasoned that whoever would be bad enough to kidnap a puppy girl would probably be worse than a legal owner, but it still didn’t sit right with Sue—having to return a woman to degrading service, to slavery. Sue tried to push the thoughts out of her head and started the car.

Across the street Sue saw a man walking his puppy girl. They stopped at a designated “relief spots” for puppies to “do their business.” The poor puppy girl was trembling with cold and embarrassment as she squatted in front of her owner and the several people who had stopped to watch. “God, I hate this city...” Sue thought as she started the drive.

She may have hated the city, but as she wove in and out of traffic, she couldn’t ignore that ever since the draft was introduced, some things, most things, had gotten better. Violent crime—crime in general had been cut in half and was falling. It seemed like when men could get what they wanted, as disgusting as what they wanted was, everything else just fell into place. Besides that, ComPet® had made successful businesses like Richter’s and provided jobs, not only for trainers, groomers, and inspectors like her, but also good paying labor jobs to create the various kinds of pet gear,

restraints, toys, and other related products. Unemployment was at an all time low, not just in her city, but around the country. And all it cost was the mental well-being of a mere 10% of the female population!

Mr. Richter lived in a palatial Victorian-style mansion on a hill surrounded by a high, iron rod fence. As she was waved through the gate by security, Sue noted the sharp spikes on top of the fence and wondered why the kidnapper or kidnappers would choose such a secure looking home to target.

As she went up the drive she couldn't help but smile to herself and think, "Wow, so this is the house that dog food built!"

After parking in the circle drive and being shown in by the doorman, Sue was shown to a spacious, yet cozy sitting room and told to wait. After updating her boss, Sue put her phone away and took in the surroundings. Besides the expensive and tasteful furniture, Sue couldn't help but notice the sheer number of pictures on the walls.

She counted fifteen photos and a large expensive looking oil painting hanging above the mantle. More than the number, it was the subject that was the most striking. Every picture was of Mr. Richter's puppy girl, Boji. Sue recognized her from the file she'd received. Boji was a pretty girl with long black hair worn in two looped braids that hung from either side of her head, not unlike a pair of floppy dog ears. She was Asian—probably Korean, but Sue couldn't be sure. In every picture, Boji looked just as happy as could be playing fetch, lying on her back presumably waiting for a tummy rub, chewing on toys, or kneeling at Mr. Richter's side. With the white fluffy paw mittens over her hands and feet, and the matching tail and ears she wore, she really looked the part. Upon closer inspection, Sue couldn't help but notice that Boji's collar was diamond studded and wondered if they were real.

"Inspector Sharp?" Came a deep, well-measured voice, with a hint of surprise.

Sue turned to Mr. Richter standing in the doorway, just as he'd appeared at the press conference where'd he'd announced that his company would be "supporting the ComPet® program" by providing "essential nutrients to the hardworking service pets of this wonderful new program." He was in his mid-50s, heavy-set, bald, with a full, but well-trimmed salt and pepper beard. What really struck her though was how tall he was in person.

"Oh," he said as he stroked his beard. "They didn't tell me they were sending a girl-inspector—and such a little cutie too!"

Caught off guard, Sue blushed crimson. It seemed like it had been forever since she had been given a compliment on her looks. Her work schedule since her draft deferment had made having friends or a social life—much less boyfriends and a social life—impossible. Not that she'd ever had time for a boyfriend before... She certainly didn't feel beautiful or even cute these days. On most mornings it was the best she could do to get a shower and clean clothes. Still, she had to admit that she wasn't particularly unattractive. She was quite short, even in her heels, and quite "petite" even in her padded, push-up bra. Still, she managed to look sharp in her work uniform—a black knee-length skirt, black blazer, and white blouse. Not only was it mandatory to dress professionally, it helped the pet owners take her seriously, or that was the idea. Her raven colored hair did manage to keep a nice shine to it, even though she never had enough time to do more than put it into a messy bun these days.

She self-consciously took off her round, wire-framed glasses and cleaned them in an effort to regain her composure. After getting over the initial shock of it, hearing the compliment come from an old pet owner and feeling his eyes raking her made her want to tell him to 'fuck off' but instead she merely said in the most neutral tone she could manage, "Yes, I'm Sue Sharp, your HPPS investigator."

Mr. Richter nodded in acknowledgement and then picked up one of the pictures of Boji from an end table, and ran his fingers gently over it. Sue stared at him intently. She'd done many inspections, but she'd never seen a pet owner seem so...emotional about his pet. His expression was almost caring. It was hard to believe that only a few moments before he was

practically undressing her with his eyes or perhaps measuring her for her own set of paws.

