

Megan's Sentence

Inspector Sue Sharp - Megan's Sentence

A short digression from Sue's story that takes place right after Sue's First Case

If you haven't already, consider reading the first case [here](#)

Story by – Brentwood

Original Concept by – Nimbletail - <https://www.deviantart.com/nimbletail>

Even Megan's own mother hadn't vouched for her during the trial. She didn't show up for the sentencing either. So, what? The saggy old bag didn't know her ass from her elbow. In the past, on the rare occasions that Megan would come home, the clingy bitch always wanted to know what was going on with her, how she was, and where she was going. It was baggage for which the twenty-two year old budding revolutionary, had no patience or time.

Even though she'd been kept in a holding cell for days with little food and water and not even permitted to shower before the trial, Megan still stood defiant before the judge and the crowd. Tall, blonde, and still quite pretty despite the sheen of dirt and ugly orange prison smock she wore, she rolled her eyes as the judge delivered a long, boring speech summarizing her crime. She perked up when his voice boomed across the silent, packed courtroom as he pronounced the sentence, "I hereby declare you property of the Federal Bureau of Pettification for such time until they wish to release you. Case closed!"

Megan's mouth dropped open. She couldn't believe what she'd just heard. She'd expected prison, but being handed over to the Federal Bureau of Pettification—the FBP? It was unthinkable! Yet, even as she was dragged away kicking and screaming by the court officers there was a small part of her that felt a certain satisfaction. Any tiny doubt that the Bureau and its Compulsory Pettification program were completely evil was gone. Megan knew that she was right to have joined the people of Freedom, Equality, Revolution, and Liberty—F.E.R.A.L—in their fight against the FBP and its system of dehumanization, ComPet. That was small comfort to her, however, as she was about to be delivered into the hands of that very organization.

She kept thinking of Sarah, the young woman she'd liberated from pet slavery, or as the judge and the law had put it, "stolen." Disguised as a housemaid, Megan had witnessed the daily humiliation that Sarah, like all human pets, endured at the hands of her wealthy and powerful "owner" Mr. Mark Richter. Sarah was forced to wear restrictive and embarrassing pet gear and to answer to the name "Boji." She was made to eat kibble and lap water from stainless steel dishes on the floor. She had to relieve herself outside in the corner of the yard oftentimes in front of servants and guests, rain or shine. She was made to do endless, intelligence-insulting trick routines to practice for the dog shows Richter regularly entered her, and she suffered awful and degrading punishments if she made the slightest mistake. Was that the future that awaited her? Megan reminded herself that no matter what she'd never obey and never stop fighting. They'd have to kill her first. If it came to that, she hoped that she could take a few of them with her.

Halfway down the long hallway outside of the courtroom, officers handed Megan over to four men in gray coveralls wearing the FBP symbol on their sleeves. With a few signatures on a tablet her life had been signed away, but that didn't matter to Megan. The whole thing may have been legal, but that didn't make it right! Megan worked out religiously for most of her life and she'd taken up martial arts after joining F.E.R.A.L. She thought having some fighting skills would be important if she ever got the chance to break some FBP heads.

As two of the men in gray held her by the arms, a third approached her with nylon straps. Megan waited until he got close and then raised her muscular leg up and kicked him with her bare heel square in the sternum. The man fell back gasping and Megan hoped that she'd broken something inside of him.

The two men holding her wrestled her off her feet and slammed her to the floor.

One of the men pushed Megan's face into the hard tile and looked over at the man she'd kicked. "You see, rookie? What did we say? You can't be gentle with wild animals." He pressed harder against Megan's head. "You have to be on guard and firm with them at all times. It's for your safety and theirs!"

"I'm-not-an-animal!" Megan growled through clenched teeth, but the men ignored her.

The man was still wheezing a bit from the kick. He cradled his stomach and nodded. "Yes, sir, it won't happen again."

"Good, now get her secured!"

They bent Megan's arms in half and secured the nylons straps around them with a sharp tug. Then they took her kicking legs and bent them in half and secured them as well. She flailed her stumps as she screamed at them, "Fuck you! Fuck you! They'll come for all of you, for your families for..."

