

Inspector Sue Sharp – Sue’s Second Case – Deep Under Cover

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Part 1: The Assignment

Free time—Sue had wanted it so badly and now that she had it, she didn’t want it anymore. Free time was time to think. Free time was time to drink, which only made her think more about how rotten the world was and about how she was just as rotten. Undersized and inexperienced with alcohol, her head was swimming already and she wasn’t even quite finished with her second glass of sangria. Underneath the soft, frosted light hanging above, Sue looked down at her drink, then at her phone, and then at her silver vape pen.

Frowning, she tapped the phone and stared at the glaring screen for what must have been the hundredth time that night. For a few moments she scrolled back and forth on the contact list between “Mom”, “Dad”, and Laura, her younger sister, before setting the phone back down and reaching for her vape.

What would I say to them anyway? She wondered as she took a deep drag. Oh, it’s been great, Mom! Yesterday I caught some creep trying to smuggle a puppy girl out of the country. It was so lucky that I could “save” her and return her to her pervert owner, so that she could finish out her service. They even made sure to add a week onto her service period to make up for the time she lost while kidnapped. So, God damned lucky! I’m sure that she feels just like the reporters and her owner said she did, “Grateful to be home, safe and sound!”

Sue exhaled, releasing a cloud of strawberry scented vapor. It dissipated quickly, but the smell lingered. She took another drink and tried to get the images of the several puppy girls she’d “saved” since she was promoted out of her head. Their sad, tearful eyes always looked at her imploringly as they were tagged and crated by the men from the pet bureau so that they could be returned to their owners. Each time, all Sue could do was watch with a combination of sympathy, disgust, and perhaps even a little bit of curiosity, though she certainly didn’t dwell on the curiosity.

A few minutes later her phone was back in her hand. Her thumb hovered over her sister’s name.

What would she even think of me? She wondered again and returned the phone to the table.

“Excuse me, is this seat taken?” a deep, smooth voice slipped into her thoughts.

Sue blinked in surprise and looked up at a tall man in his late twenties, maybe early thirties. Even as he stood just outside of the dingy circle of light surrounding Sue, she could tell that he was a handsome man. He was clean shaven with a strong, square jaw—one of her weaknesses. His dark blonde hair was in a sharp undercut and he dressed in a well-tailored, blue suit, white shirt, and striped tie. Like strong jaws, well-dressed men were another one of her weaknesses.

He may have been hot, but Sue was in no mood to talk to anyone. She never was. “Yes, it’s taken,” she replied flatly.

The man smiled and stepped into the light. He had a nice smile too and crystal blue eyes. “Oh, that’s not what I meant. I—”

She sighed, “I don’t care what you meant. Leave me alone.”

The man paused for several seconds, then shrugged, “Alright, suit yourself, Miss Sharp.” He replied nonchalantly and walked away.

Sue returned to her thoughts, but nothing really stuck. Distracted and on a slow road to drunk, it was nearly five minutes before it occurred to her that the handsome stranger knew her name. She looked around the bar anxiously, but he was already gone.

Two more glasses and a taxi ride later, Sue was back at her little apartment. As she lay down to go to sleep she was suddenly overcome with loneliness. Why had she been so mean? Why was she always so mean?

This is why you’re twenty-one and have never had a real boyfriend, Sue...

She sighed and rolled over onto her back with her knees up. Slowly, almost guiltily she spread her legs as she raised the hem of her nightshirt. She bit her lower lip and sighed again as she slipped her slender fingers down the smooth skin of her belly and under the elastic band of her white cotton panties. Sue tensed and raised her hips up off the bed as her finger tips made contact with her dark, soft curls. She stifled a quiet moan as if someone might hear her and nestled back into the bed as her fingers timidly teased her moistening slit.