“I’ll tell you anything you want to know—anything I can do to help get my precious Boji back to me! Please...have a seat!” He beckoned to one of the overstuffed chairs.

Sue took a seat opposite of him and pulled out her tablet to take notes. She didn’t want to screw this up. There was a list of pre-prepared question to guide her and she’d had introductory training on conducting investigations when she’d started with the HPPS. Her eyes scanned over the first one.

“Do you have any suspects—anyone that you think would want to do you or...Boji any harm?”

Richter shook his head, “No, I have quite an amicable relationship with my business associates, friends, and neighbors—basically everyone I encounter on a daily basis. Oh, we have disagreements, but nothing that we haven’t been able to resolve.”

Sue made a note. From what she knew about Richter, what he said was true, so she moved on to the next question.

“What about Boji’s friends or family?”

“What about them?”

“There have been incidents in the past when a pet’s family, friends, sometimes an old boyfriend or fiancé will attempt to free—I mean, remove the pet before her service contract is up. Have you had any contact with anyone like that?”

Richter shook his head.

“It’s possible you might not have known. How much time did Boji have remaining in her service contract?”

“Boji was...is under extended service.”

Sue paused, “Oh?” She’d heard of service being extended for a variety of reasons. She’d even inspected one puppy girl called “Pipsqueak” who had her service made permanent after she’d viciously bit someone.

“Yes, you see, when her service contract was up, she couldn’t imagine leaving me. I guess she’d developed a real taste for this life and for, uh, me,” he chuckled at his own little joke. “So she opted to extend her service each year. She was just finishing her fifth year with me last month...”

“Five years?” Sue thought with disgust as she glanced at the painting and at the smiling, drooling, vacant-eyed subject. She’d heard of some messed-up girls volunteering for service, and some even weirder ones who’d decided to voluntarily extend their service, but this was the first one she’d encountered. She wondered what kind of woman would voluntarily choose to live as a man’s pet. For a brief moment she was more disgusted at Boji than at Mr. Richter.

Sue cleared her throat as she finished making her notes about potential suspects. “I’d like to investigate Boji’s kennel now.”

Mr. Richter led Sue through the rich hallways of his mansion. Everything was dark reds and dark woods. It was quite old-fashioned and elegant. That is until they reached an out of place white door with the words “Boji’s Kennel” painted in pink cursive letters across the middle.

“Do you keep this door locked, Mr. Richter?” Sue asked as she put on a pair of latex gloves.

“Yes,” he replied, “And before you ask, I have the only key.”

Sue nodded, “And the door was unlocked when you got here?”

He widened his eyes, “I hadn’t thought about it, but yes, when I came to say good morning to my Boji the door was unlocked already...in all my excitement I didn’t even think about it.” He smacked his head lightly.

Sue opened the door and hesitated to step over the threshold. The room was a wide-awake pet nightmare with lace-trimmed pink curtains drawn over

the window on the wall opposite to the door, a thick, white carpet covered in a variety of doggy toys, and wallpaper covered in cartoonish puppies performing a variety of tricks and poses. In the far corner was a large pink and white puppy bed on the floor with the name “Boji” written in the same fancy lettering as the sign on the door. Against the wall to the left were toy bins filled to the brim with bones, balls, stuffed animals and squeaky toys of everything from rubber pork chops to well-known cartoon characters. Hanging above the bin, in sharp contrast to the overly saccharine room, was a black leather strap with the words, “Boji’s Little Reminder” written across it. Sue shuddered at the whole scene. The idea that if it wasn’t for her family connections she could have ended up in a similar place, or worse, made her ill and wonder again what kind of woman would voluntarily live as a pet. Where was this woman’s dignity?

Mr. Richter laughed, “You don’t approve, ‘inspector’?” He asked, clearly reading her through her slipping mask.

Sue choked down more insults, “My opinion on your pet’s accommodations doesn’t matter...I’m here to find her.”

Mr. Richter chuckled again, “Oh, but I’m interested in what you have to say.” He bent over and picked up a mouse toy and squeezed it playfully before tossing it across the room. “After all, I’m sure that this room and the furnishings are probably more expensive and of a higher quality than your entire home.”

Sue thought about the tiny studio apartment that she lived in off the pitifully small stipend she received from the HPPS, as Mr. Richter noted that the little bed in the corner was made by an exclusive designer and that she’d probably never slept in anything so soft.

“Probably not...” She replied. She tried to sound disinterested, but for a moment she was genuinely curious how soft the bed was.

“Yet, if you were a pampered pet like my Boji, you could sleep on something like this every night and wake up to a life without worries or responsibilities. I don’t see why more women don’t volunteer for service!”

