

Part 7: The Petnapping

Days passed and quickly began to blur together. Not that Sue minded. Not thinking about how much time had passed made the job easier. It also meant that she didn't have to think about her more-long term problems. Cheesecake guarded Sue from Naan, while Sue watched out for F.E.R.A.L. While posing as a service animal didn't exactly feel normal, Sue had started to get a little more used to the gear and the routine of the kennel. They spent their days romping around the yards inside the enclosure, resting in the shade, playing with the handlers, eating, and sleeping. Each night Sue guiltily watched Cheesecake and the others stamped with "M" get mated, and each night she would rub herself to orgasm to the thought of Robert mating her. She reasoned that when the case was over and she was back in proper clothes and walking on two legs again she would forget the strange, primitive feelings that kept welling up inside of her. And yet every time the intense, leg shaking pleasure surged through her there was a tiny part of her wondered if she could so easily give up such an amazing feeling.

After another "successful" mating, Cheesecake was sweaty and haggard when she crawled into the crate and lay down for the night. Sue wondered if the job would exceed one week. Robert would probably get a good laugh when he made the call to extend her time, as if he wasn't already laughing at her when he received pictures of her throughout the day. She grimaced as she thought about him seeing her eating from a dog dish, getting hosed off, playing fetch, or just resting with Cheesecake. She resolved that she'd make sure those pictures were deleted once the assignment was over.

He probably doesn't even care, Sue. She told herself. He probably has a dozen girlfriends who are all prettier than you.

Something was wrong.

She'd gotten so accustomed to feeling like someone was looking over her shoulder, watching her every move, that the sudden absence of the petsitter's presence in her head was immediately noticeable even without the robotic voice telling her that it was, "Shutting down." Sue remained still for a moment and then sat up slowly.

Something really was wrong.

She heard the heavy metal door to the kennel room open, then the sound of several pairs of boots against the concrete floor, and finally the sounds of individual crate doors being opened followed by several women speaking.

"Go sisters! You're free!" Sue recognized the voice. It was that cheerful receptionist, Renee. There was awkward, hoarse, and confused sounding speech in response to her triumphant call to action followed by more voices urging pets from their cages.

A few pairs of black boots appeared in front of Sue and Cheesecake's crate.

"It's this one!" Renee said. "Come on. Let's get it in the truck!"

Realizing that it was finally time to send the signal, Sue steadied herself and squeezed out the three dots, three dashes, and three dots. Amazingly, she did it without feeling too repulsed. She'd just finished when the crate was unhooked from the floor and lifted. The motion finally awoke Cheesecake who had been snoring quietly the whole time. She looked utterly bewildered as both she and Sue were jostled around.

Feeling certain that she wouldn't be shocked, Sue put her paw on Cheesecake's and said, "Don't worry! We're going to be alright!" It was nice to be able to express herself in words rather than barks and whines, but Sue couldn't shake the feeling that it was wrong to speak.

To Sue's surprise, Cheesecake recoiled from her. Her paws went to her collar and she clawed at it uselessly. Tearfully she said in a strained voice that clearly hadn't been used in a very long time, "On! T-t-Turn...turn on!" She croaked.

The crate had been tossed into the back of a van. Just before the doors closed, Renee said through the grating of the crate, "Sit tight! We'll get you both out of here!"

Both Sue and Cheesecake soon found themselves in near complete darkness as they were tossed around from one side of the crate to the other. Whoever was driving was clearly a maniac! So much so that it made Robert's pothole hunting seem tame.

Cheesecake cried in the dark and continued to mumble, "Back on! Back on!"

Sue didn't know what to think. She wondered why would anyone want the petsitter turned back on.

She moved in the dark and put her paw on what she hoped was Cheesecake's shoulder, "Hey, hey, you were there for me when they made us...fetch...I'm here for you! Uh, my real name is Sue. What's yours?"

There was some sniffing and sobbing, "Ch—Cheese—Cheesecake!"

"I meant your real name, what was your real name before?"

There was silence.

"Cheesecake." She repeated.

Sue decided to switch gears. "Why are you so upset? Aren't you happy not to have that stupid thing shocking you and *watching* your every move?"

“You...don’t understand...gear so long...”

