

## Part 5: The Mutt Maker

Sue was startled by the sharp hiss of the zipper and momentarily blinded by even the dim light of wherever she was. She bobbed her head awkwardly trying to get her bent, cracked glasses back onto her nose so she could see. The first thing she saw clearly was her kidnapper standing above her. With a grunt, he almost effortlessly pulled her out of the case and set her onto the bare, dusty, concrete floor. The desire between her legs had dulled, but it flared back up again with the sudden rough motion.

“Welcome to your new home, mutt.”

Sue’s eyes went wide when she saw the box cutter in his hand. Her breathing through her runny nose increased more and more the closer and closer he came.

“Hold still,” he murmured, then cut the tape that secured her slender ankles and ripped it away, making her wince.

He did the same for her wrists and then for the tape around her head. She moaned weakly as the blood began to flow back into her extremities as she worked out her sore jaw. He pocketed the cutter and kicked the suitcase aside. For a moment his back was to her and Sue jumped up to run from him, only to become dizzy and fall.

Her kidnapper laughed as he walked up behind her. “Wow, even with only half the dose in you, you’re still stuck on your hands and knees just like the little bitch you are.” He scratched his chin through his mask. “Hmm...maybe it’s because you’re so little and scrawny all it took was the smaller dose...we’ll have to tell the doctor about you, won’t we?”

He bent down towards her and snapped his fingers making her flinch. “Go ahead, girl. Speak! Tell me your name.”

Sue thought of the two victims. Neither could still speak, nor apparently understand complex speech after what her kidnapper had done to them. It was clear to her, even though she was terrified, and appallingly, still very aroused, that he wanted to see if she also had lost those abilities. It frightened her to consider the possibility that her speech could have been lost, even if she could still understand it. There would be time enough to determine what she could and couldn’t do later. At that moment, she wanted to make him drop his guard, so she looked up at him blankly and moaned again.

“Perfect!” He clapped his hands together, apparently quite pleased with himself. “I’ll just call you ‘mutt’ for now...” He took her hands in his and looked them over.

Sue felt her blood run cold. While slightly lighter, her hands had the same purplish hue as the victims’. While stuffed in the suitcase, she had wiggled her fingers. So, she knew her hands still worked, but she held them still to keep up the illusion.

She remembered the words that had gotten her through the hard times, which was all the time, during her undercover stay at the boarding kennel. “Don’t think of yourself as human while you’re wearing the gear. It helps just to think of yourself as an animal the whole time. It sort of—numbs the shame you’d feel otherwise.”

Sue wasn’t wearing the gear, but she allowed her mind to shift to the place she had made to deal with the humiliation and degradation she had to face at times—to the place it had been going when she’d had her disgraceful, little fantasies. She let her swollen tongue out and panted. Instead of ignoring the arousal between her legs, she focused on it. She was just in heat. It was perfectly normal. No one would judge a dumb little puppy for being all sloppy and wet! She cocked her head to the side, looked at her limp hands with a confused, puzzled expression, and then up at her captor with the same empty stare.

He smiled down at her and patted her head gently before his fingers laced into her hair and yanked her to her knees. Instead of screaming, she whined. The man grabbed the collar of her jumper and blouse and in one strong motion tore them both from her shoulders. Without a wasted motion he grabbed the bottom of her undershirt and tugged it over her head, knocking her glasses askew again. Sue whined louder and felt her “puppy parts” tingle as the chill of the room brushed her bare, white skin. Despite that, she was terrified of what might actually happen. She wasn’t in a place with rules. There was no stamp on her butt telling handlers to only have light contact with her.

Her kidnapper took his mask off and grinned down at her. Though his dark eyes reflected the dim lights making them look sinister, he looked so very average on the whole. He didn’t look harmless, no man was completely harmless after all, but he didn’t seem especially threatening. In another context, his wide smile would have been almost boyish and even cute.

He unbuckled his belt. “Now, let’s finish what we started, mutt...”

Sue tried to keep the fear out of her eyes. She tried to smile and pant like a needy little doggy. She tried to act the part, but she trembled as he reached into his pants. A million thoughts about how she should attack him and get away raced through her mind, but nothing would stick. She was frozen—caught between fight and flight.