“They don’t—” Sue snapped. She thought about the inspection of Lollypop #20751 she made earlier that day. “They don’t all live like this, Mr. Richter...” Sue managed to keep her voice calm.

“So, you admit then that you’re envious of Boji’s life style?” He quipped, his gaze making her feel naked again.

Sue blushed again, “That’s not what I said—I need to start the examination, sir.”

Mr. Richter smiled, “Of course. I’m sorry. Go ahead.”

After a few minutes of blessed peace, she quickly determined that besides the room being unlocked legitimately, there were no other signs of a struggle.

“Mr. Richter?” Sue asked as she peeked under the doggy bed, incidentally noticing how soft it really was, “Was Boji happy as your puppy girl?”

“Of course she was,” he chortled. “As I said she renewed her contract every year. You know, when her service ended and she pleaded with me to let her stay, I could have required her to sign a life-long contract, but I didn’t. I give her the opportunity every year to leave if she wants to.”

Sue nodded. “Then why,” she wondered as she thought about the contracts and all the seemingly happy pictures in the study, “Did she leave without a fight?” She glanced at the strap.

“Mr. Richter, have you had any disagreements—any problems with Boji lately?”

Mr. Richter glanced at the strap too. “Oh, that. Come now ‘inspector,’ you know as well as I do that pets need discipline from time to time—most women in general probably do.”

Sue gritted her teeth. It seems like the casual sexism got worse and worse with each passing month.

“I don’t mind telling you that the first month I had Boji I had to use that on her every day, sometimes multiple times a day to remind her to behave.” He cleared his throat. “But I haven’t had to use it on her in a long time. Boji’s been a puppy now for so long and she loves it here so much I think she’s forgotten how to misbehave!”

Sue bristled at the idea of becoming so docile.

After a little more examination Sue stepped out of the room with Mr. Richter, “I think I’ve seen what I need to here.” She snapped off her gloves. “Is that key always with you?”

He patted the old-fashioned skeleton key with a heart-shaped handle hanging from his belt and nodded.

“No one could have gotten to it say when you were sleeping or taking a shower?”

“Well, I do have a substantial staff here...I suppose it’s possible.”

“Do you mind if I question your staff?”

“By all means!” He said. “You have the run of my whole home. You’ll be unleashed!” He chuckled.

Sue got back in her car and took a long drag on her vape pen and started down the drive. She was sure glad to be out of there! Her face still felt flushed from the constant sexist remarks and the flirting throwing her off-balance. As it turned out, Mr. Richter did have a substantial staff. Sue spent the afternoon going throughout the house questioning everyone she saw. Everyone’s answers were polite. They had that nervous quality to them that every employee seems to have when questioned about their boss, but nothing that struck Sue as unusual. What was unusual was that one of the maids hadn’t shown up for work that morning and hadn’t bothered to call. What’s more, she wasn’t answering calls either. It may have been nothing, but Sue decided to go check on this possible lead.

The maid's name was Megan Hills and she lived in a modest, but clean, well-maintained apartment building just off the freeway. The traffic roared in Sue's ears as she stepped out onto the cracked pavement. It was a far cry from the fancy, luxurious residence of Megan's employer! Sue rode the elevator upstairs feeling like perhaps she was getting somewhere.

When she reached Megan's door she rang the bell.

A cheerful "Just a minute!" came from the other side of the door.

Sue was just pulling out her badge when the door opened. She fumbled with it awkwardly and held it up to the tall, middle-aged blonde woman who answered.

"Hello, I'm Sue Sharp from the HPPS—uh, the Human Pet Protection Services," She realized that it was upside down and quickly flipped it over. "I—uh—I'm looking for a Ms. Megan Hills. Are you her?"

"Why no," the lady smiled. "I'm Donna Hills—Megan's mother."

"Is Megan here, I just want to ask her a few questions."

"I'm afraid she's not, is there anything I can do for you?"

Sue paused. This woman seemed like she would be helpful, but she still wanted to be discreet. "I'm here to talk to Megan about an incident that happened last night at her employer's home."

"Oh, dear," the lady's face dropped. She was so emotive; it was almost like watching a silent movie actor. "Megan doesn't share much with me these days...where is she working now?"

Sue paused and then asked, "Is it possible if I could come inside and we could talk? I promise I won't take up much of your time."

To Sue's relief, Donna graciously welcomed her inside and ushered her into a chair, offering her tea in the process. Sue explained the situation to Donna, without mentioning Richter's name or that her daughter might be a suspect.

The middle aged woman shook her head, “My, my, that’s quite a story. I wanted to say, that I really admire what you all do—the ComPet® program I mean. You’re doing the community such a great service by scooping up all those lazy girls who just take, take, take. It’s wonderful to see them put to good use. If it were up to me, the program would have been started ages ago!”