Sue’s fantasies were by most standards a bit mundane, old-fashioned, and possibly even boring. It was always the same. She imagined herself a beautiful bride floating down the aisle towards her husband. As she did, her fingers became less-timid and began to slide back and forth as her breathing quickened. All eyes were on her, and for once she was the center of attention, and for the right reasons. Everything was perfect, just like in a fairy tale. Then he’d carry her over the threshold and to the bedroom. Her heart was pounding as her fingers moved faster and faster and her hips began to tremble. She imagined his strong hands holding her as he unzipped the back of her wedding dress and whispered in her ear that she was his forever. Her lips parted, but no noise came out. As the dress fell from her shoulders she looked up in

surprise. The usually vague shape of her fantasy husband had been replaced by the stranger from the bar.

For a moment, Sue was appalled at her own mind for going where it had, but that didn't stop her. She arched against her fingers and let out a whimper as a mild orgasm passed through her.

She lay in the dark alone, panting and thinking about the stranger. *He was out of your league anyway, Sue...*

The phone rang and Sue's eyes slowly opened to early morning sunlight peeking through the curtains of her bedroom window. She slipped her glasses on and squinted at the screen. It was Mr. Cross, her boss.

"H-hello?" She answered in a slightly raspy voice.

"Sue!" He began. It didn't matter if it was sunrise, sunset, or anywhere in between, the man was always wide-awake and all-business. "I need you to come down to the office now."

"But it's my day off," She replied without thinking.

"It's cancelled. You've got a new assignment and you need to start today."

Sue sighed inwardly, "Yes, sir. I'll be there in an hour."

Her second cup of coffee in hand, Sue stepped into Mr. Cross' office at the city headquarters of the newly formed Federal Bureau of Pettification—Human Pet Protection Services Branch—with thirteen seconds to spare. She was taken aback when she saw that Mr. Cross wasn't alone. Sitting in one of the leather bound chairs in front of Mr. Cross' desk was the tall, blonde, well-dressed man from the bar.

"Ah, Sue, right on time." Mr. Cross motioned to the other seat in front of his desk.

Sue took her seat. Not wanting to make eye contact with the handsome stranger, she looked straight ahead at her boss, pausing once or twice to clean her glasses.

"Sue, I want you to meet Detective Robert Jericho—your new partner." Sue glanced over at the man sitting to her left. He was just as casual as he was the night before. He stood up like an old-fashioned gentleman and offered his hand.

"Thank you, Mr. Cross," he grinned. "It's a pleasure to see you again, Miss Sharp."

Sue felt her cheeks flush, but she managed to maintain eye contact as she shook his hand, “Yes...a *pleasure*.” She smiled up at him and then said to Mr. Cross, “What do you mean by *partner*?”

“Oh, you two have met? Good! Yes, partner...For this case you’re going to be paired with a member of the police department,” he explained.

“But I haven’t needed a partner before.” Sue wondered why she was suddenly so defensive about a job she didn’t even like.

Mr. Cross raised his hands disarmingly, “It’s an order passed down from the higher-ups. They want more cooperation with the police, and I guess they figured that there was no time like the present to start.”

Sue frowned. Robert sat back and popped a stick of fragrant mint gum into his mouth. He offered the pack to Sue and she waved it away.

“What do you mean no time like the present? What’s the assignment?” She asked.

Mr. Cross leaned back in his chair making it squeak loudly, “It’s another VIP assignment. Sue is the one who worked the Mr. Richter case,” he explained.

Robert nodded, “Yes, I read up on it. Good work by the way.”

Sue shrugged.

“Yes, she rescued that sweet little pup, Boji, from those F.E.R.A.L maniacs—freedom, equality, revolution, and liberty indeed!” Mr. Cross chuckled before he continued. “So, she’s got experience working with important figures and their pets. Well, it seems those F.E.R.A.L terrorists are up to mostly the same tricks.” Mr. Cross slid a photo of a fat, middle-aged businessman across the table. “This is Ryan Polk.”

“One of the major financial backers of the Petsitter Mark II if I’m not mistaken,” Robert spoke up.

“Very good, detective,” Mr. Cross pointed at him approvingly.