“It’ll take some time, but you’ll get used to being free again!” Sue felt a pang of guilt. If it was in fact F.E.R.A.L that grabbed them, they could set her free, but if Sue completed the assignment then Cheesecake would be put back in the gear and all the “terrorists” would be arrested.

“No!” Cheesecake wailed. “Cheesecake wants gear on!”

It was Sue’s turn to recoil. She wasn’t sure what to say to her companion’s declaration.

Sue decided to switch gears again, “Look...I, uh, I’m with the HPPS,” She started. “I’ve sent a signal to my partner with the police. They’ll be coming after us, you’ll see!”

That seemed to calm her. It wasn’t at all how Sue imagined the interaction would go. For days Sue had wondered if she would have to make a difficult choice. As she grew to like Cheesecake while they played, ate, and slept together she had started to want F.E.R.A.L to appear and to succeed in freeing her. Even though Sue knew that failing at her assignment could have awful consequences. It seemed, however, that no such dilemma would ever arise.

Part 8: Sapphire

The drive was long and bumpy. With a lot of coaxing, Sue managed to get Cheesecake to keep talking, even though the bigger girl periodically insisted that it wasn’t allowed. As Cheesecake spoke the words began to come more clearly from her still-drooling mouth. Apparently, Sue found that talking was a lot like riding a bike.

“You’re not the first woman I’ve met to extend service, but what made you sign a lifetime contract?” Sue thought of Boji and how she had been blackmailed into signing one. She expected to hear about how Ryan Polk, Cheesecake’s owner, had done something similar.

“Because I love it, Ditzyl!” Cheesecake blurted out. “...I have...vet says I have a really high sex drive...and I *love* sex. Being a puppy girl for life, and having an owner who doesn’t mind sharing me with just about everyone, means I get more cock than I know what to do with!”

“Oh...” was all Sue could answer. She thought of Donna and wondered if the perky groomer still went by her puppy girl name during sexual encounters.

“As a woman there’s all the talking and deciding, but as a puppy girl I’m always open and there’s no talking involved!” She laughed. “When I was given the choice between slaving away at some job like you, uh, no offense...and being taken care of and regularly fucked, well it wasn’t a choice!”

“Uh, huh...” Sue nodded. It wasn’t that she was confused by the response. It was that it sort of made sense.

They continued to chat, until sometime later, the van finally halted. Sue and Cheesecake looked at each other and exchanged tense glances.

“Don’t worry,” Sue whispered. Dealing with F.E.R.A.L terrorists or not, she was actually looking forward to getting out of the gear.

The crate was roughly pulled from the van and the two of them were unceremoniously dumped onto the dirt floor of what looked like inside of a large barn.

“Don’t worry!” It was Renee, the receptionist standing over both of them. She’d traded her heels and business casual attire for combat boots and black fatigues. “You’re among friends!” She looked over her shoulder and spoke to another woman standing by the van. “See, this the other one I told you about.” She motioned to Sue. “I *had* to bring her along. I think Phil might have done something awful to her if I wasn’t around to watch him!”

The other woman stepped out of the shadow of the van. Dressed the same as Renee, she was tall, with Auburn hair tied back in a ponytail. Her intense, steel blue eyes looked over both of Sue and Cheesecake for long, uncomfortable seconds. When she finally spoke her voice was cold and evenly measured. “No, you’re right, but not for the reason you think...” She stared at Sue intently for a few moments. Then she pointed at Cheesecake. “Help her out of that *thing* and get her some clothes!”

“Wait!” Cheesecake piped up. “Please...please don’t take off the gear! Please turn the sitter back on...”

The auburn haired woman looked at her sternly. “That’s just the programming talking. Believe me...” She ran her tongue over her teeth and rubbed her stomach idly. “Get to it!”

Two more women dressed in black fatigues appeared and dragged Cheesecake away. All the while the chubby, blonde pet girl cried and screamed, “No! No! Turn it back on! Turn it back on!”

Sue felt sorry for her as she watched her friend being dragged away. Ridiculously, she even felt a need to try and stop the women in black, but the auburn-haired woman was right. It was just programming. With enough time Cheesecake would go back to being herself, whoever that was, but Sue wasn’t sure if that was right anymore. Who was she, or anyone else for that matter, to decide what was best for Cheesecake other than Cheesecake?

“And you...” The woman grabbed Sue’s tag roughly. “Ditzy?” She laughed. “No...I think it’s...Inspector Sue Sharp.” She smiled wickedly. “I’m Sapphire. You don’t know anything about me yet, but I know a lot about you!”