Sue stiffened. The propaganda machine at work again...All those ads in every form of media that gave the impression that only those girls that “deserved it” were being put into service. She wanted to educate this woman, to tell her that it was all a lie, but that wouldn’t help in her investigation. Sue simply nodded politely before quickly changing the subject.

“When will your daughter be home, Mrs. Hills?”

The older woman smiled pleasantly and replied, “Please, call me Donna. And I don’t really know. She stays with friends a lot and just sort of comes and goes as she pleases.” She remarked, looking more than a little sad and perhaps even a bit angry as she motioned to a picture on the wall.

Megan was a pretty girl. As Sue recollected, she’d fit right in with the rest of Mr. Richter’s almost entirely female staff. Standing next to her mother in the photo, she appeared quite tall. Blonde haired and blue eyed just like her mother, she was quite tan and quite shapely to boot.

“Would it be possible if I could check her room, Donna?” Sue asked.

“Is my daughter part of this pet-napping scheme?” She asked, suddenly sounding and looking very concerned. “Megan was always a bit of a problem child...”

“No,” Sue answered quickly, perhaps too quickly. “But we’re trying to find anything that might help, no matter how small.”

Donna stood up, “Well, Megan wouldn’t like it...she doesn’t even want me in her room to put away her laundry, but I want to help...”

“And it would be a big help!” Sue quickly added.

“Well, alright. If it will help find that poor puppy girl and get her home, then go right ahead.”

Megan’s room was a disaster of twisted mounds of dirty laundry, an inch of dust, old food containers and drink bottles. It reminded Sue of her own room. For some reason in that moment Sue thought about the pink puppy room. An animal’s room, an animal’s kennel, was cleaner and had nicer furniture than either of their rooms—the irony. The room was so disgusting that she didn’t want to touch anything, but Sue began gingerly searching the room nonetheless.

“God,” she thought as she rummaged. “I hope that Richter didn’t put her in charge of any cleaning...”

Most of the cautious search revealed nothing but more dirty laundry and more junk. That was until Sue pulled out one of the dresser drawers. Among all kinds of random articles she spied a silicon mold. The heart-shaped handle matched the original key perfectly. Quietly triumphant, Sue carefully bagged the mold and placed it in her purse.

After saying thank you to Donna and assuring the fretful woman that she had found nothing, Sue returned to her car feeling light as a feather. Clearly Megan Hills—former maid to Mr. Richter—was not only a negligent daughter, she was clearly somehow involved in a pet napping—if not the single cause of the crime.

Sue leaned back in her seat and prepared for a long wait. If Donna could be believed, Megan would be back again. Hopefully it would be sooner rather than later.

Sue’s phone rang. She’d been staking out the Hills residence for two days, and the noise jolted her out of her almost zombie-like state. It was her boss again.

“Hello?” She asked sleepily.

“Sue! I want you to drop whatever you’re doing and get back to Mr. Richter’s home pronto!”

Sue yawned, “But I have a lead and...”

“Never mind that, just do it!” He hung up the phone.

Sue took a sip of cold coffee and started the car. Did they want her to find the pet or not? She wondered angrily as she started back to Mr. Richter’s home.

Her irritation only grew on the way there. By the time she walked into Mr. Richter’s study, she was ready to explode. He was waiting for her and stood up from his chair when she entered just like a gentleman. She was so angry that she almost didn’t notice that all the pictures of Boji were off the wall.

“Ah, Miss Sharp!” He nodded. “You look exhausted. Poor little stray, you really need someone to take care of you, don’t you?”

She didn’t like being called a “stray”, but tired and overworked as she was, a small part of her thought that it might be nice to be taken care of for a change. Sue said nothing and waited to know what was so important that she had to come all the way back and visit him in person, blowing her coverage on Mrs. Hills’ complex.

As if reading her mind he began, “I’ve waited a month for you to return by sweet Boji and you’ve found nothing...”

“A month?” She wondered, suddenly more awake. What was he talking about? It hadn’t even been a full two days let alone thirty!

Mr. Richter picked up a small stack of papers and handed them to her as he continued, “Since you’ve been unable to do the job as an investigator, your boss offered to for you to serve as a replacement for when and if Boji is found and returned to me.” He looked her up and down again. “You’re not as pretty or shapely as her, but I think it’s a decent enough consolation!”

Sue's dark brown eyes scanned over the paperwork. It was an authorization of a transfer, her transfer from Investigation to Service Animal! There were no signatures, only official HPPS stamps where there normally would be signatures. She didn't even warrant a real signature...

