



**Inspector Sue Sharp**  
**Sue's Third Case**

# The Mutt Maker

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# Prelude

The young man was in tears. In the purplish twilight, he sat on the steps of the deserted train station talking to a bored, overweight police detective.

“I told you three times already!” He wiped his eyes with his jacket sleeve. “We were both tired from finishing our summer quarter exams—we fell asleep on each other in our seat. Then sometime after that Val got up to go to the bathroom...when I woke up, I went to look for her, because it seemed like it had been a really long time. I thought she might be sick or something—she was always getting motion sickness—I looked everywhere for her... she was just gone.”

“Steady, son,” the detective said flatly as he took sparse notes. “We want to find your girlfriend just as much as you do.” His voice sounded like a pre-recorded message responding to a number press. It didn’t reassure the young man in the slightest. A woman in white coveralls appeared in the doorway of the nearest train car. The golden light streaming out from the interior gave her an oddly angelic appearance as she signaled for the detective.

“Wait here.” He muttered and he walked towards the woman in white. “I’ll have some more questions for you.”

The young man—Tommy—watched the detective and the woman in white speak to each other. She had the mannerisms and lack of intensity of the average university lecturer and he looked as uninterested as a hung over student. The way they acted scared him. How could they be so blasé about a young woman going missing? He looked at his watch. All he could think about was Val and how much fun they were supposed to be having right at that moment. They would have been at dinner at Val’s favorite restaurant in Central City. When he woke up that morning he never would have dreamed that he’d be talking to the police about her disappearance.

He sniffled and pulled a small gray box from his pocket and opened it. The ring was a sapphire, not a diamond. Val loved sapphires. It would have made the perfect engagement ring.

# Part 1: The Smuggler Bust

The stench of a rarely-cleaned dog kennel wafted through the warehouse in the hot August night. The appalling smell filled Sue's nostrils as she inched her way between two rows of wooden dog food crates with her trusty can of pepper spray in hand. She wished that the Human Pet Protection Services—the HPPS—would have issued her a gun, but since they weren't technically law enforcement she had to make do with what she had. The cylinder was slick in her sweaty palm as she licked her dry lips and strained to hear two men talking up ahead. No doubt they were the smugglers that she was there to arrest. In actuality, her partner, Detective Jericho—Robert—was there to do the arresting. She was just there to offer support and to see to the welfare of any service animals involved, but she still liked to think of it as her arrest too—especially when it came to pet smugglers.

The voices were low and deep, like distant drums answering back and forth to each other. The exchange had the rhythm and tonal variance of an argument, but she couldn't make out the words. She paused at the edge of the crates and slowly peeked around them. In the dim light she could see two large, rough looking men talking in front of a chain link pen with several partitions dividing it. Only one of the six small partitions was occupied with a small, bouncing form.

Sue curled her lip. The Compulsory Pettification—ComPet—program was bad enough, but Sue hated smugglers. At least in most cases ComPet released draftees after two years, and whether she liked it or not, it was all legal. Service animals that got kidnapped and smuggled out of the country might have found themselves stuck as house pets, or in worse situations, for life. She took a deep breath and waited for Robert to make his move.

The men's voices raised and Sue's ears perked up in response.

“Come on, with energy like that she'll be worth ten times the normal pet! Did you see the way she wouldn't stop humping my leg?”

“But it’s fucking weird! Why isn’t she in official ComPet gear? Why is her muzzle purple? I don’t know...I think we ought to dump her...What if she’s sick? She could infect any other tail we bring in here. Hell, we could catch it!”

“Not if we sell her before we bring more in, besides...”

Robert’s deep voice tore through the hot stillness of the warehouse like a cold breeze, “Police! Hands in the air!”

For a split second both men stood wide-eyed as they processed the turn of events. The smaller of the two put his hands up in the air, but the other took off, as bad luck would have it, straight at Sue’s hiding place. As the large man thundered towards her like a charging rhinoceros, Sue summoned up her courage, stepped out from behind the crate, held up her pepper spray and yelled, “HPPS, freeze!”

Not surprisingly, the man continued undeterred by her less-than-intimidating command so she squeezed the trigger. The spicy smelling stream struck him square in the eyes. The smuggler roared in pain and clutched his face, but he didn’t slow down. Sue froze and a moment later the human wall crashed into her and knocked her to the floor.

She’d reflexively remembered to keep her head tucked. It was the only thing she remembered, at least unconsciously, from the self-defense training she’d been required to take since her promotion to full Human Pet Protection Service inspector. She’d saved herself a concussion, but that just made her more-fully aware of the mammoth man on top of her. She wheezed and struggled as she felt her ribs compress from the weight and tried to worm her way out from under him.

After only seconds, the man started to get back to his feet, but Sue clung onto him. Blindly, he grabbed the front of her blouse and pulled her up with the clear intention of smashing her back down onto the dusty concrete floor, but the flimsy fabric ripped, preventing him from getting a proper grip. They continued to fight until Robert hauled the big man off of her. There was a brief struggle, but Robert quickly got him in a hold, handcuffed him,

and then dropped him next to the other smuggler in front of the enclosure with its single occupant.

With the smugglers secured, Robert ran over to where Sue was and knelt down next to her. “Are you alright?” He asked breathlessly.

Sue sat on the ground with her glasses slightly askew, still trying to get her bearings. Despite the danger she had been in, or maybe because of it, watching Robert overpower her attacker made her already thumping heart beat just a little bit faster. His eyes looked so intense while he did it and she wondered in passing if he would be just as rough with her if he ever got the chance.

What, do you want him to hit you over the head and drag you back to his cave by your hair, Sue? She chided herself for thinking such primitive thoughts, but the fact was she probably did—she definitely did.

She righted her glasses and replied, “Yes—I think so...”

“Uh, your blouse...” He pointed at her chest and looked down to adjust his tie.

Sue blushed at her torn blouse and her padded bra on display. She quickly crossed her arms over her chest. It was silly, she knew. After all, he’d already seen her nearly bare breasts. He’d already seen just about everything she had to show. Yet, like a gentleman, Robert continued to avert his eyes, took off his blue suit-jacket and draped it over her shoulders. The coat made Sue feel diminutive. The bottom of it came just past the hem of her skirt. Momentarily, she was taken aback by Robert’s kindness and she didn’t know what to say, so she just settled on, “Uh...thanks.”

Robert grunted in response and raked his fingers through his dark blonde hair. “Look, you know how you could thank me? Take your weekly self-defense classes more-seriously.”

Sue had been basking in Robert’s old-fashioned chivalry and hadn’t expected him to berate her suddenly. She blurted out, “What?”

“Your self-defense classes,” he replied with more emphasis, “start taking them more seriously! I am tired of having to save you!”

Sue felt the bubble she had been riding for nearly a full minute burst. Why did he have to speak? If he’d just shut up she could have continued to see him standing in front of her, with the halo of the warehouse light behind his head looking like a heroic knight out of a cheap, medieval-themed romance novel (one that she’d never admit to having read), but he just had to open his mouth!

“I’m doing the classes!” She snapped.

“Yeah, and you spend half the time playing on your phone and the other half of the time complaining!”

“I do not!”

Robert’s analysis was basically true. Sue had never liked exercise and she had a bit of an aversion to most forms of human contact—especially when both participants were sweaty. So, she would look for any excuse to take a break.

Robert ground his teeth. “Look, I don’t care if you’re small; you got to learn how to handle yourself!”

“If they’d just give me a gun I wouldn’t need stupid kung fu moves!”

“A gun wouldn’t have helped you five minutes ago and you know it! If you won’t think about my safety, Christ, think about yours! Your head could have gotten split open!”

Sue opened her mouth to interrupt, but then she changed her mind and instead let Robert continue to lecture her about her safety. She found herself getting overpowered by him after all. Even if it was just with words, she shivered a bit, despite the heat of the warehouse. Perhaps it was better if he talked after all. She would have let him keep going too, but he was cut short by the emphatic barking from the chain link pen. They exchanged glances and made their way over to inspect the pen’s occupant.

“My God...” Sue wrinkled her nose at the drooling, scampering mess in the pen. “Why are her paws—her hands and feet so...purplish? And her nose too...?”

Besides the discoloration, the puppy girl didn't even look like a ComPet draftee. There was no paw-shaped brand on her butt or on her lower stomach, no identifying ear tag, collar tag, or collar at all for that matter. She wasn't even wearing paw-shaped mittens on her hands, or paw-shaped slippers on her feet. When she sat up, her light purple tinted hands hung loosely just like paws, however. She crawled and slobbered, never making an effort to stand, just as if she was under the pet sitter's authority. Besides her baffling behavior and the color of her “snout” and her “paws” her eyes and her movements seemed erratic—twitchy—like an old-fashioned windup toy with a broken gear grinding inside it.

When Robert joined Sue at the pen, the strange woman sniffed the air. She coiled like a spring and then launched herself at the chain link fence with more force than the malnourished little creature should have been able to. Robert took a step back in surprise. The pet whined pitifully, desperately sticking her nose through the openings. She frantically licked and sniffed the air where he'd been standing. Whimpering, she pressed and strained against the fence a few times before flipping around and turning her backside to Robert. Her leaking, swollen slit pulsed and gaped as she wagged her ass back and forth in blatant invitation. After only a few moments a small puddle began to form under her as her juices began to drip down her thighs.

“Well...” Robert scratched his chin with a grin that was probably more of an attempt to appear flippant than express actual glibness. “This is something you don't see everyday...”

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Still clutching Robert's coat around her, Sue leaned against the door inside her apartment and sighed deeply. It had already been a long week spent tracking the smugglers. The encounter with the strange, discolored, young woman in the pen was just the icing on the cake. The smugglers didn't have any idea who she was, and clearly the victim didn't either. Sue only hoped

that the professionals at the Federal Bureau of Pettification—the FBP—would be able to figure out her identity and what was wrong with her.

Sue went to the kitchen and poured herself a tall glass of cheap sangria as she idly puffed on her vape pen. She took a few sips, then a few gulps and within a few moments the glass was empty. She poured another, took a sip, then a gulp, and then set the glass on the counter.

She dropped Robert’s blue coat over a nearby chair and headed for the bathroom leaving a trail behind her that started with her sensible, black heels, black blazer, black skirt, torn, white blouse, shredded pantyhose, and finally her lingerie. Stopping in front of the full length mirror hanging on the bathroom door, Sue regarded the bruising on her upper chest from the smuggler grabbing her. His fingerprints left several swelling, black and blue dots across her milky white flesh like the reverse of a constellation. She winced as she ran her fingers over the bruises and thought about Robert scolding her. She inhaled sharply and felt herself flush.

It had been over a month since she’d gone undercover as a puppy girl at the Happy Paws Boarding Kennel. The hair on her head was still quite short, and she was still smooth between her legs. After the depilatory had been applied it had taken a while for her pubic hair to start to grow back. When it finally did she was shocked to find that instead of feeling in control of her own body again, all she could think of was the annoyingly perky groomer, Donna, the one who’d helped her prepare to go undercover, calling her bush “nasty.” So, even though she hated how vulnerable and juvenile it made her look and feel, she’d kept herself shaved clean ever since because it somehow felt wrong to do otherwise.

Sue frowned as she thought of the mystery woman from the pen. She wasn’t properly groomed. She had “nasty” body hair. Yet, Robert watched, seemingly amused and possibly tantalized, at the woman in the pen, wagging her backside in front of him just like a real animal might to entice a male.

He watches that disgusting display and enjoys it, but when I’ve got my blouse wide open? Sue thought bitterly. He covers me right up!

The sangria had warmed her and made her feel a little fuzzy. She bit her lower lip and grabbed two hair ties from the bathroom counter, and after just a moment's hesitation she put her hair up into bouncy, high "dog ears."

Is this what you want, Robert? Is this what you and all the other perverts—all the men—like?

Sue stared at her reflection for a moment. She looked so stupid. Scowling at herself, she reached up to take the "ears" down, but then she stopped and regarded herself a second time. Maybe she didn't look stupid. Maybe she looked cute.

Maybe stupid and cute are the same thing.

Just like not shaving just felt wrong, the ears just felt right. At least, at that moment they did.

Slowly, Sue contorted her mouth into an exaggerated smile and opened it wide.

What am I doing?

