

Part 5: The Kennel

Sue found herself momentarily gripped with panic when Robert handed her leash and her remote to the receptionist. As he walked out the door, so too did the only person who knew that she wasn't really a ComPet. Sue's mind raced with thoughts of every perversion and indignity she'd witnessed a puppy girl endure during welfare checks or just out in the street. How would she be treated?

Then she remembered what Donna had told her. "Don't think of yourself as human...just to think of yourself as an animal. It...numbs the shame..."

So, rather than trying to crawl out the door after him and escape like she wanted to, instead she let out the most pathetic whimper she could manage.

"Aw, don't cry puppy!" The receptionist patted her head. "He'll be back before you know it! Besides you're going to have so much fun and make so many friends! Come on, let's go meet them!" She pressed a button on top of the counter. A distant buzzer sounded beyond the double swinging doors to the right of the counter. A few moments later a man in gray coveralls and cap appeared. Despite the benign clothing and the cheerful double-pawed logo on his upper sleeve, Sue would have found the man large and intimidating even when she was free to walk on two legs. Very tall and very tan, he had the physique of an amateur bodybuilder and smelled heavily of cigar smoke. The latter of which made Sue's nose wrinkle.

"Hey, Phil, we have another one for you. This is Ditzzy and she'll be staying with us for at least a week. Her owner said she had some behavioral problems, so make sure you keep a close eye on her!" She offered him the leash.

That's not what he said! He just said I was slow...God, has it really come to this already? I'd really rather they think I was dumb instead of difficult?

The man in the overalls, Phil, glanced down at her as he took the leash. The same panic Sue felt when Robert left her came rushing back a hundred fold. Something about the man scared her. "Thanks, Renee, I'll keep a very close eye on her. Get her petsitter linked up to the main server while I take her down to the yard, will you?"

"Sure!" She said, waving the remote at him. "I'll put her under number six on your remote. Oh, and, don't forget, she's an 'S' for contact level and that means an S, got it?"

"Yeah, yeah, I got it," he replied and gave Sue's leash a tug. He set a rapid pace as they went through the double doors into a short hallway that ended in another set of double doors. Sue strained to keep up with him. The hard tile floor hurt her knees and even when she stumbled he did not slow down. "Move it along, little bitch!" He ordered and punctuated the command with a sharp tug.

Sue choked down words of protest and instead whined as she did her best to obey and follow him through the second set of doors. The doors led to the outside. A long, stained concrete path stretched out in front of her. The smell of a harsh cleaning solution was in the air. It mostly, but not totally, masked an undercurrent of urine, wet dog, and female body odor. Sue wrinkled her nose again, suddenly preferring the cigar smell wafting off Phil. Both sides of the path were lined with sturdy chain link fences. Behind the left fence there were dozens and dozens of actual dogs. To the right behind the fence there were dozens and dozens of puppy girls. Both sides seemed to notice Sue at roughly the same time, and both groups rushed to the fences to say, "Hello."

To the left the dogs barked and growled as they jumped against the fence. The bigger ones shook and rattled the chain link fearsomely. While others tried to stick their wet snouts through the gaps to sniff at her and lick the air as she passed. To the right puppy girls yipped and also comically tried to mimic the dog's behavior sticking their noses and their tongues through the gaps. Sue recoiled from both and tried to stick to the center of the path to give her as much distance from both as possible.

So, children keep to the middle of the road...children keep to the middle of the road...don't you look to the left, don't you look to the right, just keep to the middle of the road!

She wasn't sure which side she feared more. All she knew was that she felt like a new prison inmate about to get hazed.

Phil dragged her along and remarked, "Don't worry, dummy—I mean Ditzzy—we don't put puppy girls in with the dogs unless they've *really* misbehaved." Sue couldn't tell if he was joking or not.

Phil stopped and Sue got a moment to catch her breath as he fiddled with the gate to the right-side pen. Sue stared, wide-eyed, at a half-dozen bright-eyed puppy girls all yapping and stumbling over each other on the other side of the gate. No one was prompting them to act the way they were. They all seemed genuinely excited and utterly devoid of dignity. When Phil opened the gate they surged forward towards her. Sue braced as Phil took his own remote off his belt like a gunslinger drawing a pistol. He pointed it at them and a split second later they howled in unison as they all suffered a terrible shock.