“What?” She squeaked. “You—you can't do this! I have immunity! I have ___”

As if from nowhere, Sue felt a pair of strong hands on each of her arms and she dropped the transfer paperwork to the floor. There was a large man in gray coveralls and caps on either side of her, each sporting the ComPet® Processing Center patch: a red paw with the initials CPC. How did she not notice them when she walked into the study?

“No!” She yelled as she thrashed about as a third man in the same coveralls and cap approached her with a pair of shears. A large sweaty hand clasped over her mouth, silencing her, as the third man forced her head forward and started cutting down the back of her blouse and blazer. Sue wanted to keep struggling, but fear of being cut made her be still. As they pulled the tattered remains of her top away, the third man turned his attention toward her skirt. He yanked the zipper down and then jerked the skirt down to her ankles in one rough motion. His gorilla-like hands encircled her dainty ankles making her unable to kick as her shoes were removed.

Dressed only in her white pushup-bra and panties and her run-out pantyhose, Sue felt so exposed and vulnerable to the chill of the room and the eyes of the men, yet could do nothing about it. Powerful hands gripped the waist of her pantyhose and the band of her underwear and tore them both down her protesting legs.

“Let go!” She yelled again as she tried to kick again. The cool metal of the scissors against her shoulders silenced and steadied her again. She heard the snips as he clipped her bra straps, tore the flimsy garment away, and tossed it on the pile of ruined clothing.

“Oh, lovely,” Mr. Richter gushed. “You're going to make such a pretty pup!” He reached out and cupped her right breast making Sue inhaled

sharply as he gently rolled her little pink nipple between his thick thumb and fore finger, “So perky and responsive too!”

Sue writhed and stifled a moan. She was glad when he took his hand away a moment later, but also deeply frustrated in a way that she could not express.

“You may continue, gentlemen.”

Out of the corner of her eye, Sue saw a crate labeled “Mark I, B-Type Pet Gear” and she managed a choked, “No!” before she forced to the floor and held face down on the carpet.

While one man pinned her with a knee in her back and a hand gripping her hair, the other two set to work putting the gear on her. A fuzzy black paw mitten with light pink pads went over each trembling hand, forcing them into a ball and making them useless. Thigh-high leggings of the same color and material and ending in the same paws went over her legs and forced her feet to stretch out so that she wouldn’t be able to stand. Unable to fight them, Sue began to sob as she became more and more helpless and less and less human with each addition.

Rough fingers pulled at her left ear making her wince. Then she heard a loud click and simultaneously felt an intense stinging pain where she knew they had tagged her. Without giving her a moment to recover they flipped her over on her back and she felt the laser brand against her belly. She howled as it burned the paw-shaped symbol, barcode, and serial number into her delicate flesh. Still reeling from the tag and the first brand, they flipped her back onto her hands and knees and branded her in the same cruel way on the left side of her upturned butt.

Sue cried pathetically, but she was still aware enough to tense as she felt cold goo touch her anus and be rubbed in rudely by coarse fingers. “No, no, no,” she whimpered as her whole body shook in anticipation for the horrible thing she knew would come next. She’s always wondered how puppy girls could stand having plugs put up them, but she never actually thought she’d find out what it felt like herself.

“Relax...” She felt Mr. Richter petting her hair as he spoke to her soothingly. “Relax and think warm thoughts, girl!” he chuckled.

Suddenly she felt the horrible, cold plug against her tight, well-greased hole.

“Noooo!” She wailed and clenched trying to keep the invader out.

Despite her resistance the plug pushed in and stretched her wider than she thought possible.

“Oh, God! Oh, God! Fuck!” Sue cried as it pushed deeper and deeper inside of her. Mr. Richter kept cooing to her and petting her the whole time. His voice calmed her, whether she wanted to admit it or not. It was like an island in the middle of a dark, stormy sea. She focused on it as best as she could as the plug slid into place.

Finally, the pushing stopped, but the dull ache and painful stretching remained. In a daze she heard him say, “There now, what a lovely tail!” Shakily, and covered in a sheen of sweat, Sue looked over her shoulder at the ridiculous thing sticking out of her behind. Like the paws it was black to match her hair and fuzzy like the fur of a dog.

Sue strained and strained as she tried to squeeze out the trespasser. “Ah, ah, ah, puppy!” Mr. Richter playfully scolded her, “You won’t be able to get it out yourself. Don’t worry, honey, when you have to make your plops just beg me and I’ll take it out for you.”

Sue hung her head in defeat, “Please no...” she moaned as she felt them pasting the heart-shaped pads over her nipples and putting something against her swelling clitoris, , pressing firmly and roughly to make it stick.