The cheerful tones of her kidnapper’s phone ringer sang out, shattering the silence and tension. Grumbling, he pulled his phone from his pocket.

“Six o’clock already? Goddamn it...” He zipped his pants back up and grabbed Sue by her hair again. “I’ll have to put you away for a little while, but don’t worry...I’ll be back for you!” He squeezed her right breast painfully making tears come to her eyes.

Dressed only in grime-smeared knee socks, with one up and one bunched around her ankle, and scuffed Mary Jane shoes, Sue was dragged through a narrow door into a small concrete room. The room smelled terrible, like a combination of cheap dog food, sweat, urine, and other things she didn’t want to name. There was a single, slightly flickering, light bulb hanging from the ceiling, which cast a feeble light. Heavy chains snaked down from their

origins, study looking d-rings placed at equal intervals halfway up the walls, onto the floor and ended in equally cumbersome metal collars. There were stinking, filthy rags, scraps of damp cardboard, and other trash haphazardly piled in the corners. The room wasn't even fit for the skittering cockroaches that darted in and out of the refuse.

Sue grimaced as her captor swatted her hard on her pert upturned butt. Then he thankfully released her hair. "Welcome to your new home, mutt. At least until I get tired of you! Then who knows?"

His alarm went off again. Grumbling, he closed the rusty metal door with a loud clang leaving Sue alone. With her butt still stinging, she flipped around, came up on her knees, and tried the door. Her purplish hands could move, but it was as if she had terrible arthritis. It took some concentration to wrap her hand around the handle only to find that the door was locked when she pulled it.

*Damn it.*

If only the tracking device they'd covertly implanted in her when she'd started at the HPPS still worked, but it had been neutralized when the F.E.R.A.L agents abducted her. After she was made aware of its presence, and that it no longer functioned, it was a point of pride for her to not have it fixed. She didn't need to be tracked like a stray dog after all!

*Apparently, I need to be tracked like a stray dog...*

Sue wiggled her behind at the thought. She could always push her degrading, gross little fantasies into the compartment of her mind she'd reserved for them when she needed to attend to mundane matters or serious business. With the half-dose of the drug in her system, however, all of her disgusting little fantasies spilled out and made it incredibly difficult to think. She gingerly sat down on the dirty concrete and looked at her purplish hands.

*What if I'm like this forever?*

The thought cut right through her constant, sweaty, pink haze of arousal. She slowly spread her legs and looked down at her vagina. Her normally delicate pink lips were swollen, red, and trembling. With each spasm she clenched at the air in vain.

*What if you want to be like this forever, Sue?*

*A man awaits his end*

*Dreading and hoping all...*

There was a rustling from one of the piles. Sue scrambled to her hands and knees to await whatever came. A grimy head of a young woman popped out of the tangled mess. Her striking green eyes were bright and searching, but brimmed with tears; they were in sharp contrast to the purplish tinge on the bridge of her nose and her cheeks. Her brown hair was

tangled and matted, with half of it tied into a crude pigtail secured with tape and the other half hanging down to her shoulder. As she crawled out of the garbage pile, Sue could see that her hands and feet were bound tightly with tape. She looked like the cheap off-brand of an official ComPet.

*So, that's how he snuck her and the other victims off the train. He made cheap imitation pet gear and took them out in front of everyone...no one thinks a nearly naked young woman crawling and being led around on a leash is wrong, or even out of the ordinary...*

Sue recognized the other girl immediately. She swallowed the excess drool in her mouth and fought to get her thick-feeling tongue to work. "V-Valarie? Valarie Cooper?"

The young woman barked cheerfully despite the tears in her eyes and bounded towards Sue. Sue backpedaled to put some distance between them, but Valarie quickly closed the gap and pressed the smaller girl against the cold, moist, cinder block wall.

Sue wrinkled up her nose.

*God, she stinks!*

Valarie panted excitedly. Then, without warning, she stuck out her slobbery tongue and licked Sue from collarbone to forehead.

"Bleah! Ick!" Sue managed to exclaim.

Valarie licked her across her cheeks, her chin, even her lips countless times as Sue tried to push her away. Valarie wasn't much bigger than Sue, but she was so energetic that it was hard to handle her. Finally, Sue managed to scramble past her towards the center of the room, but she didn't get far. Valarie bit down on Sue's sock and growled playfully as she tugged on it. Sue grimaced back and tried to shake her off.