Her tongue was red from the wine. She let it hang from her mouth and she began to pant loudly. Cocking her head from side to side and making her dog ears bounce, she was completely disgusted with her behavior. Sue knew that she could stop at any moment. She knew that she should stop, but the growing warmth and wetness between her legs made the simple act of putting her tongue away seem almost impossible. Instead, she slowly raised her slack hands to just under her chin and let them hang there. Seeing herself in the begging position Sue remembered how scared and helpless she felt when her hands were encased in the tight paw mittens. Yet, as she replayed in her mind the paws being fastened on over her hands she felt a jolt at the tip of her clitoris and she wiggled her hips in response.

She stopped begging and glared at her reflection..

"Silly puppy!" She wagged her finger at herself. "Dumb little doggies don't walk on two legs! They walk on four legs! Bad dog!"

She dropped to all fours so fast it was as if she actually had to worry about a shock from the petsitter system if she didn't immediately comply. Not shaving was wrong. Hair in "dog ears" was right. Being on all fours was right...

What if...what if I were being smuggled too? Sue thought devilishly.

Sue closed her eyes and sighed as the story took shape. She imagined herself back in full pet gear and locked in the pen next to that strange pet. Frightened and helpless—she would be a doggy damsel waiting for rescue from her brave knight. As she moved her "paw" towards her achy "puppy parts" a small part of her still protested, but the moment her slender fingers touched her tingling, moist lips her resistance against herself crumbled.

She imagined after Robert overpowered the smugglers, he would approach the pens and release both of them. The purple snouted puppy girl would jump on him and make an absolute spectacle of herself, yipping and licking and sniffing. Sue would jealously watch until, Robert, clearly repulsed by the nauseating behavior, would push the frantic pet back into the pen and lock her back inside.

"Bad dog!" He would admonish her and turn his attention to Sue. "Well, well, what do we have here?"

Sue's fingers gently brushed her swollen, wet sex and her hips trembled as she imagined Robert standing over her, measuring and appraising her with his eyes. She imagined herself looking up at him and barking as she timidly wagged her tail.

"You're so much better behaved than that mongrel!" He would smile and pat her on the head. "You know what good little puppies get?"

Sue crossed her eyes dumbly in her fantasy and in real life as her rubbing intensified.

"You really are a ditzy little puppy aren't you? They get a bone!" Robert would tease her.

Panting and tense, Sue uncrossed her eyes and spied Robert's coat still draped over the chair. Yipping and panting she scurried over to the coat and sniffed at it. It smelled of his cologne with an undercurrent of him and the faint aroma of mint chewing gum around the pockets. She felt her pussy twitch as his scent filled her "snout." She gripped the sleeve with her teeth and pulled the coat onto the floor. Once it was spread out evenly she crawled on top of it and buried her face in one lapel and sunk back into her fantasy—imagining herself in the same position in the overheated, dirty warehouse, on top of Robert's coat, waiting for him.

She imagined looking over her shoulder timidly as he unbuckled his belt and then unzipped his pants. Normally her fantasies would have ended by that point, as the idea of being about to be fucked was enough to get her there, but she wasn't feeling normal. She wanted to go further. She wanted to imagine the sex. The idea that Robert would be hard because of her made her heart beat faster and her hand—her paw—run back and forth against her leaking slit faster and faster.

Her orgasm was already building as she imagined Robert grabbing her hips, dragging her to him, and unceremoniously shoving his shaft into her quivering, slippery little hole. The idea of it excited and frightened her. Sue didn't even stick her fingers in herself while she masturbated; the idea of a man putting his great big thing inside of her was almost unthinkable—almost.

Memories of the puppy girls at the kennels getting "mated" came rushing back to her. Most of them looked so content as the handlers handled them. In a split second of lucidity she wondered if she had the same dumb look on her face as she imagined Robert pumping in and out of her with no mercy, doing what he wanted with her, how he wanted, for as long as he wanted.

For the first time, Sue allowed the tip of her middle finger to slide up inside of her tight little self as her thumb made irregular circles on her pulsing clit.

Her eyes screwed shut as her mouth opened and she let out several squeaky barks as her hips gyrated against her hand and a powerful orgasm ran through her little, trembling body. She collapsed into a sweaty, drooling heap onto the silky interior of Robert's coat.

She was too tired and too drunk to beat herself up about what she'd just done and what she'd thought about while she was doing it. Instead she nestled into the coat, curled up and fell fast asleep.

## Part 2: Victims

“Did you have this dry cleaned?” Robert took his plastic-wrapped suit jacket from Sue’s outstretched arms.

She glanced away to hide her blush. “Uh, yes.”

“Well, gosh, Sue, how uncharacteristically nice of you!” She could hear a smile in his voice and not a hint of sarcasm. “What happened anyway? Did you spill something on it?” He held up the coat and squinted at it.

“Yes—yes, I dumped some juice on it.”

“What kind of juice?” He scrutinized it further.

Sue felt herself starting to sweat.

Oh, God, what if the cleaners didn’t take care of the smell?

“What does it matter?”

He put the coat over his arm. “I guess it doesn’t—hey, why are you being so defensive all of a sudden?”

The sound of a ringing bell made them both turn. Though she was thankful that the conversation was interrupted, Sue’s lip curled up as she saw one of the new “postal-pets” scampering down the hall towards them. The large, silver bell attached to her shock collar jingled merrily with every movement she made, announcing her presence to anyone nearby. Ostensibly the idea was to alert anyone who needed to send a physical message that she was there, but Sue was certain that like most things in the ComPet program it was just there to add humiliation to the experience.

The postal-pet panted as she scurried as fast as she apparently could while stuck on all fours and with her hands and feet trapped in padded paw mittens and slippers. She was drenched with sweat and her blonde hair was

plastered to her head, the pointy dog ears attached to the top of her head were slightly lopsided, and she had tears in her eyes. The pathetic mess scuttled to the front of Mr. Cross' office door. She took a moment to catch her breath and then started pawing at the door while whining loudly. Sue noticed that the pet's exposed backside was red and bruised just like her large breasts—probably from being grouped and swatted dozens of times each day, which wasn't supposed to be allowed by policy, but it was awfully difficult for pet girls to report harassment as they weren't allowed to talk. What made it worse was that like all postal-posts she wore a brightly colored tag which clearly read, "Please don't pet me! I'm working!"

Sue wasn't supposed to feel sorry for her or for the postal-pets in general. That was policy too. Each one of them had been convicted of various minor, pet-related crimes, so she was supposed to think that they deserved everything that they got. Sue looked up at Robert who was also watching the pet. He had the same inscrutable expression that he'd had the night he looked at the discolored young woman in the pen. Was he amused, bemused, enticed? Sue couldn't tell and it annoyed her. It annoyed her more that he was spending so much time staring regardless of what he was thinking.

After several long moments, the door opened and Mr. Cross, the boss, popped his bald mustachioed head out into the hall. He glanced left, then right, and finally down.

"Well if it isn't my favorite little messenger, Tater Tots!" He smiled, ruffled her hair and then reached down and squeezed one of her breasts hard enough to make her squeak. "I can see these have been getting you a lot of attention! I can't say I'd blame all your adoring fans!" He laughed and pulled a small bone-shaped dog treat from his pocket.

The pet's eyes locked onto the treat. She sat up and begged while drool dripped down the corners of her mouth. She was clearly famished. Sue knew that the standard practice was to only feed puppy girls twice a day. She also knew that postal-pets were often punished for bad behavior or not making deliveries on time by having their meals reduced or even cut

entirely. Mr. Cross watched her jiggle as she bounced for nearly a full minute with a smile on his face. Then he glanced at his watch.

“Oh, oopse, it looks like you were almost thirty seconds late on your delivery, Tater Tots! I’d love to give you a treat, but I can’t! Maybe move that bubble butt of yours a little faster next time!” He shrugged and put the treat away.

The pet’s face fell.

Mr. Cross glanced towards Sue and Robert. “Well, I think that’s enough fun for now, present!”

“Woof…” the dejected postal-pet shuddered, then she quickly turned her backside toward Mr. Cross and lowered her face to the ground presenting not only her tail to him, but also the secure “mail slot” hollow cylinder that had been securely stuffed in her anus as part of her specialized pet gear.

Mr. Cross looked at the tag hanging from the pet’s tail then popped the clamp on the lid of the slot. The pet whined quietly as Mr. Cross fumbled indelicately and pulled a smaller, reddish, metal cylinder—a mail knot—from the slot. He unscrewed the top and pulled several papers from the knot before returning it to the slot.

Mr. Cross gave Tater Tots a firm slap on the behind to punctuate his command. “Up, girl!”

The rose shakily as Mr. Cross reached for a length of chain hanging from the wall. “I’m going to need you to wait here, Tater Tots,” he murmured and attached the chain to her collar leaving her barely enough slack to reach the stainless steel water dish by the door.

“Jericho! Sharp! Come on in!” He beckoned Sue and Robert.

There was a part of Sue that wished that the postal-pet hadn’t interrupted. After what she’d done on top of the coat a few nights before she could barely look Robert in the eye let alone hold a conversation with him. Yet,

there was a part of her that desperately wanted to blurt it out to him and to whoever was in the hall at the time.

Robert! I played with myself like a dirty dog on top of your coat while I imagined you fucking me from behind! I did it three times because I have no self-control!

Of course she kept that part buried deep. More innocently, she wanted to tell Robert that she'd spent the previous three days practicing self-defense with one of the instructors at the department gym, working hard so that he wouldn't have to save her again. Maybe she wanted him to know that she did take her job seriously, or maybe she just wanted a pat on the head. Either way she was sure that no matter how hard she tried, no matter how perfectly she imagined the conversation; somehow the interaction would turn sour because she just didn't know how to talk to him.

Robert stopped abruptly in the doorway to Mr. Cross' office, making Sue almost crash into his back. He sighed and knelt down next to the pet.

“What are you doing?” Sue asked.

Robert picked up the water dish and spun it around between his fingers to show that it was bone dry. He walked to the nearby water fountain, filled it up, and gently set it back down in front of the postal-pet. She barked happily then lapped at the water while wagging her tail in the air.

Sue opened her mouth to say something, but Mr. Cross spoke first. “You're all heart, Jericho—a real pet hugger, you know that? Don't spoil her too much though. She defaced three ComPet posters at a local shopping center, you know. As far as I'm concerned she got off easy with a six month sentence!”

Robert shrugged and went into the office. Sue followed. She was really impressed with his show of kindness, and a bit embarrassed that she hadn't thought to refill the poor pet's empty water dish herself.

As they took their seats, Mr. Cross pulled a folder from the side of his messy, paper strewn desk and added the documents he'd taken from the

mail-knot.

“I wanted to congratulate you both again on that smuggler bust.” He paused and rubbed his forehead. “I only wish that were the end of it.” He opened the folder and set it in front of Sue and Robert. There was a portrait photo a young woman on top of stack of papers inside the folder. She looked to be in her early twenties, with long hair that couldn’t decide if it wanted to be light brown or dark blonde.

Sue did a double take at the picture. She imagined the face covered with an inch of dirt and grime, the hair tangled and frizzy, and the eyes one part empty and one part wild. She looked up at Mr. Cross.

“This is the woman we rescued?” It wasn’t really a question as much as it was an expression of disbelief.

Mr. Cross nodded and read from his computer screen.

“Miss Chelsea Adams, sophomore at Thompson University, 3.98 grade point average, double major in chemistry and biology, captain of the university debate and lacrosse teams...the list of her accomplishments goes on, but the point is, you’ve seen what she looks like now.”

He flipped to the next photo in the folder. It was time-stamped right after the smuggler bust and the contrast was night and day. Chelsea seemed to stare back at Sue; her once bright, intelligent eyes glazed over and empty while her tongue hung out with a long string of drool trailing from the tip and out of the boundaries of the photograph. The flash of the camera had highlighted the strange, unnatural purple discoloration across her nose, and the yellow evidence sticker stretched across her dirt-smudged forehead, was a mockery of her former self.

“Jesus...” Sue shook her head.

“Any ideas what happened to her?” Robert asked.

“We’re working on that, but there’s something you should both see.” Mr. Cross flipped to another pair of photos. The first was of another smiling

young woman, blonde and tan like a girl lucky enough to spend Spring break some place warm and expensive. The second picture showed her naked, dirty, drooling, empty-eyed, and discolored just like Chelsea.