Forgetting for a moment that she could speak Sue almost barked back. She cleared her throat, "How did you know...?"

"F.E.R.A.L has eyes and ears everywhere!" Sapphire declared. "We keep really close tabs on gender-traitors like you!"

"But I'm not a..."

"Not a gender-traitor? Not really with them? Save it! I heard your lies when you led them to Megan and Sarah!" There was something erratic in Sapphire's movements, tone and expression that seemed *off* and it made Sue anxious. She was suddenly very aware of how helpless she was in the gear, even with the petsitter being disabled.

"That would mean that you were in the warehouse that night, right?" Sue ventured.

"So, we're not so ditzy after all, huh? Yes, I was there. I slipped away just as the police arrived. I knew what would happen if I was caught!" She ran her tongue over her teeth again and raised her shirt to show the top of a heart-shaped, paw brand. It was old and faded, but the outline was still clear, just like Donna's.

Sue stared at the brand. Suddenly she was more afraid than she was when she'd been first brought to the boarding kennel.

Sapphire dropped her shirt and lowered her face to Sue's. "If you're thinking that your chip is going to save you this time, don't. When we disabled the sitters, we disabled the tracking chips. Your people are going to have dozens and dozens of freed 'service animals' to track down and no way to track them! And that's just the beginning..." She trailed off. "But what should we do with you?"

"Well, you could just let me go. I promise I'll put a good word in for you with the HPPS!" Sue smirked.

"You really are completely unapologetic aren't you?"

"No. I'm just...trying to survive," Sue admitted.

"Well, my little survivor, don't worry, you'll get to do that while you're our guest, but just barely!"

The sun was just starting to show through the cracks in the barn walls when Sue collapsed into a sweaty, bruised heap onto a pile of straw. She'd been walked from one end of the barn to the other for hours. Every time one of the F.E.R.A.L women got tired they traded

out. Her throat was bruised. They used a choke chain and a crop and none of them hesitated to give a sharp yank and a swift stroke every time she slowed down.

Sue lay on the straw in a daze. She jumped when she felt something poke her ribs. Weakly she looked up to see Sapphire standing above her, still dressed like a 21st century discount revolutionary.

“Good morning, *inspector!*” She chimed. “I thought we might have a little talk while I have my breakfast.” She sat down at a small table nearby while another woman brought a sumptuous meal on a tray.

Sue’s nose twitched at the smell of bacon, eggs, waffles, and coffee. Her stomach grumbled. She hadn’t eaten in awhile and she hadn’t had a good caffeine fix in so long.

Sapphire pointed at a spot by her chair as she sat down. “Come here, dog.”

Sue gulped and crawled meekly to the spot. It was not lost on her that she was acting submissively or that ironically the F.E.R.A.L women had treated her worse than Phil or any of the handlers at the boarding kennel had.

Sapphire dug into her breakfast. Sue felt herself starting to drool. Sapphire paid her apparently no mind and casually ate for several long, agonizing minutes.

“Mmmm, so good!” She remarked as she took another bite, “So, can you sleep at night knowing what you are—what you’ve done?” Without waiting for an answer, Sapphire continued, “I don’t see how anyone could—and you did it all to your own kind!”

Sue didn’t sleep well for just that reason, but she didn’t like to be reminded about it. She cleared her dry throat. “How do you sleep at night knowing that you left Megan and Sarah behind? If you knew what would happen to them why didn’t you try to save them?”

Sapphire backhanded her and Sue saw stars.

“How dare you!” She growled. “How dare you!” She slapped Sue across the other cheek.

Sue’s cheeks were on fire and one of her extended wear contacts had fallen out of her eye.

That was dumb, Sue! She told herself. Her good eye caught sight of motion behind Sapphire. In the window in the wall behind Sapphire, Sue saw Robert peeking through. She squinted as he made several hand gestures. From what she could gather, it looked like he wanted her to keep Sapphire talking.

Sue tore her gaze from the window before Sapphire noticed and spat back in a hoarse voice, "You're a coward! If I'm a 'gender-traitor' you're twice as bad!"

Sapphire stood up in a fury and kicked Sue onto her back. "They were casualties of war!" She shrieked. That same erratic pattern of voice, expression, and movement had returned, but Sue continued to antagonize her.

