

Inspector Sue Sharp – Sue’s Third Case – The Mutt Maker

Case #1

Case #2

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Based on the Nimbletail Comic – [Derailed](#)

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..."

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 ditzzy 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.