“This was Miss Becky Garrison, freshman at Thompson University, 3.0 grade point average, majoring in marketing, and a cheerleader...not as accomplished as Miss Adams, but as you can see from the pictures and the report, she was found in basically the same state, but wandering the streets and trying to hump every leg she saw.”

Sue looked up from the report. “This says you found Becky Garrison four weeks ago. Why haven’t we heard about this until today?”

“The boys down in forensics thought it might have been an isolated case. You know, some dumb little college girl decides she’s going to try some pills in the backroom at a party...but then she didn’t recover, and after they compared her with Chelsea Adams it became pretty clear something bigger was happening.” Mr. Cross cleared his throat. “That and they both disappeared on the intercity train system. In fact, there’s been a rash of pretty, young things matching their profiles going missing from the train—six in fact, with the last having just been reported a week ago.”

He shuffled the papers to a third report. The girl was pretty like all the rest, with light brown hair, striking, bright, green eyes and rosy cheeks. Her name was Valarie Cooper. According to her boyfriend, one Thomas Schmidt, they had been traveling to Central City for a little get away. Sue’s heart ached when she read the last part of the report.

As if this wasn’t depressing enough...“Schmidt stated that he was going to propose to ‘Val’ at dinner the night they arrived in the city.”

Robert leaned back in his chair. “So, we’ve got a serial kidnapper grabbing college girls off trains and turning them into...”

“We’re just calling them ‘victims’ for now. Yes, Jericho, that’s what we suspect and what you’re both going to confirm.”

“Is this really in the Human Pet Protection Service’s purview?” Robert glanced over at Sue. “Abductions really are a police matter, don’t you think?”

Before Sue could fire back at Robert for trying to cut her out of the case, Mr. Cross nodded and replied, “You’d think that, but given the animal-like state of the victims and the fact that they’ve been easy prey for pet smugglers, it has been determined by the higher-ups that this falls under our organization’s jurisdiction.”

“Fair enough.”

“Well, now that that is settled,” Mr. Cross continued, “we’re putting you both on a simple sting operation. Sharp, you’ll be posing as a student from a local university to ‘entice’ our target.”

Sue wasn’t exactly thrilled with the idea, but dressing up like a college student from a local university was at least a hundred steps up from posing as a service animal! After all, she’d been a student just a little over a year prior, so it wasn’t exactly a stretch.

“Detective Jericho will be posing as your tutor and will make the arrest if the suspect chooses to move on you.”

Despite the seriousness of the situation, and her desire to see justice for the victims, Sue felt sudden warmth run through her at the thought of Robert tutoring her.

“Get down to the HPPS forensic lab and talk to them first. When you’ve finished there, return to your office to pick up your disguises. They’ve been prepared specially for both of you. When you’re ready, head down to Main Street Station and board the south train. With any luck when you disembark it’ll be with the suspect in custody.”

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Sue had been quiet on the walk down to the forensic lab. She couldn’t get the images of Chelsea, Becky, and ‘Val’ out of her head. Just before they went inside, Robert put his hand on the door. “Hey, I know what it’s like to

be really invested in something, but don't get too personally involved in this case.”

Sue put her hands on her hips. “What do you mean?”

“I saw the way you were looking at those pictures and I know what you're probably thinking. They're not you, Sue.”

Sue was taken aback. She wasn't used to people paying close enough attention to attempt to guess her motivations, let alone get them right. She suddenly felt more vulnerable to Robert than she had when he was the one holding her leash while she pathetically crawled next to his heel. She had seen herself in the faces of the victims. All their potential—their identities, their hopes, their dreams, were all gone. That wasn't the worst part though, at least not for her. Their personhoods were stolen from them by some sick bastard, while she kept fantasizing about giving up her personhood voluntarily. It made her hate herself.

She felt herself about to lash out, but she took a deep breath and simply said, “I can handle it, Detective Jericho.”

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Even though the badge clipped to his lab coat read “Research and Development” Dr. Hampton looked like he belonged in the forensic lab. The drab colors he wore and his shockingly benign and un-offensive short haircut made him look as if he could sit on the supply shelves comfortably and blend in with beakers, slides and microscopes.

When Robert and Sue offered their hands to shake he held up his own hands as if in lazy surrender and smiled. “Oh, no, I never shake hands, thank you!” There was a moment of awkward silence before he spoke again. “You're here about our two little mystery doggos, no?”

They both nodded.

“Yes, well, I can fill you both in on what we know so far. There's a chemical compound in the systems of both specimens. We haven't identified it fully yet, but we've mapped some consistent symptoms

between the two victims...say, you're the one I designed that special, Morse code tail for, right?" He pointed at Sue in sudden recognition. "How did that work out?"

Robert snickered behind her.

Blushing, Sue ground her teeth. "Oh, it worked just great. You should try it out for yourself sometime!"

"Why on Earth would I need to try it out?" Dr. Hampton seemed genuinely confused. "Er...where was I? Yes, consistent symptoms in both victims..."

He motioned the pair to a nearby observation window that looked over a sterile, brightly lit, white room with two small animal pens occupying the far corners. Inside the pens were the former students—the victims—Chelsea Adams and Becky Garrison. They were still as animal-like and vacant-eyed as before, but at least both were clean and groomed. Sue also noticed that they both sported official ComPet collars, brands, and ear tags.

"Doctor, why are they tagged—why are they here and not in a proper hospital?" Sue asked.

"They're evidence, Miss Sharp. Evidence needs to be catalogued or it can easily become lost! Besides that, our facility can meet their new care requirements far better than a human hospital would!"

Sue shivered. There wasn't a trace of irony in his response. She tried not to think about what would happen to them after the investigation had concluded.

"So, what are these symptoms?" Robert asked.

"Ah, yes, their sense of smell, specifically related to one thing has increased by almost forty times. Look at this." Dr. Hampton pressed a few buttons on a nearby keyboard and a small silver tube extended from the ceiling between the pens. After a few moments, both Chelsea and Becky started barking and jumping frantically against the clear, plexiglass walls of their pens, both of them desperate to get to the pipe. Within moments both were

visibly dripping down the inside of their thighs as they whined and pressed against the barriers keeping them from their desire.

“What’s coming out of that pipe?” Sue asked. She was transfixed with their behavior. Even though they were under bright lights and being watched by many people they were utterly shameless.

“Male pheromones,” Dr. Hampton proclaimed. “In his report, Detective Jericho described the second victim as being very interested in his genitals.”

“Well, I didn’t put it that way!” Robert quickly answered.

She smirked. Robert was blushing. He was so cool and in control most of the time. It was nice to see a little chink in his armor every once in awhile, though if she were to be completely honest with herself, she still preferred him when he was in control. Still, she snickered loudly enough to get a glare from him.

“We also noticed that the first victim seemed to get very excited whenever she was being examined or cared for by a male tech. They can’t get enough of it! Why just yesterday we did this throughout the day for various lengths of time with the longest duration being a full hour. We gave them both limited breaks in-between exposure and both of them always acted this way with the same desperation and the same intensity. It’s quite amazing really. Even with the highest-grade petsitter managing her, and months of obedience training under a first-class trainer, even a ComPet with an above average libido prior to being drafted doesn’t have this kind of eagerness. Whoever made this chemical is truly an artist!”

We’re supposed to be doing an investigation and this guy wants to admire the psychopaths who did this?

Dr. Hampton continued. He explained that whatever the chemical compound was it altered the brain, destroying many of the higher functions, and shorting out the nerves in the hands and disrupting the balance. He described the effects with clinical detachment that slowly morphed into what could only be described as fascination.

“What about the crime scenes?” Robert interrupted.

Clearly annoyed at losing his momentum, Dr. Hampton took a moment to change gears. “After the most recent kidnapping of that—Cooper girl, yes—the victim’s clothes were found stuffed in a lavatory trashcan along with some trace amounts of fluids. They’re still in the process of being analyzed, but we hope to have the DNA of whoever might be responsible and possibly a clean sample of whatever drug is doing this.”

“The victim’s clothes?” Sue asked, feeling ill. “But how would he have gotten her out of the train in front of all those people...naked?”

Dr. Hampton shrugged. “I wouldn’t know.”

Robert and Sue exchanged looks and then agreed that it was time to go.

## Part 3: Informed and Uniformed

Sue and Robert made their way back to their shared office. As they rounded the corner, Sue stopped dead in her tracks. “Donna?”

Donna, perky, blonde, pet-groomer Donna, stood in front of the door with two bundles in her arms. She wore her familiar bright groomer’s smock and her long hair had been styled into twin French braids.

“Sue!” She exclaimed. “It’s so good to see you again!”

“What are you doing here?” Sue asked while trying not to sound as wary as she felt. Being in the presence of the woman who had humiliated her and outfitted her as a pet made her feel suddenly very much out of control.

What is the etiquette when you see someone again after they shoved a “runt-sized” plug up your butt anyway?

“Don’t worry, hun! I’m just here to help you both look the part. You’re not going to end up on my table today!” She handed the smaller of the two bundles to Sue. “Here’s one for you and...” Donna offered the larger bundle to Robert while looking sideways at him briefly. Sue looked between them. They seemed strangely awkward with one another. Neither wanted to make full eye contact and there was a period of silence that lasted just a bit too long. “And, uh, one for you, detective....”

“Thanks.” He took the bundle and then pointed back down the hall behind him. “Sue, why don’t you take the office and I’ll go down the hall.”

“Yeah, sure,” Sue replied slowly both wondering in what way she would need help looking like a student and why Donna and Robert were acting so strangely.

If I didn’t know any better I’d think...Oh, my God, did they sleep together? Sue thought. She was disgusted, crushed, and jealous all at the same time, but then she consoled herself. Well, it must not have been good if they’re

acting this way. Or maybe it was really good and that's why they're acting this way!

When Robert had gone back around the corner Donna's typical easy-going manner returned and they went inside the office. For a job she'd always hated, ironically she felt more at home in the tiny office than she did in her apartment. It wasn't just that she spent more time there; it was that unlike her apartment she had someone else to share the space.

"Did you need something else?" Sue set the bundle on her cluttered desk.

Donna closed the door and gave the office a once over. "Mr. Cross wanted me to help you get ready. You're going to be the bait in this little operation after all. I've looked at the other victims and have a pretty good idea what the kidnapper is looking for, so I'm going to make sure that you're the most irresistible bait!"

Bait? Sue shivered. While it was technically true, no one had phrased it that way until then.

"Don't you worry, I can work my magic on more than puppy girls, you know!" Donna said confidently.

Sue rolled her eyes at how clueless Donna was. Yes, because what I'm nervous about is how attractive I'll look to a serial kidnapper!

"What do you think the kidnapper is looking for?" Sue asked.

"All of the victims so far are on the smaller side and have a sweet, innocent look. You might call them 'wholesome,'" Donna explained.

"So you're going to make me look wholesome?" Sue un-wrapped the bundle and frowned at the contents. "What am I looking at?"

"It's the new uniform from Thompson University."

There were four universities in Central City. Thompson University, while having excellent academic and sports programs, had always had a reputation for being strict about its students—mainly its female students—

conduct. Sue vaguely remembered hearing at some point a discussion about Thompson U. starting to require uniforms. The whole idea sounded absurd and she was never planning on attending that school, so she'd ignored it. What school would require young adults to wear uniforms?

Sue made a face and picked up the garment at the top of the pile. It was a boxy pink jumper that zipped up the back with a yellow Thompson school logo patch on the upper left breast.

“Ick...what were they thinking?”

Donna stifled a giggle. “Mr. Cross picked it because the uniform is so recognizable and because four out of the six victims were Thompson students. I agreed with him. It'll definitely make you look wholesome, hun!”

Tossing the jumper over her chair, Sue examined the rest of the bundle's contents. There was a white, starched, button-up, short-sleeved, blouse, white knee socks, a pair of shiny black Mary Jane shoes, and two white hair ribbons. At the bottom of the stack, there was a pair of full-cut, white cotton panties and a dull, matching undershirt.

“I've got the uniform handbook right here to help make sure we get your look just right.” Donna presented a small book titled: “The Thompson University Uniform Guide for Coeds.”

Sue held up the underwear.

“What the hell are these?”

“I think they call them ‘undies.’” Donna smirked as she paged through the guidebook.

“I know that they're underwear! But look at them!”

Without glancing up Donna replied a little too casually, “They're not that far off from the ones you normally wear.”

“I do not wear granny panties!” Sue crumpled up the underwear and dropped them back in the bundle. “It doesn’t matter; I’m not wearing these anyway.”