She sobbed louder as she felt the leather of the collar encircle her neck. “Please, I don’t wanna be a puppy girl! I don’t wanna be a puppy girl!” She cried hysterically as she shook her head.

“Yes, you do.” Mr. Richter spoke to her like she was a frightened animal, gentle, but firm. He was so persuasive, maybe she did want to be a puppy

girl...but, no, that was crazy! What kind of disgusting girl would want to live like that? As if he could read her mind again, Mr. Richter answered, “Yes, you do, puppy.”

The collar’s leather was cool and soft against her throat, but it was also firm and unyielding, just like Mr. Richter’s voice. She shivered as a little moan escaped her slightly parted lips.

Mr. Richter had a pair of clip-on, pointy dog ears in his hands, “Now for the finishing touch.” He clipped them onto the top of her head. The moment they made contact through her scalp she felt a buzz from them, her collar, the pads over her nipples and from whatever they’d put over her clitoris.

She heard a robotic voice in her head say, “Pet Sitter engaged.”

“Oh, my, she’s already dripping!” Mr. Richter remarked from behind her.

Sue looked down on the floor between her legs. To her shame and horror her juices were making a puddle on the floor beneath her.

Sue awoke in her car with a start. She immediately grabbed at her neck and the top of her head. When she touched neither collar nor pointy dog ears she breathed a sigh of relief. A feeling of deep betrayal shot through her body as she cursed her subconscious, yet she squirmed a bit in her seat, noticing that her panties were more than a little wet.

Fortunately, she didn’t have time to think much about this discovery as she noticed Megan walking into the front door of the apartment building. Sue took a quick drink of cold coffee and another drag off the vape pen and waited for Megan to come back outside.

Only twenty minutes later, Megan returned back to the street and started down the sidewalk. She seemed to be in quite a hurry. Sue wondered if Donna had told Megan about their visit. After letting Megan get a short distance away, Sue started trailing her in the car. Around the corner Megan got into her own car and sped away. Sue took a deep breath and started after her.

They drove across town for nearly an hour. Sue cursed again and again as she almost lost her prey, but each time she managed to spot her again. She tailed Megan down to the shipping docks where both their cars were soon lost in a maze of warehouses.

Sue kept her distance, as Megan pulled into one of the smaller buildings. She casually drove by and parked her car a few blocks away. The streets were deserted, but Sue wished she had more than her can of pepper-spray and a few karate lessons to rely on if someone should want trouble.

Gripping the small canister she made her way back to the building. The front garage door was shut. So, Sue crept around the outside and hoped that she might find another way inside. There were no windows all the way around, but she did see one door around back. With another deep breath she quietly made her way up to the door.

She tested the handle and much to her satisfaction she felt it turn. Her momentary joy evaporated when felt someone behind her. A moment later, before she could react, everything went dark as a bag went over her head and she felt hands grab her.

She heard the creaky door burst open and she was dragged through.

Sue was hauled perhaps twenty feet and then roughly plunked down in a chair and handcuffed. The restraints reminded her of how helpless she felt in her dream earlier, and her panicked, frantic breaths filled the tight space of the hood making it heavy and hot.

She felt hands going through her jacket pockets.

Then she heard a woman's voice, "See, she's working for the HPPS!"

"Fuck..." Another woman's voice replied.

"Should we...should we kill her...I—" the first woman hesitantly proposed.

There was a pause. Sue felt like her heart was going to beat out of her chest as she waited for the response.

“Are you out of your mind? I didn’t get out of that bastard’s house just to go to prison for murder!”

“But she’s—a part of the problem! She’s a traitor to all women. If we’re going to liberate our sisters from slavery...”

Sue shook her head. She had to think fast, “No, no I’m not...” She started. The closeness of the hood made taking clearly very difficult. “I only work for them because I have to...just let me explain!”

There was another pause. Sue took the opportunity to explain how she was only doing it as an alternative to the draft and that she hated the whole system. It felt so good to let it all spill out for the first time and know that the listeners agreed with her—if they believed her.

Sue ended with. “If you want to free our sisters then I can help.” It sounded silly when she said it out loud, but it’s what she believed. Didn’t she?

Tension hung in the air as Sue waited for a response. Cold and blessedly fresh air washed over Sue’s face as the hood was torn off. She blinked away the harsh light and found herself facing two women about her age in a nearly empty warehouse. One was Megan the maid and the other was an Asian girl. Sue blinked a few more times and did a double-take. It was the lost puppy girl, Boji, but she looked very different with all of her pet gear off, no makeup, her hair in a sensible ponytail, and dressed in plain jeans, a t-shirt and sneakers. More than that, every trace of empty-eyed cuteness was gone and replaced with a stern, hard expression and demeanor.