She gagged as she felt a thick, silicon nub enter her venomous, spitting mouth. The nub was attached to a black leather panel gag that the third man quickly buckled into place. Megan choked and sputtered, but she couldn't dislodge the cruel, foul-tasting protrusion in her mouth.

"That's much better!" One of the men remarked and the others laughed.

Megan felt the tops of her prison smock being unsnapped. Then the garment was pulled away revealing her tan, toned body to the unimpressed eyes of the men in gray. Megan tried to scream more threats and profanity, but the nub choked her back into silence.

"Quit squealing, darling! Animals don't wear clothes!"

She breathed heavily through her nose. She tried to control herself, so as to not choke again. She hated them. She hated being trussed up, helpless, without a voice, and at the mercy of men. She tried not to tremble while she watched from the floor out of the corner of her eye as the same man she'd kicked scribbled something on a yellow sticker with a black pen.

He looked down when he was finished writing.

"Here you go, bitch. Express shipping!" He slapped the sticker across her forehead, making her eyes tear up.

“See, there you go. Let her know who’s boss. Wild animals get really skittish if they don’t know who is in charge of them!”

Another man wheeled over a large, rectangular metal box with many small, marble-sized holes on the long sides. A yellow sign on one of the short sides read, “Property of the Federal Bureau of Pettification.”

Megan shook her head as the four men hefted her up and dropped her into the box. She looked up at them with wide, frightened eyes as the lid above her slid closed with a hiss, locking her into near pitch blackness. She felt herself being wheeled away. She pressed her eyes to the tiny air holes and watched as she was removed from the courthouse and loaded onto a truck.

Megan soon lost all track of time inside the stuffy, dark box. It bothered her how the nub filling her mouth, specifically the threat of choking, had made her give up trying to protest and speak her mind. She’d never gotten the chance to really ask Sarah, but Megan wondered if her simple act of compliance was the start. She tried not to imagine herself, locked into pet gear, obediently playing fetch in a backyard for the amusement of some disgusting pervert. Every time the fear of what was to come threatened to overwhelm her, Megan thought about her sisters in F.E.R.A.L. Surely, she thought, they would come for her. Surely they wouldn’t leave one of their own in harsh, dehumanizing slavery. Sapphire Long, the woman who’d brought her into the group, their great leader, surely wouldn’t abandon her.

She’d remembered meeting Sapphire at a party and being mesmerized by the tall, Auburn haired woman with the most intense- steel blue eyes. Though all of Megan’s friends hated the ComPet program and the FBP and they regularly talked about how it should be stopped, it was immediately clear that Sapphire was different. Sapphire was more than talk. Sapphire was the one willing to make something happen.

The revolution would start soon. Megan knew she wouldn’t have to worry.

The introduction to the lab wasn’t pleasant by any means. When the top of the box slid open Megan was blinded by bright lights and then manhandled by several sets of hands in latex gloves. A painful needle prick in her ass followed. From the center of the sharp pain flowed a powerful muscle relaxant which made her mouth slack, her mind fuzzy, and her limbs like lead. They hauled her out of the box and strapped her down on all fours to a cold metal table under a very hot light.

A young woman with her blonde hair in a ridiculous sideways ponytail stood next to her. She spoke to a gruff, heavyset, balding man in a lab coat.

“Are you sure you want to remove her whole coat?” The woman with the ponytail pointed to the top of Megan’s head. “I know it’s full of tangles, but I can get them out pretty easily.”

“No,” the man replied flatly. “Remove it all, from the top of its head to the tips of its toes. Don’t leave a single hair or your supervisor is going to hear from me.”

The blonde woman paused, but then smiled sweetly. “Yes, Doctor Lister, of course!” She knelt down to eye level with Megan and placed a soft hand gently on her bare shoulder. She spoke slowly and patronizingly, as if she were talking to an animal. Megan wanted to spit in her face and would have were it not for the muzzle and the growing weakness and detachment she felt since the shot. She wanted to call the woman a traitor, a slave to the system as Sapphire would have said, but having experienced so much cruelty and neglect since her arrest, the delicate touch and kind words were calming in a way. “Hi there, girl, I’m Donna and I’ll be your groomer. So, let’s get you ready, pup!”