Donna looked up and pointed at a page. “Uh—according to this, you will be. It says here, ‘The female student body is required to wear all parts of the uniform in public spaces. This includes on and off school grounds.’”

“You gotta be kidding me...” Sue snatched the book from Donna’s hands and read the page leading up to the passage, the passage, and what came after it. According to the manual, Thompson University was taking a “stand” against the informality of society, citing that being too trendy, too casual, and too relaxed led to a sluggish mind—especially in young women.

“This is ridiculous! No one is going to see my underwear!” Sue shoved the book back at Donna.

“Rules are rules, Miss Sharp!” Donna adopted the exaggerated tone of a Victorian governess and wagged her finger. “Besides, someone might see them and you’ll want to look just like a real Thompson girl...inside and out!”

Sue crossed her arms. “I hate this job.”

Donna resumed scanning the book. “Hey, if no one is going to see them like you said then why worry, right?”

“Ugh, let’s just get this over with.” Sue took a drag on her vape pen.

“Hey, you can’t do that in here.” Donna said.

Sue casually blew a cloud of vapor and winked devilishly. “It’s my office. What are you going to do, tattle on me?” she replied and then turned around to get undressed.

Donna laughed. “Why are you...wait, are you still shy, hun? Even after the kennel and everything?”

Sue shrugged out of her blazer and started unbuttoning her blouse. “If you wanna know, yes, yes I am. It’s how I was raised—and—I dunno! I just am!”

“I couldn’t imagine being so shy, especially after doing pet service! Heck, now, I’d probably walk around naked if they let me!”

Sue threw her blouse on top of the coat and wondered if Donna was being serious. She looked down. The bruises across her chest were just starting to fade. Her milky white skin looked especially pale next to her black, satin, push-up bra. She stepped out of her heels, flexed her toes, and unzipped her skirt. Her curiosity about what may or may not have gone on between Donna and Robert was burning.

Damn it, Sue. It’s not like he’s your boyfriend. It really isn’t any of your business! Then again... Well, what the Hell do people talk about then, huh?

“So, speaking of naked, are you seeing anyone lately?” Sue wiggled out of her skirt and began rolling her pantyhose down her thin legs.

Tremendous segue, Sue. Bravo! Truly you are a master of conversation!

“Me? A few people I guess.” Donna shrugged.

“Anyone...interesting?” Sue tried to sound casual as she fiddled with the hooks of her bra.

Donna looked up from the handbook. “Well...” She lowered her voice. “You won’t say anything will you?”

Sue nodded as she laid her bra on top of the other clothes. The chill from the air conditioning made her small pink nipples point. “Sure, I won’t say anything.”

“I did go out last Friday...” She lowered her voice again. “...with your partner.”

Sue’s heart dropped. She wondered why she felt anything about Robert and Donna going on a date, especially since she was already almost sure that

they had. Yet, there was something about actually hearing the words and having her suspicions being confirmed that made her feel worse. She just found Robert attractive—that was all. So, why was she so territorial about him? Why did she suddenly want to leap at the tall blonde and scratch her eyes out?

Is it because you actually think that he's the most attractive man you've ever seen? Is it because he's smart, capable, and, when it comes down to it, simply kind?

“Oh, yeah?” Sue hooked her fingers into the waistband of her panties and pulled them down to her ankles. Her whole body broke out in goose bumps as the cold gusts from the vent washed over her. It felt strange to be a few steps away from Robert's desk with all of her clothes off—perhaps even a bit naughty.

“Yeah, we had Thai food and then we...are you shaving now?”

Sue looked over her shoulder. “What?”

Donna pointed down to the small gap between Sue's thighs.

Realizing what she meant, Sue blushed and clapped a hand over the spot.

“Oh, I didn't mean to embarrass you, hun! I just figured you'd re-grow it! You got so upset when I took it off you!”

Sue turned back. Donna noticing her grooming hadn't even crossed her mind. Even after doing it for such a short time, keeping herself “clean” down there just felt natural.

“I guess we won't be needing the ‘magic cream’ again!” Donna smiled.

Sue turned around with one arm across her slight breasts and a hand in front of her bare crotch.

“Why would you think we'd need that anyway?”

“It says right here!” Donna pointed at another passage in the handbook.

The passage stated, “Cleanliness is next to Godliness. All co-eds will be expected to practice proper hygiene and grooming both on and off campus.” Sue read down the list of requirements and stopped at “There shall be no hair below the neck.”

“This is ridiculous! How would they even know?” Sue exclaimed.

“Well, it’s not like it really matters seeing as how you’d already pass inspection!”

Sue made a face at the idea of any kind of physical inspection and picked up the school-issue panties. As Sue stepped into them, Donna asked, “So does that mean you’re seeing someone?”

Though the waistband was a bit too tight, the thick, cotton panties seemed just a little too big. Sue tried to adjust them to a more comfortable and flattering place without much success.

“Me? Oh, yeah. I have for awhile now.”

“Oh, that’s great! Who are they?”

Sue pulled the undershirt over her head. She was the last girl in her class to start wearing a training bra and the last girl to start wearing a real one. Going back to an undershirt wounded her pride like a well-placed shot to the liver. Though she missed the padding from her bra, much to her chagrin the undershirt seemed to be perfectly adequate for her perky little breasts.

“Uh, you wouldn’t know him.”

Donna shrugged. “Hey, according to this check list you need to get rid of your makeup too. It says, ‘Thompson University is committed to providing a distraction free learning environment.’”

Sue sighed. Though she wasn’t big on makeup anyway, a little powder, eye shadow and lipstick were nice. She went to the sink in the bathroom adjoined to the office and started scrubbing her face. She tensed as she felt Donna’s gentle hands on the hem of her undershirt.

“Don’t forget to tuck this in...uniform requirement.”

Sue allowed Donna to tuck the bottom of the undershirt into the waistband of the panties. Donna playfully snapped the elastic against Sue’s backside making the smaller woman yelp and rear up.

“That wasn’t funny!” Sue rubbed the tender spot.

“Really? It was from over here.” Donna winked.

After drying her face with a nearby hand towel, Sue sat down and slipped on the knee socks. Unlike the underwear, they fit snugly. They were also clearly made of cheap wool and very itchy. Like her push-up bra, Sue missed her silky hose terribly.

As she stood up to put on the blouse, Sue caught a look of herself in the full length mirror that Robert had on the wall by his desk.

“Oh, my God...” Sue said aloud as she studied her reflection. Without her padded, push-up bra she was flat enough, but what natural curves she had were lost under the frumpy white cotton of the undershirt and panties. Worse still, the voluminous fabric made her already slender arms appear even skinnier, and her legs look coltish and fragile.

“I don’t look like a college freshman! I barely look old enough to be a high school freshman!”

“Well, they do say that clothes make the woman!” Donna remarked.

“What does that even mean?”

“I—I dunno...it just seemed like the right thing to say.”

Sue tore her eyes away from herself and slipped into the overly starched blouse. It wasn’t very comfortable either. It felt too small in the armpits and even across her chest it was tight. She stopped before the top button and tried to find a comfortable spot inside the garment.

Donna reached out to fasten the top button of the blouse.

Sue gagged a bit. “Let me guess...uniform requirement?”

“Yup. It’s all part of that ‘distraction free environment’ I guess! We wouldn’t want the boys to see any collarbone now would we?”

Sue gasped. “I’m pretty damn distracted!” She yanked at the tight, scratchy collar of the blouse. “God, this is worse than wearing a dog collar!”

“It sure looks that way!” Donna agreed.

Sue gave up loosening the collar and picked up the hideous, light pink jumper again. She dropped it over her head and wormed into it.

“Here, let me help.” Donna pulled it the rest of the way down and zipped up the back. Like the socks, the jumper was made of itchy wool that scratched the top of Sue’s bare thighs.

Sue pulled on the hem of the jumper thinking that there were many more inches to go, but to her dismay she realized that it wouldn’t go past mid-thigh.

“Oh, they must have sent the wrong size. This is way too short!”

Donna pulled the tag out of the back of the jumper and then looked at the handbook.

“No, no, this is right. Look.”

Sue looked at the picture of a smiling, uniformed student. Sue wondered how much they had to pay a grown woman to model the thing while smiling as if she absolutely loved wearing it. Sue hoped it was a lot. The hem of the model’s jumper was just as high as hers. “Why on Earth would such a conservative school have uniforms with such short skirts? What happened to the ‘distraction free environment’?”

“I guess a lot of people wanted to know the same thing. It says here that, ‘The skirts are kept short to teach poise and thoughtfulness in the female student body. Coeds must always consider how they sit and how they walk. They must be mindful of their surroundings as a set of stairs or a moderate

gust of wind may expose them. The short skirt, consciously and unconsciously, imposes considerations of modesty and immodesty...”

“Well, great!” Sue carefully sat down. She preferred skirts, but was never one to wear miniskirts. True enough the skirt along with the unflattering underwear did make her mindful. Showing off her normal panties would be bad enough. People seeing the school panties would be mortifying. Robert seeing them would be a disaster.

Ah, he’d probably just cover me up if that happened...

Sue gingerly bent down to buckle on the shoes. The unyielding, shiny black leather encased her tiny feet. When she stood up they pinched. They were flat too. She missed the extra lift that her usual shoes gave her even if it wasn’t much.

“Do you need help with your hair, Sue?” Donna presented two hair bands in her palm. The student in the handbook had her long hair in high, braids.

“Dog ears again?”

“Dog ears are for puppy girls. Pigtails are for schoolgirls!”

“I think I got it.” Sue styled her hair in the same way she had done a few nights before when she did her dirty little deed on top of Robert’s coat. As she brushed and banded her hair she bit her lower lip as she felt her heart beat a little faster. A part of her was excited to be able to wear such an undignified hairstyle again without anyone asking why. She was just a silly little Thompson University freshman who was suddenly very glad that her panties were as thick as they were.

“Wow, you’re actually really good at that, Sue. You’re perfect even on the first try and they’re sticking straight out just like in the picture. It’s a shame we had to cut off so much of your hair the last time. I bet your hair would have looked amazing in braids!”

“I, uh, learned from the best.” Sue replied as she secured the white hair ribbons in bows.

“Aw, thanks! Oh, I almost forgot. I have some more of that special makeup that will complete the look.” Donna presented a glass bottle filled with a brownish paint and a small brush.

“Wait, I thought...what are you going to do?”

“I think some freckles will really cinch it.”

After many small dabs across Sue’s cheeks and a short drying period, Sue regarded herself in the mirror as Donna presented her with a few accessories—a straw boater hat with a dark blue ribbon tied around it and a small leather backpack with the Thompson University logo stamped on the back. With the hat resting on her head, the backpack on her shoulders, the dusting of fake freckles across her cheeks, the short jumper, the knee socks and Mary Jane shoes, Sue thought she looked like she should skip to class rather than walk there.

It wasn’t enough that the ComPet program stole young women in the middle of their education. Universities like Thompson seemed to be giving into the misogyny of the new cultural wave. Sue was sure that the predominately male policy makers at these schools delighted in humiliating the future women professionals with dumb uniforms and restrictive codes of conduct. If Sue ever made it back to school she just hoped that uniforms wouldn’t become a trend.

## Part 4: The Train

Donna had been in a hurry to leave the moment they'd finished. She wished Sue luck, adding that she looked "super cute," and then scurried away. Sue smoothed her skirt and frowned. She'd wanted to try to ask Donna more about her little date with Robert, but she was glad she'd left. It was bad enough that Robert was going to see her dressed as she was, she didn't need to be standing next to a tall, shapely, gorgeous blonde to make her look even more like an undersized dork.

Moments later Robert came around the corner. Even before she'd fully taken in his disguise, Sue immediately felt that the arrangement was totally unfair. Robert looked so self-possessed and dignified. He'd traded his dark gray suit for a brown corduroy blazer with suede patches on the elbows, a white button up shirt with no tie, a pair tragically well-fitting blue jeans, and a pair of black oxford shoes. He was tall, handsome, and maintained the same relaxed, yet authoritative, demeanor that he always did, but in a way that was independent of his badge.

Sue stood opposite of him, itchy and awkward, as she silently gawked. He stared back and she felt her cheeks warm. She unconsciously reached down to tug at the hem of her ill-fitting skirt so that she didn't accidentally flash her loathsome underwear at him.