"Get back inside, stupid bitches!" He scolded. "You can have her in a second!" With that, he unclipped her leash, put his big boot squarely in the middle of her butt and pushed her roughly inside. "Have fun, dumb-dumb!" He laughed as he slammed the gate behind her.

Sue landed face-first in the dirt. Her nose wasn't broken, but it sure felt like it was. Wincing and with tears and dust in her eyes she sat up to see that the excited puppy girls were around her in a circle. Each one of them was perky with tails wagging and tongues hanging out of their wide, smiling mouths.

Oh, God, Sue thought as she started to back slowly away from them. She jumped and tried to close her legs as she felt hot breath and sniffing against her backside. No sooner had her thighs touched each other when the robot voice of the sitter clicked on in her head, “Bad, puppy! Hind legs open!”

Sue yelped as she felt a shock go through her. Just like during the test sequence, the jolt emanated from the tail plug, the c-string, the nipple covers, the collar, and even her ears. Not wanting to be “corrected” again, Sue opened her legs, but swung her butt away from inquisitive noses.

Think of myself like an animal? Sue thought again about Donna’s advice. *Fine! If that’s what I have to do, I’ll do it!* She growled as fearsomely at them as she could, but to her horror, none of them seemed remotely intimidated. Instead they all descended on Sue at once. Suddenly she was awash in a sea probing, sniffing noses, panting, yipping mouths, and drooly, wet tongues; they seemed to be particularly interested in her exposed nether regions. As she struggled to get away from the throng she found herself blocked by the upturned backsides of several puppy girls eagerly wagging their tails in her face.

I’m an animal! I’m an animal! She thought and bit one the nearest upturned behinds. The owner of the behind yelped and scurried away. The stitter’s voice clinked on in her head, “Bad, puppy! No biting!” Sue shrieked as the correction shock went through her, but so did the puppy girls who were unfortunate enough to be making contact with her when it happened. Phil, who was still watching from the other side of the gate laughed and said to no one, “Well, the little bitch has spunk!”

The other puppy girls looked at Sue warily over their shoulders before trotting away from her in different directions, all except for the one that she had bitten. She remained. If they were standing, Sue guessed that she would have easily been more than a head taller than her. She looked like an exotic Indian girl, with light brown skin, large dark eyes, wavy black hair and a full figure that made skinny Sue envious. Hanging from her dark red leather collar was a round metal tag that read “Naan.”

Named after bread...lucky her!

Naan’s mouth was open and smiling as she lolled her tongue in and out. A string of drool dripped from the tip of her tongue and onto the dirt in front of her. By almost every measure she looked like a friendly, happy, brainless animal, that is, until Sue made eye-contact with her. Naan’s full dark eye brows were furrowed and her eyes burned with fury. The look made Sue’s tail go between her legs as she was legitimately intimidated. Naan stalked towards Sue, but stopped after only a few strides and glanced up towards the handler. She looked back at Sue, then turned, and then padded away. As her tail swished back and forth Sue caught sight of the mark she’d left right under the ComPet tattoo on Naan’s butt. She stifled a laugh

both so the large and intimidating puppy girl couldn't hear her and to avoid another shock by the sitter.

After the excitement of her introduction to the kennel ended, Sue took a deep breath and started her job in earnest. Though she was a little worried about running into Naan without the handler watching, she knew that she needed to get the lay of the land and find Cheesecake as soon as possible. Sue padded across the yard. The grass was well worn and bare in patches from the traffic of no-doubt, countless paws. Puppy girls of all shapes, sizes and colors were scattered over the enclosure. Most were in groups of threes and fours and playing with the dog toys that were strewn about. She saw one group bumping a beach ball back and forth with their noses to each other. Near them a pair played tug of war with a thick, well-chewed, knotted rope. They playfully snarled and growled as they pulled against each other with their bared teeth.