“There’s no need to talk to it, or call it ‘pup.’ Just disinfect it and denude it.”

Megan didn’t like the sound of “denude.” She was sure that she must have misheard.

“Sorry, Doctor Lister!” Donna replied quickly.

Doctor Lister’s grumbling faded as he walked away. Then Megan heard a door slam.

“There’s no need to talk to it!” The blonde woman—Donna—wagged her finger and spoke in a deep voice in a parody of the doctor. She chuckled at her own impression and looked back down at Megan. “He’s not very nice is he? As I was saying, let’s get you ready!”

Megan felt calmer. She drooled a bit from the muscle relaxant and tried to focus on the phrase, “Slave to the system.” She tried to remember Sapphire’s intensity as if it might wake her up.

It didn’t.

Megan yowled into the muzzle as Donna reached up and ripped the sticker off her forehead without warning.

That did.

“Sorry, girl!” Donna petted Megan’s head sympathetically and then tossed the sticker aside. “I’ve said over and over again that they should do something gentler for temporary tagging! I’m sure you’ll forgive me after I do this though...”

The panel of the muzzle suddenly came away from Megan’s lips as Donna unbuckled the strap behind her head. Drool flowed out of Megan’s mouth like a faucet.

“Poor thing! Muzzles are just awful aren’t they? Yes, they are!” Donna exclaimed and carefully blotted Megan’s chin and the wet corners of her mouth with a cloth. Then she sniffed the air and held her nose. “P U! Somebody has smelly doggy breath and a smelly body! I bet you can’t wait for a bath!”

Megan writhed as she slowly opened and closed her mouth to take the stiffness out of her jaw. Donna was right, though; Megan really did want to be clean again. Of course, she was only that way because they wouldn’t let her shower while she was waiting for the trial. They wanted to humiliate her in front of the court, the media—the whole country. As Megan felt shame creeping into her dulled consciousness she knew that they had succeeded. Looking at her, with hair sprouting out of her legs and underarms, her hair greasy, tangled and matted, no one would ever guess that Megan usually spent a significant amount of time and money on her appearance.

Donna was gentle as she took a soapy sponge and warm water to Megan's tanned skin, but Megan could barely feel the sponge gliding across her slick flesh. Everything felt far away and she kept spacing out. One moment Donna was sliding the sponge across the small of her back, and the next moment the bath was over and Donna was looking at her apologetically.

"Sorry I have to take your whole coat off, girl, but I have to obey the doctor's orders. Otherwise it might be me on that table!"

Megan shifted and drooled some more. She was unsure if Donna was joking. Would the FBP really do something like that to one of their own?

"My...coat...?"

"Ah, ah, ah!" Donna tapped Megan's lips. "No talking, girl!"

The word "denude" filled Megan's mind and she moaned.

"Quiet, girl, if you keep making noise I'll have to put the muzzle back on and we wouldn't want that now would we?"

The clippers worked fast. Megan was only vaguely aware of what was happening as her long, honey-blonde locks fell around her like dead leaves in autumn. When the buzzing from the clippers stopped, Donna applied a thick, white cream over any spot that Megan had, or could potentially have had hair. It started with the slightly overgrown racing strip right above Megan's pussy, to her legs, underarms, forearms, the top of her head, and finally even her eyebrows. The burning was intense enough to cut through the drug induced fog.

Megan opened her tearful, trembling eyes when she felt Donna holding her hand. She whimpered from the horrible burning in all the places that the cream had been spread. Donna may have been saying comforting words, but all Megan could think about was the pain.

"Oh, there will be risks," Sapphire had said when they talked over drinks one night. "Are you prepared to lose everything for this cause?"

Megan has whole heartedly nodded. She'd never imagined what losing everything would feel like. To someone as young and impressionable as she was at the time, the whole idea sounded almost romantic.