"Well, now, Miss Sharp! What are you doing out in the hall without a pass?" Robert smirked.

"Cut it out!" Her voice sounded much whiner than she'd intended. She cleared her throat and said in a deeper voice than usual, "Cut it out. I don't care how it looks...It's a university uniform, and I don't need a hall pass!"

"Well...I'll let it slide this time, but if I catch you like this again..."

"You'll what?" Sue replied pertly.

Spank me? Lecture me? Make me write lines about what a bad girl I've been? She was dying to know.

Much to Sue's disappointment he only said, "Nevermind," then popped a stick of gum in his mouth and chewed it thoughtfully. "Anyway, you ought to be easy to spot."

On their way to the building's garage Sue found herself standing a little closer to Robert than normal and putting him between her and anyone they passed. She prayed that she wouldn't run into anyone she knew, it was embarrassing enough to be seen by strangers. At the car she reached for her purse that she was no longer carrying. She clumsily took her backpack off and fished around for the car keys.

"I'll drive," she mumbled.

"Really? You barely look like you're old enough to ride a bike without training wheels!" Robert laughed.

Sue shot him a glance. "Shut up! God, it's not funny!"

"It's a little funny, Miss Sharp."

Ignoring him, she fumbled with the keys to unlock the door. The vinyl was smooth and cool against the backs of her bare thighs as she slid into the driver's seat.

"Uh, Sue?"

Sue placed her hands on the wheel and looked up at Robert. "What, now?"

"Nice bloomers..." He pointed at the white cotton peeking out from below her skirt.

Sue looked down to her exposed panties. Her cheeks went crimson. She yanked the hem of her skirt down and scrambled out of the seat.

"You know what?" She made her way around to the other side of the car. "You drive!"

With Robert in the driver's seat and Sue self-consciously sitting on the passenger side, they drove out of the garage.

“How does that go, they have to be mindful of their surroundings, because the wind blowing or going up stairs can ‘expose’ them?” Robert paraphrased the passage from the uniform handbook. “I guess they should have mentioned that driving was out for Thompson girls too!”

Sue stifled a laugh, suddenly feeling a little more at ease, but not enough to stop carefully guarding her skirt. “Absolutely...why did you read the handbook anyway?”

“Well, I skimmed it today for shits and giggles, but I’ve heard that part before. My younger sister is a senior at Thompson University. She called me up and ranted for about an hour when they started making the students wear uniforms at the start of the semester.”

Sue nodded and then bit her lip. She never knew what to say.

This is where you keep talking, Sue!

“Oh, you have a younger sister?” Sue asked.

That’s what he just said...

“Yup, what about you? Any siblings?”

Sue stared out the window at speed-blurred buildings and pedestrians and thought about Laura, her younger sister. If things went according to Laura’s plan she would have just started university less than a month ago. It had been a whole year since they had spoken. Laura had been more-opposed to the FPB and the ComPet program than she had been. How could Sue talk to her after having become an inspector in that very organization?

“I have a younger sister too, but we haven’t talked in a long time.”

“That’s a shame. Everyone ought to keep in touch with their family. You know?”

“Yeah, I know...” Sue agreed with him before she’d even realized what she was saying. “I mean, I know I should give her a call...so, you’re really close to your family then?”

“We have our differences, sure...” Robert trailed off for a moment as he turned a corner. “But I eat lunch with my parents and my sister every Sunday that I’m not working. Why are you suddenly so curious anyway? Normally you just put your headphones in if we’re not talking about work.”

Sue felt her cheeks warm again and hoped that Robert was too busy driving to notice. She struggled to keep the stiltedness out of her voice that always seemed to come out whenever she tried to have a casual conversation—especially with him. “Well, we’ve been together for awhile—working together for awhile...I just thought we ought to finally get to know each other.” She crossed her arms and added in a slightly quieter voice, “And I know I haven’t exactly made that easy.”

“Ah, it’s no big deal. If you want to talk now, we can talk. Better late than never, right? One thing you ought to know about me is that I don’t hold grudges. Besides, our first case together really didn’t give us the chance to talk!” Robert laughed and accelerated.

Sue laughed nervously. She remembered again how it felt when he was holding her leash, how vulnerable and stupid she felt, how oddly freeing it was not to be expected to talk, and in retrospect how hot it was not to be allowed to talk.

“Yeah, it was pretty embarrassing...”

“I’ll bet! You did have the more difficult side of that job, I’ll admit.”

“You think?” Sue responded sarcastically, but she smiled.

“You handled it well, is my point. I doubt anyone could have done better.”

Sue let his praise wash over her for a moment before replying. “Oh? Are you an expert?”

“I’ve seen a whole lot of puppy girls. Most of them are brainless bimbos who can’t figure out what to do even after going through obedience training. You managed to pose as one for days while being a scrappy little bodyguard.”

“Is that a compliment?” Sue asked.

“Sure. It is!”

“I thought that you’d said something about never having put a leash on a puppy girl before, you know when you...”

“Leashed you?” Robert laughed. “I lied. I’ve done it a whole bunch.”

“Lying or putting leashes on girls?”

“Ah, well, if I’d said I was used to handling puppy girls when I couldn’t get the leash clipped on you, I would have looked pretty dumb now wouldn’t I?” He winked.

Sue giggled a little. “I guess you would have!” Sue took a deep breath. Somehow she doubted that was the reason. After all, if he was such an expert at leashing girls, why would he have been so graceless leashing her?

“So why then...” Sue started to ask, but changed her mind. “I guess I should have guessed that you had some experience with the way you handled that postal-pet.”

“Oh, that? It was nothing. Any decent person would have done the same.”

“It wasn’t ‘nothing!’ You wouldn’t believe how many so-called ‘owners’ wouldn’t do even the littlest thing for their puppy girls if it wasn’t part of the minimum legal requirements! Those bastards were—are so cruel!” Her voice had risen without her realizing it. She sighed and relaxed back into her seat.

Robert looked over at her. “So, you’re calling the chief a bastard? Keep talking like that and you might find yourself doing a tour of postal service!”

Sue's heart leapt up into her throat. It wasn't just her personality that made her shy away from small talk. She knew if she let her guard down and really shared her feeling about the world she could get into some big time trouble.

"I'm just kidding! They haven't gotten that bad yet—at least I don't think. The last time I saw a girl get demoted like that in the FBP she'd gotten drunk celebrating a promotion and trashed one of those fox shrines in the Little Japan neighborhood. So, it was just a bit more serious than a few 'seditious' words...besides, I'm not going to sell you out over something that's true."

Sue nodded. It was easy for him to be relaxed about 'seditious language.' The worst he'd get was a slap on the wrist, but the consequences for her would surely involve a shock collar, paws, and a tail plug. Her energy for talking had run out and she needed to regroup. She reached for her earbuds.

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The Main Street Train Station was just like every other major site in Central City. It was big, bright, angular, and clean to the point of almost being antiseptic. There were throngs of people checking luggage, picking up luggage, buying snacks, and lining up for tickets to destinations all over the country. Sue never really liked crowds, and she liked them even less when she was dressed like an idiot, but it was still better than walking the halls back at headquarters. At least amongst the masses of people she remained largely unnoticed while also being anonymous even when she did receive a few stares.

Robert took his place in line to buy tickets and Sue followed. Once again she felt compelled to stay close to him. Fortunately, the line moved quickly. Like the trains, everything and everyone in the station seemed to be on a tight schedule. When their turn finally came, Robert stepped up and pulled out his wallet.

He smiled at the dowdy, middle aged woman on the other side of the counter. "Good morning, darling," he said. "Two tickets please."

She smiled back.

Sue rolled her eyes. Christ! Does he have to flirt with everything in a skirt?

“Yes, sir!” She typed on her keyboard. “Two tickets to South City...” She struck a few more keys and then looked at Sue and smiled, but in a very different way. “Is your daughter under the age of fourteen, sir? If so, her ticket will be half the regular price.”

Robert’s smile disappeared. “Daughter? What? No, she’s...”

Instead of being upset that she’d just been mistaken for a young girl, Sue fought back the urge to laugh and instead interrupted.

“No, he’s my tutor, ma’am.” She looked up at Robert and smiled broadly. “He’s old, but not that old. I’m a Thompson U. student, you see.” She pointed at the school logo on the breast of her jumper. “That’ll be two full-priced tickets!”

The lady was flabbergasted. “Oh dear! My mistake!”

When she offered the tickets, Robert practically snatched them out of her hand. “It’s no problem.” He replied curtly. “Thank you!” He turned to leave.

“Thank you, sir!” The lady replied cheerfully. “Oh, and, young lady, that is a very snappy uniform! I’m so glad that Thompson University is encouraging girls to dress a little more proper! That pink is just darling!”

“Uh-huh...yes, ma’am. Thanks!” She replied and trotted after Robert. He was frowning and had his hands in his pockets as they moved towards the train platform. Sue playfully punched him on the arm. “Oh, come on! If I’m not mad that she thinks I’m a little girl, you can’t be mad that she thought you were my daddy!”

Robert narrowed his eyes at her. “I do not look old enough to have a teenage daughter!”

It was fun to be on top for a moment, especially after the remarks about “training wheels” and her “bloomers.” She could have pressed it, just like

she could have pressed it when Dr. Hampton mentioned his ‘genitals,’ but she didn’t.

“No, you don’t look old enough to have a teenage daughter...but it is a little funny, eh, Mister Jericho?”

Robert stopped and ran his fingers through his hair. “...okay. Maybe I deserved it. I’ll shut up.”

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The sleek, silver bullet-train arrived right on time, almost to the second. It glided smoothly on the magnetic rail as it coasted into the station. Sue self-consciously held her skirt down so the wake from the passing train didn’t give everyone on the platform a show. As they boarded, Sue had a strange feeling that she was passing her own shadow. A year before she’d boarded the same train in South City to come to the capital to work as an HPPS service animal inspector. At the time she thought the world was black and white, and that she understood herself completely. She had no idea how naïve and wrong she was about everything, especially herself.

They barely had enough time to take their seats and get settled before the train started to move. Sue struggled to find a position to sit on the well-padded bench. A short girl like her always had to choose between resting her back and letting her feet touch the ground. The too short of skirt only made things worse. She settled on placing her bare knees together and teetering on the edge of the bench with her back straight and her hands folded primly on her lap.

The train was picking up speed. The scenery was already starting to blur beyond the window, but the interior of the car was fairly quiet. Sue pulled out her phone to pass some time while Robert stared out the window. She frowned at an unskippable ad.

It was another Eve Snowdrop commercial. They seemed to be everywhere. In fact, Sue had seen a billboard on the drive to the station, and two posters on the walk to the train. Sue hated Eve. It had been bad enough when she was just another empty-headed, overly-sweet pop star. After she had started shilling for the government and big corporations to promote and advertise

puppy-girl-related products, Sue had lost the tiny amount of tolerance she'd had for the pink-haired starlet.

Sue could have simply looked away until the commercial ended, but she felt like being outraged, so she watched as a nondescript man poured dry kibble from a bright blue sack into a stainless steel dog bowl with the name "Bubbles" emblazoned on the side in bright pink letters. It was the name Eve went by in all of her commercials. The camera cut to "Bubbles," or rather her wiggling backside before spinning around to her front where she was chewing noisily on a rubber microphone. At the sound of the kibble hitting the bowl, Bubbles dropped the toy and perked up. She sniffed the air exaggeratedly before scampering out of the shot. The camera cut to Bubbles scrambling up to the full bowl so fast she slid past it and crumpled into a heap against the wall. The nondescript man smiled down at her patronizingly and shook his head.

"That's our Bubbles!" He chuckled.

Unperturbed, Bubbles jumped up and lunged towards the bowl. The camera held on her face for a moment. Her eyes were hungry and frantic. Her mouth was wide and a string of drool hung from her chin as she plunged face first into the bowl.

She gobbled down the kibble with gusto and happily wagged her tail back and forth as she did. As she ate a voiceover said, "Bubbles loves her Richter Brand Puppy Chow. Your puppy girl will love it too!" As Bubbles continued to devour the shrinking mountain of dog food, different colored dog food bags appeared around her. "Try all of our flavors including, chicken, turkey, beef, lamb, and liver!" Bubbles sat up. Her face was covered in brown crumbs and her tongue was lolling in and out of her upturned, gaping mouth. She burped loudly. Her eyes went wide and both of her paws came up and covered her maw, as if she was frightened by her own noise.