Jesus and those two could have been scientists or doctors or lawyers...

Sue looked over each group and pair she passed for her quarry. Even though they weren't who she was looking for, Sue couldn't help but stare.

What in the hell is wrong with all of them? She wondered. Why bother playing up this act if there's no reward in it?

She soon found that the enclosure was actually divided up into four different sections with a cinderblock building in the middle that looked to be where they would be kenneled for the night. Sue shuddered at the thought of being kenneled, but reminded herself not to think about what was coming and to instead focus on the moment. *Dogs—Animals stay in the moment.* She searched through two of the sections and all she found were more puppy girls lounging in the small patches of shade and playing more idiotic games.

It was hard to crawl like Donna had instructed her. Sue's knees were feeling sore and she was already very tired as she crawled into the third section and surveyed it. Then her heart leapt. On the far side of the yard she saw Cheesecake with a rubber pork chop in her mouth romping away from another puppy girl who was in hot pursuit. Sue crawled slowly towards her and contemplated how she could make friends with Cheesecake without completely losing her dignity. Was that even possible?

She was halfway across the yard and still uncertain what she would do when a loud buzzer sounded. Sue paused and looked around as all the puppy girls stopped what they were doing and sat up. For a moment it was deathly quiet. Sue looked up at the darkening sky and watched a single bird fly overhead chirping.

She watched the bird go and looked at the chain link fence surrounding all of them and thought, *lucky bastard, sure wish I could fly away!*

The gates on the outside fence crashed open, shattering the silence. Several men in gray overalls, boots and caps entered each section and started driving the puppy girls towards the center building. Sue lost sight of Cheesecake in the throng of tails and paws. Too busy scanning the pack, Sue was the only one that didn't move immediately and she felt the toe of a boot nudging her.

"Come on, dumb-dumb, time to go potty before bed!" It was Phil again. He looked down at her with the most shit-eating grin Sue had ever seen.

Sue's cheeks went red. Like a lot of aspects to the reality of puppy-girl-life, the idea had been in the back of her mind since Mr. Cross had told her about the assignment. She knew the whole time that if she were undercover for at least a few days eventually she'd have to *go*, but she'd managed not to think about it until the act was staring her right in the face.

She obeyed, but apparently she was too slow for Phil. She felt the leash clip back onto her collar.

"Move it, little bitch!" He snapped and punctuated his words with a rough pull.

Sue gagged and stumbled after him. *Oh, Phil, when I get out of here...*

On one side of the white painted cinderblock building in the center of the enclosure there were several sand pits. Sue had seen plenty of these "Potty Place" stations installed around the city to accommodate ComPet service animals. She never actually thought she'd have to use one! She watched in wide-eyed horror as the inmates of the kennel lined up in front of the stations. One-by-one they scampered to an open spot, raised their butts to the air, and whined loudly until one of the handlers would take pity on them and pull out their tail and the connected c-string with a muted *pop!* The puppy girls would wince as their plugs were pulled, but then bark appreciatively to the handler, and after being commanded to they would squat and do their "business." After which, they'd cover their mess by pawing sand over it, and then handlers would "re-grease" the plugs and reinsert them.

Sue closed her eyes and shook her head. She actually had to pee, very badly, but she couldn't do it there. She *wouldn't* do it there! Unconsciously, she tightened herself around the plug.

Three dots...

She'd only just managed to squeeze twice when a quick, sharp tug pulled her forward, interrupting the sequence.

“Come on, dumb-dumb. It’s your turn!” Phil announced and dragged her onto the spot. He looked down at her with contempt. “We’re waiting, stupid!”

Sue was trembling and tried to make the signal again, but before she could start, Phil’s boot pressed against the back of her neck and her shoulder blades and forced her face into the sand. Sue tried to rise, but his boot held her down. Memories of how much it hurt to have the plug inserted were still fresh in her mind as she felt Phil’s hand grip her tail.

Please no!

Sue wailed as he yanked the tail out.

“Up, up!” Phil commanded as he tugged on her leash.