Megan blacked out again. The next thing she knew, the friendly, compassionate blonde was gone and she felt herself being moved by more uncaring, cold gloved hands. There was another prick, this time on her arm, and then darkness.

The beep of a heart monitor was the first thing Megan noticed as she gradually became lucid of her surroundings. She was restrained on a padded table and was unable to move in any meaningful way. Her mouth was dry and held open by what she would later discover was a metal ring gag. In the ensuing days she became more and more aware of her situation both from the feel and from catching glimpses of herself in reflective surfaces of the equipment surrounding her.

The blonde—Donna—wasn't lying. Megan's "coat" had been removed. She was completely hairless. Without eyebrows she looked expressionless and alien even to herself. Her wrists and ankles were strapped down with padded leather restraints at the top and bottom of the table. A padded bar rose up from the center of the table and held up her hips. Another padded leather strap ran across her back and restrained her to the bar, further limiting her liberty. She could feel and, if she craned her neck just right, see the tubes that protruded from her nether regions that captured and removed her waste. Likewise, she could see the multiple IVs connected to several bags filled with unknown fluids hanging above her.

It was all a nightmare, but she just couldn't wake up. When she moaned and pulled against the restraints, the most attention she received from the techs working around her were a few sideways glances. The older and more-experienced techs gave her nothing, unless they were making notes about her, or squeezing a few droplets of water from a bottle into her open mouth to wet it.

Every now and then Dr. Lister would appear. He would look her over and then consult with whichever tech or techs were working at that particular time. When they'd speak it was always out of her earshot. Megan would glare at him—at all of them. No one would tell her anything, but she knew that he was the man in charge of whatever it was that was happening to her. What really scared her was that she didn't know what exactly was happening to her, but she knew that whatever it was it couldn't be good.

On one particular day or night, she couldn't be sure, a rather nondescript man with black, slicked back hair, wearing an equally nondescript, but nevertheless fine-fitting black suit entered the lab with Dr. Lister. It was the first time Megan had seen Lister look emotional. Normally, he watched her and the techs with a cold detachment, but he was red faced and his brow was creased with agitation.

The man in the black suit made a b-line for Megan and Lister was on his heels.

"It is my subject!" Lister bellowed after the man. "You have no right to dictate anything to me about what I do with it as long as I work within the official FBP Lab Guidelines, which I have—to the letter! Check the documentation!"

The man in the suit seemed to ignore Lister for a few long moments as he stared at Megan. It wasn't the same clinical, cold stare that she'd gotten from the techs or from the doctor. When she met his gaze it was like she was staring into an abyss.

Finally, he spoke. His voice was mostly passionless, as if it was one step above a text-to-speech program.

"She is property of the FPB, not your personal plaything, doctor. After what her so-called organization did, the government wants to send a message to them and any other would-be terrorists."

Megan's ears perked up. Was the revolution coming for her after all?

"Yes, Dr. Andre is dead," Lister replied almost casually. "I don't see how..."

"You aren't required to see, just to do."

Later In her more-lucid periods, she caught snatches of conversation from the techs that had suddenly become far more talkative with one another. From what she could gather, a Human Pet Protection Service (HPPS) human-veterinarian (huvet), named Dr. Ezzat Andre—or Ed as people who knew him seemed to call him—had been shot and killed by a group of masked members of F.E.R.A.L. when they broke into his facility to liberate some ComPets. All she kept hearing was how he was such a nice guy even if he didn't always follow the rules. It made Megan sick. She didn't know him, but she knew he deserved what he got and worse. Before her mind slid back into the swamp, she glared once more at everyone around her. If she'd had a gun she would have done the same to all of them.

“In every conflict, large or small,” Sapphire had said. “There are casualties. There are sacrifices...”

Megan had only imagined so-called innocent bystanders—collateral damage. She never imagined herself as the sacrifice. She even wondered if there was such a thing as innocent bystanders. Everyone not fighting alongside them deserved what they got as far as she was concerned.