“I do my homework, sir.”

Sue felt herself bristle, and again wondered why she should have cared that the detective knew the man in the picture and she didn’t.

“He’s supported many experimental projects and has been a very vocal supporter of pro-ComPet legislation. It’s not just you who’s done his homework, detective. Those terrorists know all about his contributions and that’s made him a target. He’s received multiple death threats and yesterday, while he was on a business trip, he was injured in a bombing.

Thankfully, he should make a full recovery, but it will take some time. With him being unable to return to the city, he's expressed concerns that F.E.R.A.L might attempt to *liberate* or harm his puppy girl, Cheesecake. She's another extended contract, so she's pretty valuable to him." He slid another photo across the table. It was of a smiling, busty, slightly chubby, honey-blonde puppy girl, in smooth, yellowish pet gear that matched her hair.

"Cute," Robert remarked.

"Isn't she? I tell you, Mr. Polk is a lucky man!" Mr. Cross agreed.

"Ah, I don't really see it..." Sue remarked.

Mr. Cross continued, "She's currently staying at the Happy Paws Boarding Kennel, which is where Mr. Polk usually leaves her while he's away on business."

"And you want us to watch the center or be her, what, bodyguards?" Sue asked.

Mr. Cross paused, "Something like that, yes..." He paused again. "Mr. Polk is *very* important to the bureau and he's asked for round-the-clock, *very...close* protection, so we have to oblige."

Sue had never seen Mr. Cross take so long to get to his point. It made her nervous.

"Sue, you're going to be going into the kennel undercover, so that you can stay close to Cheesecake and keep an eye on her."

Sue wondered why he seemed to be having trouble putting her job into words. "I think I can handle pretending to be a staff member for a few days," she said confidently.

Mr. Cross paused again before replying, "No, no, not as a staff member. You'll be even closer to her."

Sue looked at him quizzically, her mind unwilling to make the connection because it was too insane.

He sighed, "You'll be going in disguised *as* a puppy girl, Sue."

It took several long moments for the words to process. "...no! Absolutely not!"

"Now, hold on, Sue. You're our only female agent in the HPPS and Mr. Polk ordered it, so it's not really your choice to make."

"There has to be a different angle on this! I'll resign—I'll..." She stopped, knowing full-well that quitting was not an option.

"If you do that then you'll just end up in pet gear full time for the next two years. It's your choice, Sue."

Of course Sue had said, "Yes." It wasn't a choice at all—any more than it was when she first had to choose between working for the HPPS, or serving as a ComPet. She was numb as she left the office followed by Robert. She barely heard him say, "Gee, Miss Sharp, tough break. It really is..."

She shot him a glance, "And what would *you* know about it?"

"Nothing," he shrugged. "I can just see that you're really unhappy about it—I guess most girls would be, huh?"

"Unhappy about it? What was your first clue, *detective*?"

He spit out his gum into a wrapper and tossed it in the trash. "Jeez, and here I thought you were just an angry drunk. You're a bitch by day and a bitch by night, aren't you?"

"Bitch" having become common parlance didn't soften his remark in the slightest. She stepped up to him. Even in her sensible heels he towered above her, but she was too angry to be intimidated, "You're the one acting like a stalker! What the hell were you doing last night?"

"It's just an exercise."

"What?"

"An exercise and a way to break in a partner...you see I learned yesterday that you were being assigned to me—"

"Me assigned to you? I think it's the other way around!"

"Assigned to each other, how about that? After that I did a little digging on you and found out that you hang out down at that dive every Friday night drinking yourself stupid and so I thought I'd introduce myself."

"Digging? That still sounds like stalking to me..."

"Jesus Christ...you're..."

"A bitch?"

"No, but you're going to be one shortly. I guess I'll meet up with you after they're done with you. Adieu!" He said with a curt wave and strolled off towards the commissary.

Sue watched him go. She was fuming.

I can't believe I have to work with such an asshole...