As if sensing her thoughts, the Asian woman spoke, “Surprised to see me like this? You were looking for a lost puppy girl, right?”

Sue nodded, not quite sure what she was expecting. What did pet-nappers look like anyway? How many pets kidnapped themselves?

Holding up Sue's ID, she continued, "As you can see Susan, I don't need any rescuing...especially not from the HPPS."

"So you wanted Megan to help you get away?" Sue asked. "But why didn't you just wait until your contract was up? Why did you keep signing every year?"

"Do you know what "Boji" means in Korean?"

Sue shook her head.

"It means "pussy." Do you really think I liked having to answer to that name every time that sick fucker called to me?"

Sue's eyes widened as she squirmed uncomfortably. She could only imagine having to endure such awful humiliation. And for a moment she wondered what kind of name she'd be given if it were up to Mr. Richter.

"My real name is Sarah, Sarah Kim," she added and took a deep breath, which seemed to calm her a bit. "Richter is a very powerful man. When my service was almost up he offered me the contract and threatened to ruin my father—my whole family—if I didn't sign. So, I did...I think he just made it a yearly thing to taunt me....Megan saw how miserable I was, even though the pet sitter and Richter made it pretty hard for me to show it."

Megan spoke up, "Yeah, after I asked her if she was okay a few times she spelled out "help me" with the kibble bits from her dish."

Sue smiled and nodded, "That's pretty clever."

"I guess..." Sarah shrugged. "So, with the help of her 'friends' they were able to get me out."

"What friends?" Sue asked, momentarily forgetting that whoever these 'friends' were, it really was her job to track them down too.

Megan spoke up, "No way, Sarah! We don't know her at all yet. Besides, you don't call the shots. I do. You're just two days out of pet gear!"

Sarah glared at Megan and then looked back at Sue. She hesitated.

Sue was about to open her mouth and declare all the things she'd wanted to say since she'd worked for the HPPS. The draft, the ComPet® program, all of it was disgusting, misogynistic, and despicable. She wanted nothing more than to tear the whole thing down. She wanted to see the men and the women who voted the whole system into place hung. She wanted everyone who profited from ComPet® to suffer right along with them, but she never got the opportunity to speak her mind.

The back door crashed open and Sue heard an intimidating male voice call out, "Hands up! You're under arrest!"

Sue sat with a blanket around her shoulders and clung to a warm coffee cup with slightly shaky hands. The police along with additional HPPS officials had arrived and quickly subdued Sarah and Megan, before releasing Sue. Her boss, Mr. Cross, had arrived shortly after and had taken a seat with Sue while she recovered.

"How did you know where to find me, sir?" She asked. It was weird to see him outside of the office. As ridiculous as it was, she sort of imagined that the paunchy, gray-haired man lived at work.

"Just because you weren't put into service as an animal, doesn't mean you weren't chipped like one. They did it during your initial medical exam." He chuckled. "It was easy to track you."

Sue nodded slowly, a bit annoyed that no one had told her, but she was reluctantly thankful that she had been.

"L-let go of me!" Megan cried as she was hauled past in handcuffs by two unyielding officers. "Fuck you, Susan! You bitch!" She snarled as she was placed inside the backseat of a police car. The door slammed shut. Sue could still see her ranting and raving from behind the glass.

Sue lowered her head. She felt awful, but hoped that she didn't look too despondent in front of Cross.

“Miss!” One of the officers called. “We need the representative from the HPPS to sign for the evidence.”

Cross pointed at her. “That’s you, kid.”

Sue stood up, “I guess that’s me.” She wandered for what evidence she would be signing. Stepping around to the back of a police van her heart sank. There was Sarah—or she Boji again?

The poor young woman, after only a few days of freedom was back under cruel and humiliating bondage. Her hands were wrapped and bound behind her with what looked like yellow police tape. Her legs were folded over and bound tightly with the same material. Over her mouth they’d placed a black, leather panel muzzle whose straps looked like they were digging into her face painfully. Across her forehead, breasts, and belly there were white stickers with “Evidence” written in big black text. Was that all she was, evidence?

Sarah—Boji made eye contact with Sue for a moment. She looked so pathetic, so desperate. Her eyes implored Sue for help as the tears fell. It was a million times worse than listening to Megan curse at her.

“Just sign here, miss!” The officer said, showing Sue a tablet.

Sue took the opportunity to look away. She signed and didn’t look at Sarah—Boji again. As she walked away she tried to close her ears to the sobbing and to the words of one of the officers.

“Aw, I think she misses her owner! Don’t cry, darling! We’ll have you back safe in your gear and to your owner in no time!”

Sue cringed again.

“What have I done?” She wondered. “Why didn’t I fight them too?”