Time had very little meaning in the windowless lab. She couldn't see a clock and the drugs from the IVs kept making her blackout. At some point she awakened with the most intense hunger she'd ever felt. She'd always made it a point to eat balanced and practice good portion control. After all, she wanted to look her best. She wasn't like the fat slobs who couldn't control themselves at fast food restaurants. So, the feeling of being utterly famished was just as strange to her as her expressionless face had been.

When the techs first wheeled a small, plastic trough filled with some kind of foul smelling, green and brown sludge and commanded her to eat, Megan had turned up her nose and shook her head. More time passed and her hunger grew and grew. The second time it was offered, Megan almost started eating before the command. It was as if her stomach had overwhelmed her sense of smell, her pride—her mind. Her gaping mouth watered and her stomach cramped with hunger as she lowered her face into the trough. Awkwardly trying to scoop the slop with her tongue, Megan found the mixture tasted as bad as it smelled, but she couldn't stop herself. She needed to eat. She needed to eat!

As more time passed Megan began to notice that the hunger didn't stop after the “feedings.” It was ever-present. When she could briefly take her mind off her stomach, she began to notice that her sense of smell had seemed to have improved. It was like she could smell everything. At first it was just strong perfumes, colognes and deodorant, but eventually she found that even when they'd blindfold her for periods of time, when she'd understandably get a bit “fussy,” she could recognize who was in the room by their smell. The food, which they seemed to be thankfully offering more and more, but still never enough to satisfy Megan's ever growing appetite, smelled worse and worse, but still she ate and ate.

Megan soon found that she was hungry in another way as well. Every time she caught the scent of a male tech's musk she felt herself moisten and stir inside. Being helpless and humiliated didn't turn her on in the slightest. She'd always preferred to be the one on top, yet she found that as time passed she grew more and more needful despite her predicament.

Her lucid periods in which she'd stare at the techs and the doctor and imagine hurting them, or fantasize about escape or liberation, were slowly replaced with thoughts of what was going on between her legs. She knew that like her need to eat, it must have been caused by the chemicals being pumped into her. Her mind could still make such connections, but she tried not to think about it, and she didn't. Her mind drifted instead to past romantic encounters.

She closed her eyes and remembered a hot, sticky night in college. Music with too much base boomed, shaking the bed and the whole bedroom. She was on top of a guy she'd met downstairs at the party. He was drunk and barely conscious, but he was hard and she wanted him rather he could say "yes" or not. She rode him and rode him, not looking at his face, but instead savoring the feeling of him inside of her and the control and dominance she had over him.

Megan strained and strained against the bonds. She wanted to finger herself to the memory—she needed to! A groan issued from her gaping mouth as she wiggled her hips the millimeter they were able to move and tugged against her wrist and ankle restraints. If only she at least had something to rub against! She bent her head low and looked down between her legs past her hanging belly and breasts. The fact that the constant feeding had made her gain a noticeable amount of weight was less important in that moment than her need. She could see a thick, sticky string of her arousal hanging from her engorged vagina.

Then she heard a voice behind her. "Interesting, she winks and weeps just like a mare in heat!"

"I didn't know you were a farm boy!"

"I'm not."

Somehow the knowledge that she was being watched, objectified, mocked and compared to an animal again didn't dull her desire. She continued groaning and straining until she'd exhausted herself. Her mind wandered away from the encounter and slid back into the sludge.

In the ensuing days after they wheel the trough under her "snout" she'd get a little after meal "treat" for "cleaning her plate." The first time was nothing less than amazing. By that time her mind had become almost completely centered on feeding and her need. Most of the time it was a dull ache, but from time to time her desire would flair up. Sometimes it was because she caught the scent of a male, while other times it would happen because someone walked behind her too quickly and the breeze would tickle and stimulate her leaving her in agony for at least an hour afterward. She'd just finished scooping and choking down the last mouthful of slop. The foul mixture dripped from her chin as her tongue greedily darted out of and around her gaping, panting mouth to catch any stray smears of slop. As one tech wiped her face clean, something hard pressed up against Megan's clitoris making her shake. The low, ever-present, stirring inside of her suddenly became an earthquake and Megan desperately ground herself against the hardness.