"Silly, Bubbles! I know it's yummy, but don't eat too fast, you'll get a tummy ache!" The nondescript man patted her head and she resumed smiling and panting as the scene faded out.

A cartoon logo of Bubbles appeared on the screen. In the logo her eyes were shut, her brow was furrowed and her cheeks were apple-red.

The announcer's voice returned. "Now, from the company who brought you Tranquil Treats—snacks to help calm jittery pups—introducing our new Frisky Food line. In addition to keeping the yummy taste that pups love, and the healthy vitamins and minerals that owners know they need, Frisky Food has a special additive to help shy puppies be more-friendly. Just look for the blushing logo of Bubbles on every package!"

Sue blinked once and squeezed her knees together. The only outrage she felt was at herself for the sudden flutter she'd gotten from watching the commercial. She still hated Eve though...

Sue looked over at Robert and asked the first thing to come to mind after their earlier conversation in the car. "So, you have a lot of experience with puppy girls then?"

Robert looked from the window to her. "What?"

She tittered, "you said you'd leashed girls 'a whole bunch.'"

"Oh, that...that's one of those 'differences' I mentioned."

Sue looked at him quizzically.

"Differences between family members...My father is a trainer at the main ComPet obedience school in Central City. He actually was one of the early supporters of the whole program." Robert looked away again. "He thought his only son ought to be a trainer too. I actually went through the whole trainer program, I did pretty well too, but I never graduated."

"Why not?"

"Let's just say, it wasn't for me."

"It's kind of ironic that you'd end up working with me, huh?"

Robert nodded. "Yeah, the irony really wasn't lost on me."

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After just a few hours on the train, Sue had had just about enough of the assignment. The boredom of waiting for something to happen was crushing. Periodically, Sue walked the cars, sticking to the most-empty ones to bait the suspect. After several trips, the most she got was a few crude remarks and one particularly hard pinch on the ass as she passed through a group of snickering old men.

She checked her phone. “Time for another trip,” she announced.

“Watch your behind.” Robert smirked. “I’ll be here if you need me.” He’d been uncharacteristically quiet and thoughtful, almost somber since he’d talked about going through the ComPet trainer program. It was nice to see him acting more like himself.

She stuck out her tongue at him and made her way down the mostly-empty cars. It wasn’t a peak time for intercity travel. The few people she did see were clearly offseason vacationers, a few business men in stuffy suits, sleepy pensioners, and a few strange looking, but probably harmless misfits. No one seemed to fit the description of a serial kidnapper. Then again, what did that even look like?

At the end of an empty car, she plunked down in what she thought might have been the place she sat when on her original trip to Central City. Alone, she didn’t bother with “considerations of modesty and immodesty” and let her skirt do what it had wanted to do all day, ride up and expose her frumpy panties. There was no one to see and she needed a break from sitting prim and proper. She pulled her vape pen from the small leather backpack. Sue could feel her blood pressure drop as her pink lips wrapped around the small, silver cylinder before she even took her first drag. As she inhaled she stared at the shiny Mary Jane shoes on her feet. She wondered why she suddenly felt so old at only twenty-one, especially while she was dressed the way she was. She thought of her life plan that the ComPet draft had interrupted. She didn’t even get to finish her fourth semester at University.

Nor dread nor hope attend A dying animal; A man awaits his end Dreading and hoping all; Many times he died, Many times rose again. A great man in

his pride Confronting murderous men Casts derision upon Supersession of breath; He knows death to the bone - Man has created death.

Yates...she hadn't thought about that poem, let alone silently recited it, in what seemed like a long time, but it had only been a year. Just like it had only been a year since she'd talked to anyone in her family. When she was twenty five and her service to the HPPS and the FBP was over, would she be able to just pick up her dreams again and resume her relationships from where she left off? Would the dreams even still be hers?

"Young lady, what do you think you're doing?" A stern voice shook her out of her thoughts.

Startled, Sue looked up at the disapproving face of a tall, steel gray-haired man in his late fifties.

Great, another pervert, or maybe it's...

To her surprise the man showed her a Thompson University Administrator Identification card.

"I asked you a question, miss!"

"Uh...sitting?"

He narrowed his eyes and pointed at her vape pen and then down at her legs. "Don't get smart with me! Yes, sitting in a un-lady-like fashion while taking a prohibited substance. I shouldn't need to quote the co-ed conduct rules to you, but apparently it's necessary! 'While she is a student at Thompson University she shall not use any prohibited substances. This includes drinking, smoking, and vaping! Now, what have you got to say for yourself?'"

"I wasn't..." Sue didn't know why she felt as if she needed to lie. She was an adult, she wasn't a real student at this man's stupid school, and she wasn't beholden to the ridiculous rules he was citing at all. Yet, when he commented about her sitting in a "un-lady-like fashion," she sat straight up, crossed her legs at the ankles, and smoothed her skirt down.

“I have a mind to report you to your advisor!” He took out a pen and paper.  
“Show me your student ID.”

“I don’t have it with me.”

The official glowered at her and recited more rules, “For their safety and accountability all co-eds are required to carry their student ID at all times on and off campus! Tell me, is there any part of the student handbook you did read?”

Sue stood up. “Look, I wasn’t expecting to...”

“You weren’t expecting to get caught when you were skipping classes?”

“No, but...”

“When they’re done with you, miss, you won’t be able to sit down for a week!” The official reached out and grabbed her arm.

“Hey!”

“Let go of the girl.” A second man had sidled up to them so slyly that neither the official nor Sue noticed him even entering the car. His deep, gravelly voice from behind his disposable medical mask made them both jump.

The official let go and tried to square up with him. “Now, uh, look here...” the overbearing tone in his voice and his rigid, upright posture had gone. He looked as awkward as a turtle flipped over on his back, and about as intimidating too.

“She’s with me. Why don’t you go back to your seat, grandpa?”

“Grandpa?”

The man stared him down indicating that it wasn’t a request. A moment later the official seemed to understand where he stood and scuttled out of the room. Watching him go, the man in the mask snorted.

“What an asshole!” He shook his head and then looked down at Sue. “So, are you really playing hooky?” The skin around his piercing, dark eyes crinkled as he smiled from behind the mask.

The mask and rough voice suggested that the man might have a cold, but there was something besides that, which made Sue unsettled even though his whole demeanor seemed friendly. Sue took a step towards the exit on the other end of the car. “I guess so! Thanks for your help.”

Much to her relief, the man stood aside and motioned with his arm for her to pass in a way that would have appeared comically over the top if it weren't for her growing anxiety. Sue trotted past him while watching him out of the corner of her eye.

“Oh, miss,” he called.

Sue stopped in mid step and slowly turned around.

He took several steps towards her, and her fear grew with each of his long strides. The wrinkles around his eyes showed he was still smiling at her.

“A word of advice...if you're going to ditch school, maybe don't wear your cute, little uniform.”

Sue snickered nervously. “Uh, yeah, I'll remember that next time.” She passed through the door into the next car. The hallway was narrow, and despite the windows to her left and the doors to the private compartments to her right, Sue suddenly felt claustrophobic. She had hoped that she'd encounter another passenger, but there was no one. Her hard soled Mary Jane shoes made a muffled pitter patter against the carpeted floor as she hurried down the hall.

She had kept her eyes locked on her goal—the door on the opposite end of the car. She didn't want to look back. If the masked man was who she suspected, Sue didn't want him to think he suspected anything. If he was just a regular, run-of-the-mill creep, she just wanted to get away from him. Robert was just four cars away and all she wanted was to get back to him.

It wasn't a noise that alerted her that someone was about to grab her. It was more of a feeling. Regardless, the sensation didn't give her enough time to act before she felt a large hand clap over her mouth. A strong arm encircled her slender waist, she was lifted off her feet, and dragged into one of the empty private compartments.

Sue kicked and grabbed at the hand holding her mouth as she tried to scream for help, but the man holding her was too strong. He slammed her face down against the thankfully padded seat and held her there. Frantic to breathe, she clawed feebly at his hand, trying to remove it from the back of her head. She felt her panties being jerked down her legs and the cool air of the compartment on her exposed skin.

Visions of the two victims, brainless and drooling filled Sue's head. Would she soon be like them? Their images mixed with the more generic fear that she was about to be suffocated, or raped, or both.

She stiffened and clenched her butt reflexively as she felt cold, hard, slick plastic against her rectum.

“Fight all you want, girl. It's time for your medicine!”

The plastic intruder began to slide in as she wailed into the seat cushion. Far bigger than the “runt-sized” tail plug she'd worn, Sue felt like it was going to tear her in half. Then a cold, viscous fluid released inside of her making her shudder.

“That's right, girl. Just take it all...” He cooed and momentarily relaxed his grip on the back of her head.

Sue felt herself starting to loosen as the chemical began to take effect. She felt like her mind and body had separated into two distinct parts. It was like they were desperately clinging to each other in a raging river, which threatened to separate them at any moment. Her small breasts began to swell just enough to be painful. Even as her struggling lessened every motion made her undershirt chafe against her achy, tender nipples. Her breath quickened as her pussy began to throb and grow warm and moist.

Her mind and body were barely holding onto each other by their fingertips, as the prior was drowning in her desire.

She thought again of boarding the train for Central City a year before. She thought of her hopes, her dreams, and how idealistic she was. The memories were like trying to hold onto fistfuls of sand. It was becoming harder and harder to think of anything coherent until the word “no” crystallized in her mind. It was a life preserver thrown around her mind and body—binding them back together, if only for a moment.

No.

The word was an island to which she could swim.

Feeling his weight shift, she reached up, grabbed her attacker’s hand with both of hers and yanked it off to the side. He’d posted too much of his weight on it and the sudden jolt caused him to lurch forward and collided with the armrest.

The man swore and the horrible protrusion up her backside slipped out of her and clattered on the floor. It was a dark purple thing that resembled a stubby syringe with the facsimile of a bulbous head of a penis on the end. Leaking the chemical from one end and her juices from the other, Sue scrambled to her feet and lurched towards the door only to lose her balance and fall onto her hands and knees. She was panting and drooling. She clung to her mind and focused everything she had left on reaching the doorway.

“You’re not going anywhere, mutt.” The man grabbed her hair and yanked her back savagely.

Sue tried to call for help, but her tongue felt bloated and heavy. The man slammed her to the floor and placed his boot on her throat. Through a fog brought on by the chemicals that raced through her bloodstream, she watched the man yank the clothes out of a large, black suitcase on wheels.

“You just couldn’t be a good little girl and take your medicine could you?” He muttered. Sue focused on his words. They sounded slightly distorted. She really had to concentrate to make sense of them. “You just had to fight

it! Well, it doesn't matter. Where you're going there's plenty more medicine."

He'd shoved the contents of the suitcase back into the luggage compartment and closed the door. Then he manhandled Sue into the suitcase with little difficulty.

"It's lucky you're so small. Otherwise I might have had to put you to sleep instead of adopting you!" He chuckled and produced a roll of duct tape from his backpack.

Sue trembled and managed to utter a soft, "No..." as he quickly and expertly wrapped her wrists and ankles with the tape. Soon she was bound so securely she could barely move, and her hands and feet began to tingle from the lack of circulation.

"Don't worry, mutt." He picked up her discarded panties and rudely stuffed them into her mouth until her cheeks bulged out like a hamster's and her jaw felt like it would break. Then he wrapped the tape around her head securing the gag and silencing her completely. "Once you have the rest of your dose you'll be just fine—and if you're not, no one is going to know, not even you!"

Hot tears sprang to Sue's half-open eyes as he zipped up the suitcase, trapping her in darkness. All her desperate attempts to break free or call for help just reinforced that she was completely helpless. The pain of being in such a cramped position was already getting more intense than she thought she could bear. It mixed with the intense, burning, painful, awful desire in her nether regions. She didn't want to break free just to escape. She wanted to break free just so she could rub away the nasty, wet, achiness between her tightly restrained legs. Her thighs were drenched with her juices and the pungent scent of her unbridled lust filled her tiny prison.

She clenched and unclenched her butt and her thighs, doing anything to try to stimulate herself—doing anything to get off or at least to get a taste of relief. The vibrations from the suitcase as it rolled over bumps and uneven surfaces nearly drove her mad. It was like the most intense itch in a place

she couldn't scratch, but the need was forgotten for a moment when she heard Robert's muffled voice outside the suitcase.