Megan’s show trial, and that definitely what it was, happened a week later. It only lasted an hour, most of which was taken up by the opening

statements of the prosecuting lawyer and the judge. The formerly confident and pretty blonde who had talked about liberating her sisters from slavery stood alone with no representation. She was unwashed, with her long blonde hair matted against her pale cheek, barefoot, wrists and ankles shackled, and dressed only in a torn, stained and wrinkled orange prison smock that barely reached the middle of her thighs. TV cameras made sure to show her disgraceful appearance to the whole country to ensure that the consequences of disrupting the ComPet® program would be known.

Sue watched from the back of the courtroom. She hadn't wanted to have come, but she'd been required to by her boss. She'd thought she might be asked to testify, but no witnesses were called at all, which was a relief, at first anyway. The prosecutor declared Megan's crime and then showed clearly doctored photos of Sarah—Boji being found by authorities. Boji looked confused and miserable and then was equally as happy as authorities took her into custody. Sue squirmed in her seat as she thought about what really happened. Again, she felt the urge to speak out, but what would that get her? How would that help Megan or any woman? She'd only be joining her in whatever terrible punishment awaited her.

After the "evidence" was delivered the judge paused as if ruminating. Then he spoke, "Miss Megan Hills..." He paused. "I have seen many cases in my twenty years as a judge, but yours may be perhaps the most despicable. You tried to steal the property and happiness of a man who is a community figure, a pillar of society, a philanthropist, a job creator, and a true friend to his community." Everyone in the courtroom looked over at Mr. Richter who was sitting in the front, with the kneeling form of his puppy girl by his feet. Sue couldn't see Boji's face from behind, but she knew the PetSitter would have her lolling her tongue out, smiling vapidly at the prosecution of her would-be savior for all to see, regardless of what agony was spinning between those doggy ears.

"Perhaps worse than that, you took a poor, innocent, vulnerable service animal away from proper care, from protection, and from her happiness. You represent a self-centered aspect to society that must be dealt with harshly if we're to have a better world. As this case was being deliberated, no one was willing to speak for your character, not even your own

mother...I can think of no better way for you to leave this self-centeredness behind than by being put into service yourself.”

Megan looked up in wide-eyed disbelief.

“I hereby declare you property of the ComPet® program for such time until they wish to release you. Case closed!”

As the verdict sunk in Megan suddenly came alive again. She struggled and screamed as two officers hauled her from the room. Her cries alternated between cursing ‘the system’ and begging just to be sent to prison.

Sue left the courtroom in a daze among the throngs of people who had come to attend. She walked by reporters interviewing Mr. Richter. Boji was by his feet clad in her fluffy, white puppy gear. Sue also noticed that Boji’s face looked different with a heart-shaped black heart on the tip of her nose and three black spots on either cheek. They looked like tattoos.

“Yes, I’m so pleased to have her back!” Mr. Richter spoke into several microphones. “And Boji is so happy to be back isn’t she?” He added as he patted the back of her head and looked down at her.

The reporters and the cameramen turned their attention towards the puppy girl. Sue wanted to duck out, but she stood watching from a distance, transfixed on the scene. Boji was clearly miserable, anyone should have been able to see that, but when Mr. Richter looked down at her, she came to life. With a great big smile she pushed out her breasts and let out an enthusiastic “woof!”

Everyone chuckled at the “charming pet” and Mr. Richter went on answering questions. “Yes, she was so happy to be back home that she signed a lifetime contract with me. You should have seen it, she actually begged for it!”

Sue saw the tears fall from the corners of Boji’s eyes even as her mouth remained contorted in the joyful smile. Unable to watch or listen anymore she scuttled outside to the warm spring afternoon.

“Sue, there you are!” It was her boss. “I need to talk to you.”

Sue tried not to look as sick as she felt. What had that bastard Richter done to that poor girl’s face?

“You did an excellent job finding that lost puppy, but you’ve discovered much more than you realize.”

Interested, Sue looked up at him.

“Megan Hills wasn’t just a lone, hysterical girl. We found some troubling materials in her room at her mother’s house and in that warehouse. Besides supplies for making pipe bombs and a few firearms with ammunition, we found some subversive literature. We’re still studying it, but it comes from an organization referring to itself as F.E.R.A.L. They seem to think that they stand for Freedom, Equality, Revolution, and Liberty, whatever that’s supposed to mean. This is definitely the most interesting time for you to become an official HPPS Inspector.” He held up a silver badge. “Congratulations.”

Sue smiled and looked at the shiny badge resting in the palm of her hand. Thoughts of the fate of Megan and Sarah were far away for a moment.

Later she’d have time to reflect on what she’d done.

Later.