The typically quiet and professional staff stifled laughter as she moaned and groaned, oblivious to everything but the sensation. She gave another start as she felt something thick and smooth pressed against her dripping sex. She let out another long, mournful moan. Suddenly the thing against her clit began to vibrate and the pressure against her opening started sliding inside of her. It pushed deeper and deeper into her, stretching her and filling her. Then like a piston, it began working in and out her with a regular, precise rhythm of a machine. She shuddered with delight as an itch she'd had for what felt like forever was finally scratched.

Megan's mind focused less and less on the painful realities of her situation and more and more on when the next feeding or "stimulation" procedure would occur. One evening when the lab was empty and Megan was just staring off into space she heard the door open. Megan sniffed the air. It was Dr. Lister, he'd been drinking, and he was in the mood. Megan felt herself stir as his scent worked through her. It was frightening how she didn't like him or his scent, she hated them, but her body responded.

Lister appeared in front of her. His nose was a bit red and he stood a bit uncertainly as he looked down at her.

"You could have had such possibilities. I could have made such discoveries...but instead we have to settle for this..." He put his face close to hers. As he spoke the smell of vodka wafted from his mouth. "But before they take you away, it's only fair that I should have a little fun..." He stood back up and unzipped his pants slowly.

Megan stared at him. Her stomach rumbled and her nether regions tingled. She never seemed to be free of hunger or arousal at any moment anymore. Yet, she still had the state of mind to turn her head aside and make a disgusted hissing noise as she glared at the doctor out of the corner of her eye. She'd always hated giving blowjobs. The taste, the smell, the act kneeling, the man silencing her with his bloated phallus, they were all revolting.

"Oh, so it still resists. Well let's just see about that..."

The doctor walked behind her. Several moments later, Megan sat up and inhaled sharply as the hard plastic pressed against her swollen clit and the smooth head of the rubber dildo pushed against her leaking pussy. She gasped and strained to get near it. Then the vibration and the penetration started.

Megan moaned loudly, closed her eyes, and let the pleasure overtake her. It didn't last. Lister grabbed her hair and yanked her head back.

"There we are, it's a lot more-friendly now, isn't it?" He sneered and pulled her face down into his hairy, stubby cock.

Reflexively, Megan tried to close her mouth, but the unyielding ring kept her open and defenseless. Her heightened sense of smell was overwhelmed with him as his head slid into her gaping, hot, panting mouth. She gagged and struggled against the straps, but they held firm and so did Lister. His thick member slid along her tongue as he arched his hips forward and pressed on the back of her head.

He groaned, "Oh, what a waste..."

Megan barely heard him. All she could focus on was the pleasure building inside of her as the vibration tingled through her clit and the slippery dildo pounded in and out of her; and on the misery of what the doctor was doing to her unprotected mouth.

He worked up a slow, but steady rhythm as his groans became louder and louder. After long, endless minutes, he thrust forward once more violently than he ever had before as he crushed her face to him. He let out a guttural sound and she felt him twitch in her mouth right before he erupted inside of her.

He tasted awful—worse than the slop, but she was powerless as he pumped his sticky, hot load into her mouth and down her throat, just as the vibration and pounding drove her over the cliff to orgasm.

She was blacking out again. The pleasure and the agony had become intertwined in her crumbling mind. She couldn't really hear what the doctor said, but it was something like, "Goodbye..."

The laser brands they'd applied to her left butt cheek and over her sagging left breast hurt terribly. She'd been unable to see ever since one of the techs approached her with a funny looking light pink hood. It felt different than the regular blindfold. It covered her ears, muffling the noise, and something was over her nose, but it didn't restrict her breathing or her sense of smell. It was even less possible for her to know how much time had passed. The ring in her mouth was increased in size, stretching her lips and her jaw painfully. The tubes that had handled her waste on the back end were removed. The tube in her anus was replaced with something plastic and unyielding. Being slightly larger than the tube she was used to, it was hard to ignore.