"She's a small, dark haired gal, wears glasses, cute as a button, wearing a Thompson University uniform. Have you seen her?"

She heard her kidnapper reply, "Yes, sir. I saw her several cars down, vaping."

"Figures. Thanks!"

"No problem, sir!"

The rolling resumed and so did the irritating itch. Sue tried to scream again and again, but couldn't make any noise that would have been heard outside of the suitcase over the surrounding din of passengers getting on and off the train during a stop.

## Part 5: The Mutt Maker

Sue was startled by the sharp hiss of the zipper and momentarily blinded by even the dim light of wherever she was. She bobbed her head awkwardly trying to get her bent, cracked glasses back onto her nose so she could see. The first thing she saw clearly was her kidnapper standing above her. With a grunt, he almost effortlessly pulled her out of the case and set her onto the bare, dusty, concrete floor. The desire between her legs had dulled, but it flared back up again with the sudden rough motion.

“Welcome to your new home, mutt.”

Sue’s eyes went wide when she saw the box cutter in his hand. Her breathing through her runny nose increased more and more the closer and closer he came.

“Hold still,” he murmured, then cut the tape that secured her slender ankles and ripped it away, making her wince.

He did the same for her wrists and then for the tape around her head. She moaned weakly as the blood began to flow back into her extremities as she worked out her sore jaw. He pocketed the cutter and kicked the suitcase aside. For a moment his back was to her and Sue jumped up to run from him, only to become dizzy and fall.

Her kidnapper laughed as he walked up behind her. “Wow, even with only half the dose in you, you’re still stuck on your hands and knees just like the little bitch you are.” He scratched his chin through his mask. “Hmm... maybe it’s because you’re so little and scrawny all it took was the smaller dose...we’ll have to tell the doctor about you, won’t we?”

He bent down towards her and snapped his fingers making her flinch. “Go ahead, girl. Speak! Tell me your name.”

Sue thought of the two victims. Neither could still speak, nor apparently understand complex speech after what her kidnapper had done to them. It

was clear to her, even though she was terrified, and appallingly, still very aroused, that he wanted to see if she also had lost those abilities. It frightened her to consider the possibility that her speech could have been lost, even if she could still understand it. There would be time enough to determine what she could and couldn't do later. At that moment, she wanted to make him drop his guard, so she looked up at him blankly and moaned again.

“Perfect!” He clapped his hands together, apparently quite pleased with himself. “I’ll just call you ‘mutt’ for now...” He took her hands in his and looked them over.

Sue felt her blood run cold. While slightly lighter, her hands had the same purplish hue as the victims’. While stuffed in the suitcase, she had wiggled her fingers. So, she knew her hands still worked, but she held them still to keep up the illusion.

She remembered the words that had gotten her through the hard times, which was all the time, during her undercover stay at the boarding kennel. “Don’t think of yourself as human while you’re wearing the gear. It helps just to think of yourself as an animal the whole time. It sort of—numbs the shame you’d feel otherwise.”

Sue wasn’t wearing the gear, but she allowed her mind to shift to the place she had made to deal with the humiliation and degradation she had to face at times—to the place it had been going when she’d had her disgraceful, little fantasies. She let her swollen tongue out and panted. Instead of ignoring the arousal between her legs, she focused on it. She was just in heat. It was perfectly normal. No one would judge a dumb little puppy for being all sloppy and wet! She cocked her head to the side, looked at her limp hands with a confused, puzzled expression, and then up at her captor with the same empty stare.

He smiled down at her and patted her head gently before his fingers laced into her hair and yanked her to her knees. Instead of screaming, she whined. The man grabbed the collar of her jumper and blouse and in one strong motion tore them both from her shoulders. Without a wasted motion he grabbed the bottom of her undershirt and tugged it over her head, knocking

her glasses askew again. Sue whined louder and felt her “puppy parts” tingle as the chill of the room brushed her bare, white skin. Despite that, she was terrified of what might actually happen. She wasn’t in a place with rules. There was no stamp on her butt telling handlers to only have light contact with her.

Her kidnapper took his mask off and grinned down at her. Though his dark eyes reflected the dim lights making them look sinister, he looked so very average on the whole. He didn’t look harmless, no man was completely harmless after all, but he didn’t seem especially threatening. In another context, his wide smile would have been almost boyish and even cute.

He unbuckled his belt. “Now, let’s finish what we started, mutt...”

Sue tried to keep the fear out of her eyes. She tried to smile and pant like a needy little doggy. She tried to act the part, but she trembled as he reached into his pants. A million thoughts about how she should attack him and get away raced through her mind, but nothing would stick. She was frozen—caught between fight and flight.

The cheerful tones of her kidnapper’s phone ringer sang out, shattering the silence and tension. Grumbling, he pulled his phone from his pocket.

“Six o’clock already? Goddamn it...” He zipped his pants back up and grabbed Sue by her hair again. “I’ll have to put you away for a little while, but don’t worry...I’ll be back for you!” He squeezed her right breast painfully making tears come to her eyes.

Dressed only in grime-smearred knee socks, with one up and one bunched around her ankle, and scuffed Mary Jane shoes, Sue was dragged through a narrow door into a small concrete room. The room smelled terrible, like a combination of cheap dog food, sweat, urine, and other things she didn’t want to name. There was a single, slightly flickering, light bulb hanging from the ceiling, which cast a feeble light. Heavy chains snaked down from their origins, sturdy looking d-rings placed at equal intervals halfway up the walls, onto the floor and ended in equally cumbersome metal collars. There were stinking, filthy rags, scraps of damp cardboard, and other trash

haphazardly piled in the corners. The room wasn't even fit for the skittering cockroaches that darted in and out of the refuse.

Sue grimaced as her captor swatted her hard on her pert upturned butt. Then he thankfully released her hair. "Welcome to your new home, mutt. At least until I get tired of you! Then who knows?"

His alarm went off again. Grumbling, he closed the rusty metal door with a loud clang leaving Sue alone. With her butt still stinging, she flipped around, came up on her knees, and tried the door. Her purplish hands could move, but it was as if she had terrible arthritis. It took some concentration to wrap her hand around the handle only to find that the door was locked when she pulled it.

Damn it.

If only the tracking device they'd covertly implanted in her when she'd started at the HPPS still worked, but it had been neutralized when the F.E.R.A.L agents abducted her. After she was made aware of its presence, and that it no longer functioned, it was a point of pride for her to not have it fixed. She didn't need to be tracked like a stray dog after all!

Apparently, I need to be tracked like a stray dog...

Sue wiggled her behind at the thought. She could always push her degrading, gross little fantasies into the compartment of her mind she'd reserved for them when she needed to attend to mundane matters or serious business. With the half-dose of the drug in her system, however, all of her disgusting little fantasies spilled out and made it incredibly difficult to think. She gingerly sat down on the dirty concrete and looked at her purplish hands.

What if I'm like this forever?

The thought cut right through her constant, sweaty, pink haze of arousal. She slowly spread her legs and looked down at her vagina. Her normally delicate pink lips were swollen, red, and trembling. With each spasm she clenched at the air in vain.

What if you want to be like this forever, Sue?

A man awaits his end

Dreading and hoping all...

There was a rustling from one of the piles. Sue scrambled to her hands and knees to await whatever came. A grimy head of a young woman popped out of the tangled mess. Her striking green eyes were bright and searching, but brimmed with tears; they were in sharp contrast to the purplish tinge on the bridge of her nose and her cheeks. Her brown hair was tangled and matted, with half of it tied into a crude pigtail secured with tape and the other half hanging down to her shoulder. As she crawled out of the garbage pile, Sue could see that her hands and feet were bound tightly with tape. She looked like the cheap off-brand of an official ComPet.

So, that's how he snuck her and the other victims off the train. He made cheap imitation pet gear and took them out in front of everyone...no one thinks a nearly naked young woman crawling and being led around on a leash is wrong, or even out of the ordinary...

Sue recognized the other girl immediately. She swallowed the excess drool in her mouth and fought to get her thick-feeling tongue to work. "V-Valarie? Valarie Cooper?"

The young woman barked cheerfully despite the tears in her eyes and bounded towards Sue. Sue backpedaled to put some distance between them, but Valarie quickly closed the gap and pressed the smaller girl against the cold, moist, cinder block wall.

Sue wrinkled up her nose.

God, she stinks!

Valarie panted excitedly. Then, without warning, she stuck out her slobbery tongue and licked Sue from collarbone to forehead.

"Bleah! Ick!" Sue managed to exclaim.

Valarie licked her across her cheeks, her chin, even her lips countless times as Sue tried to push her away. Valarie wasn't much bigger than Sue, but she was so energetic that it was hard to handle her. Finally, Sue managed to scramble past her towards the center of the room, but she didn't get far. Valarie bit down on Sue's sock and growled playfully as she tugged on it. Sue grimaced back and tried to shake her off.

Valarie acted as if the whole thing was a game. Instead of letting go she lunged forward and mounted Sue from behind. Sue's eyes popped open and her breath caught in her throat when Valarie's woolly, sopping snatch grazed her own silky, drippy slit. Sue was straight, at least she was pretty sure she was. She was not the least bit attracted to Valarie, but her body didn't seem to care what her preferences were as long as it was getting the gratification it desired. Sue didn't know what Valarie's preferences were, or if she even had any left, but it was clear that both their bodies had the same agenda. Valarie slid back and forth against her making the skin between them slippery. Sue bit her lower lip and fought not to press back into her.

It took every ounce of her willpower to snarl the only thing she could think of to make a misbehaving puppy stop doing something, "Bad dog! Stop! Bad dog!"

Valarie immediately recoiled from the harsh tone and words. She whimpered and scooted back to her pile of cardboard and rags and looked at Sue fearfully.

Panting and sweating, Sue tried to catch her breath. She felt genuinely bad for frightening Valarie, especially after what the poor thing had probably been through, but it was all she could think of to do and she was very happy that it worked. On all fours, Sue looked disgusted at the slimy, string of her own excitement hanging from her grasping pussy.

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When Sue's captor returned he seemed angry. He slammed the door behind him making her and Valarie jump. Like flipping a switch, Sue's tongue came out and she started panting loudly. She let the excess drool start to flow again and she wiggled her behind like she was happy to see him. Valarie sniffed the air and raced out of the pile of junk again, past Sue and

started licking the man's bulge through his pants as she humped the toe of his shoe.

For all the lip service that Sue gave to the plight of puppy girls, Sue had always felt a mixture of pity and disgust when she saw them. The amounts of pity and disgust depended on the puppy girl's behavior. Seeing Valarie eagerly lapping and making a puddle of her juices on the man's shoe tipped the scales into disgusted, but feeling herself stir for what must have been the hundredth time since her abduction curbed her former feelings of superiority. The overwhelming need to join Valarie in her pathetic display, to hump and slurp at a strange man's crotch—never mind that he was her kidnapper—destroyed any notion that she was above her in any respect.

The man sneered in disgust and backhanded Valarie across the face sending her toppling into the corner.

“Get the fuck off me, Smelly! I've played with you plenty of times already. You're boring!”

Despite bleeding from her lip, Val leapt back up and tried to straddle his shoe again. The man grabbed her by the hair, dragged her to one of the wall-mounted chains and secured the thick metal collar around her bruised, scraped neck.

Val whined and strained against the chain and collar, nearly choking herself as she tried to get to him.

The man laughed. “You're all used up. It's about time I sold you. Ha! As if anyone would want a used animal like you...” Val didn't seem to comprehend a word of what he'd said. She only whined louder and continued to choke herself with the collar.

The man turned his attention to Sue. Caught between wanting to grind against him and run from him, Sue did her best to keep her docile, dumb expression as he approached.

He looked down at her as he unbuckled his belt, unzipped his pants and pulled his hard cock out to show it to her. “I know you want this. You

probably want it more than anything you've ever wanted in your life. Yet, look at you, fighting it. I don't know if you even still understand me, but I hope you do. After I'm finished with you, you probably won't even know that you've been given to a group of homeless men under a bridge, or sold to some three hundred pound heifer. All you'll see is a slimy cock to suck or a smelly cunt to lick and you'll do it happily because it's what little bitches like you are made to do." He presented the same stubby, penis-headed, purple syringe. "This'll just help you to realize what you're made for..."

Sue's eyes darted back and forth between the real cock and the fake one. Until then, she'd never seen an actual cock in real life, and in her state it made her feel even more needy and desperate. She trembled.