"Ha! Casualties of war? What are you a general now? You couldn't even 'rescue' one service animal right!" Sue rolled aside as Sapphire's boot came crashing down on the spot where she had been.

Damn! That would have been my ribs!

Sapphire tried to stomp Sue several more times, but each time Sue managed to roll away, but just barely. Finally, Sue hit the wall and could go no further. That's when Sapphire's boot connected. Luckily, for Sue's ribs, it wasn't a solid hit. Still Sue gasped as the air was knocked out of her.

"Okay, put your hands up!" Robert commanded. He was standing at the door of the barn with his gun drawn. "Your friends in the house are already down, so it's just you, sweetheart. Don't try anything..."

Sapphire straightened. "You know, I don't hate you as much as her. You're only a man after all...you're just doing what your disgusting kind does to women..." She looked down at Sue and then over her shoulder at Robert. "Alright, looks like you got me..." She started to raise one of her hands and Sue caught sight of a pistol tucked into her belt.

"Robert!" She croaked. "Look out!"

Sapphire pulled the gun as she spun and shot. Robert ducked and returned fire. Both missed their mark, and both scrambled for cover. Sue darted for cover herself as the two shot back and forth at each other several more times. Not sure what to do during a gunfight, she stayed low and made her way over to Robert.

When she emerged from behind a stack of hay bales, he smiled. "Fancy meeting you here," he whispered. "Got your signal!" He winked.

Sue smiled back ruefully. Then they both heard an engine roar to life. Sue and Robert both peered out from opposite sides of their cover at a large four-wheel-drive-truck with Sapphire behind the wheel. It sped right at them. Robert grabbed Sue around the bare waist and rolled the two of them out of the way as the truck reduced their cover to splinters and straw. It crashed through the door of the barn and sped away.

As the engine sound faded, Sue, still in Robert's arms, looked up at him and licked his neck appreciatively. Sue was lost in the moment, in his taste and in his scent. She was so happy that she was safe, he was safe, and that the assignment was over.

"Whoa!" Robert laughed. "Down, girl! Down!"

Robert's voice brought her back to reality. She immediately stopped and crawled backwards until she was off of him and a few feet away.

"So...happy to see me, Ditzzy?" Robert brushed the dirt off his jacket.

Sue curled her lip. It made her angry that he looked so cool and in control even after they'd nearly both been killed. It made her angrier that he had just witnessed her wretched little display of affection.

"Sorry..." She cleared her throat. "No. It's just force of habit."

Robert shrugged and called in Sapphire's vehicle description. Sue lay on her side, exhausted and panting.

It was over.

Part 9: Full Circle

Sue had spent nearly the whole week of vacation she'd been granted after the case in a fog. The sangria bottles were piling up at home and so was her tab at the bar. Congratulations from Mr. Cross and a heartfelt thank you from Cheesecake (before the sitter was reactivated) and from Ryan Polk, her owner, hadn't made Sue feel much better.

Phil, the handler at the kennel, had been declared a city hero. He'd shown up just after the F.E.R.A.L agents had ran off with Sue and Cheesecake and managed to keep about half of the escaped puppy girls from "wandering off" and "getting lost." The others, the news assured, would be recovered soon. Trying to lodge a complaint about him was unthinkable. Besides, as Mr. Cross had told her, "It was part of the job."

Sapphire was still at large, but Renee, the fake receptionist, and six other F.E.R.A.L agents were arrested. Their trial hadn't yet happened, but Sue already knew the verdict. *Everyone* already knew the verdict.

Sapphire had said that their little kennel stunt was "only the beginning." Sue wondered what they would be up to next. Her dreams about rebelling against the system had gotten even further away, and she wondered if she was even capable of it anymore. Everything suddenly seemed so much more complicated.

She was wrong that no one could see her in the crate when she had her sweaty, guilty amusements. *She* saw her.

You could have told him. Sue thought to herself as she took a sip from her glass. *You could have told him that he'd popped up in your fantasies again and again! You could have just been nice and thanked him for showing up when he did, but you still had to be bitch didn't you?*

She finished off her third glass and looked down at her contacts list on her phone. She flipped between four options, her mom, her dad, her sister, and Robert before shutting off the phone and ordering another glass of sangria in faintly slurred speech.

The End