Had it been weeks, months, or years since she'd had the freedom to move her arms and legs? She didn't know, but the sudden sensation that they were free—partially free—was so strange to her, it was almost frightening. Her arms and legs were bent in half and restrained, but much more securely than they had been with the simple nylon straps. They felt like they'd been tightly wrapped in something, along with her hands. She teetered uncertainly on her knees and elbows as she was set down on a spongy, swampy surface that smelled heavily of brackish water and earth. Her restrained arms and legs felt weak from lack of use. All the time spent in captivity, unable to move and all the feedings had taken their toll

Megan's enfeebled arms and legs slid out from under her. Her bulging belly and swollen breasts plunged into the cold, sticky mud beneath her. Unable to close her maw, she swallowed a mouthful of it as her face plunged into the muck. Even over her own choking and sputtering, she'd thought she'd heard laughter, but the hood muffled her hearing, so she couldn't have been sure. She sniffed the air. There were people, lots of people nearby—strange people—but more importantly she could smell food! Her stomach cramped and her mouth watered despite still tasting of mud. It smelled far worse than the lab slop, but it was food. She had to get to it. She had to eat it!

Megan struggled against the mud and her uncooperative, bound limbs. She sunk into the boggy, squelching ground with each step. Frustrated, sweaty and feeling as if she was starving, Megan squealed with frustration and felt tears come to her eyes. She thought she might have heard more laughter, but she didn't care. She continued following her nose to the only thing that mattered—the food.

When she felt the trough under her drooly chin, Megan let out a delighted, tired squeal and buried her face in the foul smelling mess that she could not see. Still unable to properly chew with an even larger ring holding her mouth open, she simply alternated between sucking up the mess and scooping it into her open maw with a very eager tongue.

Outside of the small muddy, pig pen a small crowd of government officials, FBP and ComPet donors, other VIPs, and the reporters from all the major news agencies watched Megan, the former F.E.R.A.L agent, gobble the ground up garbage that had been piped into a metal trough.

Far from the tanned, svelte woman she had been before the lab, Megan had become pale, almost pink, and very chubby. She was quite a sight in the cheap pig gear that had been developed for her “rehabilitation.” She had a rubbery, light pink hood with pointy pig ears on top, a pig snout over her real nose, and “SW01” stamped over the left side. The hood encased her whole head except for the area around her wide-open, ring-gagged mouth. Her limbs were bound in half and wrapped tightly with a light pink rubbery bandage. Protruding from her painfully stretched anus there was a hollow, plastic plug with a rigid pink curly pig tail just above the hole.

A well dressed spokesman addressed the snickering crowd, “Wow, I think our new little piggy likes it!”

The onlookers laughed and agreed.

“As you can see, she'll eat anything that is edible!” The spokesman explained. “Though this job is certainly unenviable by every measure, SW01 is happy to finally be contributing to society. She knows that not only will she reduce the solid waste going to our nation's landfills, but she will also serve as an example to anyone who would follow her actions!”

Megan licked the bottom of the trough and grunted. She felt a different kind of rumble in her belly and without a thought, defecated through the hole in the plug. She'd become so used to having the tubes, it just happened. She wanted to be outraged as she was sure people were watching her, but she was too preoccupied trying to get the last bit of slop to bother.

The crowd gasped.

“Now, now...” The announcer chuckled. “SW01 is just an animal. She doesn't know any better!” He looked down at her. “It is unlikely that she really hears or comprehends us, but don't worry little piggy!” He patted the refuse pipe above the trough. “You'll be getting a fresh delivery every hour on the hour for the rest of your life!”

Was that applause? The feeding was over. That meant it was time for stimulation. Where was her stimulation? Megan grunted. Her limbs were free, but bent as they were she couldn't get her hands anywhere near her dripping, swollen snatch. She groaned and lumbered in a circle treading her waste into the mud below her until her backside touched the corner of the trough. A jolt of pleasure passed through her as the cold, hard corner of the metal trough touched her quivering lips. She moaned happily as she worked herself up and down it.

“Oh my!” The announcer grinned. “It seems that SW01 wants a little dessert!”

The End