"All you need is the rest of your dose...then all the pain and confusion you're probably feeling will go away...present that scrawny ass..."

Sue's mind raced. Why had she felt an impulse to do what he said?

"Present..." he repeated.

Why was she thinking about obeying and letting him destroy everything that she was?

"I know you understand. Present..."

Did she hate herself so much?

Man has created death.

"Present..." His voice was getting harder more-commanding.

Sue thought about the brief moment she'd connected with Robert. Wasn't it worth fighting for just one more real moment with another person rather than just giving up and throwing it all away?

"Presen—"

It was worth one more try. With his guard down, it was easy for Sue to reach up and grabbed her abductor's hanging testicles as hard as she could.

She squeezed them like a pair of overly ripe grapes. He gasped in surprise and dropped the syringe.

In a rage, he reached down to grab her, but he stumbled with his pants halfway down his legs. Though she was small and still unskilled, he was terribly off balance. She stayed low and rolled into him making him fall over her and crash headfirst into the wall near Valarie. He lay in a heap, dazed and groaning. Sue wasted no time. She crawled near him as quickly as she could and snapped one of the metal collars around his neck.

Sue fished his cracked phone out of his pocket and backed away. He was just regaining his senses when Valarie realized she could reach him. She squealed with delight, straddled him and began to desperately hump him. So wild were her motions that she kept missing his member. It took her a dozen tries before her frantic movements were rewarded. She let out a high-pitched yelp and bounced on top of him like she was straddling an exercise ball. Her expression had turned from empty to one of pure bliss as she rode him. Their former captor groaned and tried to force her off of him, but he was still dazed from the fall and clearly she was making him feel good.

He tugged at the collar and weakly called to Sue in-between his pleased groans, “You—you—bitch...”

Valarie shifted her pawed hands to his shoulders and then jounced her hips up and down like a jackhammer. Tears flowed down her cheeks while she continued to yip and squeal as she worked and worked against him. Moaning and groaning himself, the man tried once more to push her off, but Valarie had a purpose, the purpose he’d given her, and she was going to fulfill it.

In the open doorway, Sue leaned against the frame and came up as high as she could on her knees without getting dizzy. She made eye contact with the man and smirked at him.

“Enjoy yourself big boy! You deserve it!” She blew him a kiss and held down the emergency call button on the phone.

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Valarie had finally stopped humping their former captor. He was moaning senselessly as she suckled on his flaccid cock and continued to rub herself back and forth across his leg. Sue stayed far away from either of them to help keep herself under control. She'd crawled back to the spot where he'd stripped her and did her best to cover herself with the scraps of her uniform before the cavalry arrived. The coarse itchy fabric of the blouse brushing against her already sore, engorged nipples made her wince as she gingerly held the tattered garment against her blushing chest. The panties were out of the question. She hadn't been sitting outside the kennel room for long and her constantly flowing juices were already making the floor beneath her damp.

When the police and the HPPS finally arrived everything seemed to happen at once. The kidnapper was handcuffed and read his rights. Handlers in gray coveralls cornered Valarie and bound her with yellow wrap restraints and slapped a yellow "Evidence" sticker across her forehead. After she was carted away, the same handlers approached Sue.

She held up a purple-streaked hand and mumbled, "I'm...n-not...I mean I..."

She was tired. She'd been through a lot. The drug still being in her system certainly didn't make expressing herself any easier. The scent of all the males around her made her mind feel like it was being pulled in a dozen different directions.

"Relax, girl..." One of the handlers said gently with his hands up. Two others flanked her and crept closer and closer, one held yellow restraining wraps in his hands and the other held a leather muzzle. This wasn't the way things were supposed to happen. They were supposed to congratulate her for catching the suspect. She was supposed to be bragging to Robert that she'd "handled" herself in a fight and that he wouldn't have to worry about her anymore.

Sue shook her head at them mutely. Panicked, exhausted, and drugged real protest or struggle seemed impossible. She would be "catalogued" like all the victims. Then one scent cut through all the others in the room and she felt safe at once.

“Back off!” Robert stepped between them and her.

“Detective, she needs to come with us, she’s...”

“She’s my partner, not a piece of evidence. Back off.”

The three men did just that.

Robert turned back to her and knelt down in front of her.

“Oh, God...” He cupped her cheek with his hand. “Are you alright, Sue?”

Sue couldn’t hear the question over the blood rushing in her ears. All she could focus on was his gentle, electric touch and his overwhelming, comforting scent. Both seem to drift across her, through her, like wisps of sweet smelling smoke, teasing her—enticing her. All of her remaining willpower evaporated like droplets of water sprinkled on red hot coals. She leapt on him, buried her face in his crotch, and desperately nuzzled and licked him. Feeling his hardness through his pants against her cheeks, her lips, her nose, she wrapped up in his scent—in him—as if he were a thick, warm blanket on a freezing winter night. Barely aware of the laughter and rude remarks of the other men, and not caring, she clung to his leg and humped his shoe recklessly. The leather was immediately made slick with her sap and she felt herself rampaging towards a powerful, wild climax.

“Sue! Sue!” Robert’s voice broke through. “It’s the drug, honey. It’s the drug! You’re not yourself!”

She was lost in a fevered delirium as Robert dislodged her from his leg. He wrapped her up in his coat and wrestled her into her arms, so he could carry her to his car. Sue whined and struggled to the point of exhaustion. She sobbed into his chest as frustrated tears flowed.

I am myself, Robert! I am myself...

## Part 6: The Farce

It could have been days, or it could have been years. Sue didn't know. As it turned out her stay in the hospital only lasted a few weeks. Dr. Hampton from the FBP R&D told Sue that she had been lucky. He had said that if she'd been given the full dose of the chemical then her mind would have been totally gone. With the clean sample they were able to get from the dropped syringe, or the "mutt plug" as they'd started calling it, they were able to develop a sort of counteragent, but only for cases like Sue's. Valarie and the other victims would be stuck as they were, though the cure for Sue could apparently at least help dull the symptoms for them.

The waitress brought another glass of sangria. Sue was trying to drink away a hangover. She estimated that it was going to take at least one more glass to do it.

"Here you go, Sue." She said. "Hair of the dog that bit you?"

Sue half-smiled. "Sure."

She sipped slowly. She had all evening. In fact, she had all week. She was happy that the bastard was in custody—ecstatic in fact—but it was clear that he hadn't been the one to make the drug. He'd mentioned to Sue about wanting to tell the "doctor" about her. Obviously, there was more to the story, but Sue pursued the cases she was given. There was no room for her personal interests.

Sue's ears perked up at the "special announcement" musical cue that always played when news broke. The TV on the wall across the bar's counter was usually turned low, the way Sue liked it, but the bartender had turned it up for himself and a few patrons on nearby barstools.

"We interrupt this broadcast to bring you live to the FBP headquarters where the final victim, of the infamous 'Mutt Maker,' formerly known as

‘Valarie Cooper,’ is about to be reunited with her boyfriend, Thomas Schmidt.”

Sue had to give the media credit. With the alliteration, “Mutt Maker” was a pretty memorable name. The picture on the screen flipped from the news logo to a scene in the main foyer of the FBP headquarters. The young man, Thomas Schmidt, stood with a group of people from law enforcement and the HPPS. He looked visibly miserable.

The camera panned to the door where one of the handlers came out with Valarie on a leash. Though she was still drooling and leaking a little, she was at least clean, well-groomed and in proper pet gear. The ear tag and ComPet brands didn’t escape Sue’s notice. That aside, though her appearance was certainly an improvement, even on TV her bright, green, tear-rimmed eyes were disturbingly empty. The new drug must have worked though. Otherwise Valarie would have gone crazy in a room with so many men—Sue shifted uncomfortably—and women.

Thomas clapped his hand over his mouth when he saw her. Sue felt sorry for him, because she knew for a fact that he had been strong-armed into the whole thing. It was too good a PR opportunity for the FBP to pass up. He knelt down in front of former girlfriend and after a moment’s hesitation, he embraced her and she lovingly licked his cheek. The whole thing couldn’t have looked more-fake. Sue was surprised that someone didn’t push him forward at the point of a bayonet.

The small crowd broke into applause as the reporter declared that the scene was “true love triumphant” and a “happy ending.”

Sue snorted. Yeah, he looks ecstatic!

A few of the bar patrons watching joked back and forth about how lucky Schmidt was. As far as they were concerned, a puppy girl that was always wet and ready was obviously a lot better than having a nagging girlfriend. No one seemed to care about poor Valarie.

One of the FBP spokesmen stepped in, put a hand on Thomas’ shoulder and urged him to stand up. “Everyone here at the FBP knows that you were

planning on proposing to your girlfriend before all of this happened.”

Thomas looked like he was going to be sick. Clearly no one warned him that they were going to share even more of his private business with the public.

“Yeah, I was...” he mumbled. Valarie sniffed around his shoes and wagged her tail.

The spokesman nodded sympathetically. “So, you’re together now, what’s stopping you?”

“I uh...”

“Ah, yes, you’re probably worried that the engagement ring won’t fit on her cute little paws!” Everyone in the room chuckled except for Thomas and Valarie. “On behalf of the FBP we’d like to present you with this.” He opened a box and presented a brand new collar with a heart-shaped name tag. Embedded in the blank space where the name would usually go was a stunning, round sapphire.

“Go ahead, son. Put it on her!”

Thomas took the collar and knelt back down in front of Valarie again. He frowned as he wrapped the tan leather around her neck. As he fumbled with the buckle Valarie licked him on the cheek again and barked happily.

The crowd cooed at her and chuckled. Someone near the camera said, “Aw, it’s like she can understand!”

Thomas stood back up and the small crowd clapped again. The spokesman put Valarie’s leash in Thomas’ slack hand.

“And this isn’t all. We know that taking on a puppy girl is a big responsibility. So, we reached out to local companies who donated all the things you’ll need to keep her safe, happy, and healthy.” The camera cut for a moment to a cache of pet supplies including a dog crate, bags of kibble,

toys, dishes, among other things before returning to the spokesman and Thomas.

Pointing at Valarie who was innocently wagging her drenched nether regions at the camera, the spokesman chuckled, “And we’ve made sure to supply you regular kibble. I don’t think this eager little pup is going to need the new ‘Frisky Formula!’” The small crowd laughed again.

“People are going to eat this up, huh?” Robert was suddenly next to Sue’s usual corner table. “Mind if I sit down?”

Sue was happy to have something to distract her from the TV. She moved her purse. “Yeah, go ahead.”

The waitress came by. “What can I get you, sir?”

“Ice water with a lemon, please.”

“Uh-huh, coming right up.”

They sat in silence as the TV buzzed in the background. Reporters were bombarding poor Thomas with all kinds of personal questions. What was he going to name her? Would he just sign the papers or were they going to have a full wedding? Was he planning on breeding her immediately or would he wait for a while?

Sue kept her gaze fixed on the half-empty wine glass. She hadn’t seen Robert since he’d whisked her away to the hospital.

The waitress returned with the water. “Enjoy.”

What was she supposed to say to him? She seemed to ask herself that a lot.

Robert cleared his throat to get her attention. He smiled. It wasn’t a mocking smile or even an expression of pity. It was just a nice smile. “It’s alright, Sue. I know you weren’t yourself.”

“I…” It was hard enough to express one feeling, and she felt like she had a million of them all at once.

“I told you. I’m all about forgive and forget—or just forget in this case.” He waggled his eyebrows as he took a drink of water.

Sue sighed. She didn’t want him to forget. She wanted him to say that her pitiful, revolting display was all that he’d thought about since she’d done it. She wanted him to say that he wanted her—needed her.

“Have you eaten yet?”

“No.”

“Neither have I. Want to split a pizza? My treat.”

“Okay.”

Sue hefted her purse onto her shoulder and followed Robert out of the bar into the purples and blues of the early autumn evening. He jokingly offered his arm to her, and to his surprise and to hers, Sue took it and they made their way leisurely down the empty sidewalk.

It wasn’t really the case for Thomas and Valarie, but maybe love would be triumphant for her someday. Maybe when she could finally get the courage to tell him, “I was myself that night, maybe more than I ever was...” Of course, admitting that to herself would be hard enough even if she were a hundred percent sure that it was true. Admitting it to Robert would be unthinkable.

Maybe it wasn’t unthinkable. After all, hadn’t she just thought it?

The End