Sobbing and with tears flowing, Sue somehow managed to rise to a squatting position like the others.

“Hurry up, Ditzzy! We don’t have all night. Go potty, *now!*”

Even if she were comfortable going to the bathroom in front of dozens of others in a sand pit like an animal, Phil’s constant yelling made her unable to go.

Sniffing, she bounced a little as she tried to pee. She wasn’t used to squatting for long periods of time and her thighs were already burning.

Just relax... Just relax!

She opened her eyes and saw Naan looking right at her from the neighboring sandpit. Even though she maintained the same dopey expression, Naan’s eyes, as expressive as ever, were full of mocking and superiority, even as a puddle of urine pooled under her. Sue could just imagine what she was thinking about her.

Phil’s harsh words broken into her thoughts. “God, you really are dumb! I’ve never met a puppy girl who couldn’t figure out how to pee!” He shoved her face back down to the sand.

“Hey, Phil!” Another handler called. “Don’t forget to grease that plug back up. Remember what happened the last time!”

“Oh, thanks I *almost* forgot!”

Both men chuckled. Apparently whatever happened the “last time” was just hilarious.

Sue found herself missing Donna’s patronizing tone and her gentle touch as Phil roughly pushed the plug back up her. More than a bit dazed she was led into the kennel whimpering as she went. The large, dimly lit, concrete room was hot and close with only a rattling box fan at the other end to circulate the stale air. The odor of cleaning chemicals, urine, and puppy girl

was ten times stronger than it was outside making Sue's stomach turn a bit. She found herself breathing through her mouth, which made her sound like a panting dog. Rows of small metal kennels lined both sides and handlers were escorting puppy girls into them. Most of them were sullen but compliant. A few, much to Sue's surprise still looked just as dumb and happy as they had when they were outside playing games.

Her ears perked up as she passed a handler talking down to a pair of puppy girls. They were yipping happily and rubbing up against each other as he said, "Okay, okay, I know you made friends today. You can spend the night together!"

Both puppy girls barked happily in response as they were herded into the small space together. It occurred to Sue that if she made friends with Cheesecake, perhaps she could do the same thing. It would be a lot easier to keep an eye on her if they were in the same kennel after all. She thought it might be a good idea until she saw the size of the kennel, which made her grateful to be below average size. Phil unclipped the leash and with a rough swat on her butt, shooed her inside. It wasn't much larger than her carrier. Another puppy girl of average size could fit, but it would be awfully crowded.

Sue jumped as the door slammed behind her. Irritatingly, the door wasn't even locked. It was just latched. With her hands trapped in padded-paws it was all it took to keep her imprisoned. She spun around and put her face to the narrow, crisscrossed bars of the kennel door. Phil kicked it making her jump again and said, "Good night, dumb-dumb! See you in the morning!"

Once he had gone she returned to the door and looked out to see that several of the puppy girls remained outside the kennels. She was on the far end, so she could barely see them, but some of them were rubbing up against the legs of the handlers; others were raising their butts and wagging their tails in front of them. While at first they seemed to have nothing in common, other than acting like animals in heat, she noticed that while she'd been stamped with "SSR" for standard accommodations, standard contact, and remedial training, they all had "M" in the middle of their stamps.

Whatever it meant, Sue's mouth dropped open when she saw the handlers unzip their coveralls. She shut her eyes and backed into the kennel. Forgetting that the sitter was on she tried to say, "What the Hell?"

The sitter's voice clicked on, "Bad puppy! No talking!"

Sue yelped as the shock ran through her. No longer in front of others her shy bladder suddenly became much braver and released from the pain and pressure. She sobbed in utter humiliation as a warm puddle formed under her.

Apparently the c-sting was moisture sensitive. Moments after she started peeing the sitter's voice clicked on again, "Bad puppy! We go potty outside!" And she was shocked again.

Tears fell freely. She wanted dinner, she wanted a bed, and she wanted out of the gear and into a nice, hot shower more than anything. As she cried pitifully, she could hear the yelps of the puppy girls and the grunts of the handlers.