Valarie acted as if the whole thing was a game. Instead of letting go she lunged forward and mounted Sue from behind. Sue's eyes popped open and her breath caught in her throat when Valarie's wooly, sopping snatch grazed her own silky, drippy slit. Sue was straight, at least she was pretty sure she was. She was not the least bit attracted to Valarie, but her body didn't seem to care what her preferences were as long as it was getting the gratification *it* desired. Sue didn't know what Valarie's preferences were, or if she even had any left, but it was clear that both their bodies had the same agenda. Valarie slid back and forth against her making the skin between them slippery. Sue bit her lower lip and fought not to press back into her.

It took every ounce of her willpower to snarl the only thing she could think of to make a misbehaving puppy stop doing something, "Bad dog! Stop! Bad dog!"

Valarie immediately recoiled from the harsh tone and words. She whimpered and scooted back to her pile of cardboard and rags and looked at Sue fearfully.

Panting and sweating, Sue tried to catch her breath. She felt genuinely bad for frightening Valarie, especially after what the poor thing had probably been through, but it was all she could think of to do and she was very happy that it worked. On all fours, Sue looked disgusted at the slimy, string of her own excitement hanging from her grasping pussy.

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When Sue's captor returned he seemed angry. He slammed the door behind him making her and Valarie jump. Like flipping a switch, Sue's tongue came out and she started panting loudly. She let the excess drool start to flow again and she wiggled her behind like she was happy to see him. Valarie sniffed the air and raced out of the pile of junk again, past Sue and started licking the man's bulge through his pants as she humped the toe of his shoe.

For all the lip service that Sue gave to the plight of puppy girls, Sue had always felt a mixture of pity and disgust when she saw them. The amounts of pity and disgust depended on the puppy girl's behavior. Seeing Valarie eagerly lapping and making a puddle of her juices on the man's shoe tipped the scales into disgust, but feeling herself stir for what must have been the hundredth time since her abduction curbed her former feelings of superiority. The overwhelming need to join Valarie in her pathetic display, to hump and slurp at a strange man's crotch—never mind that he was her kidnapper—destroyed any notion that she was above her in any respect.

The man sneered in disgust and backhanded Valarie across the face sending her toppling into the corner.

"Get the fuck off me, Smelly! I've played with you plenty of times already. You're boring!"

Despite bleeding from her lip, Val leapt back up and tried to straddle his shoe again. The man grabbed her by the hair, dragged her to one of the wall-mounted chains and secured the thick metal collar around her bruised, scraped neck.

Val whined and strained against the chain and collar, nearly choking herself as she tried to get to him.

The man laughed. "You're all used up. It's about time I sold you. Ha! As if anyone would want a used animal like you..." Val didn't seem to comprehend a word of what he'd said. She only whined louder and continued to choke herself with the collar.

The man turned his attention to Sue. Caught between wanting to grind against him and run from him, Sue did her best to keep her docile, dumb expression as he approached.

He looked down at her as he unbuckled his belt, unzipped his pants and pulled his hard cock out to show it to her. "I know you want this. You probably want it more than anything you've ever wanted in your life. Yet, look at you, fighting it. I don't know if you even still understand me, but I hope you do. After I'm finished with you, you probably won't even know

that you've been given to a group of homeless men under a bridge, or sold to some three hundred pound heifer. All you'll see is a slimy cock to suck or a smelly cunt to lick and you'll do it happily because it's what little bitches like you are made to do." He presented the same stubby, penis-headed, purple syringe. "This'll just help you to realize what you're made for..."

Sue's eyes darted back and forth between the real cock and the fake one. Until then, she'd never seen an actual cock in real life, and in her state it made her feel even more needy and desperate. She trembled.

"All you need is the rest of your dose...then all the pain and confusion you're probably feeling will go away...present that scrawny ass..."

Sue's mind raced. Why had she felt an impulse to do what he said?

"Present..." he repeated.

Why was she thinking about obeying and letting him destroy everything that she was?

"I know you understand. Present..."

Did she hate herself so much?

*Man has created death.*

"Present..." His voice was getting harder more-commanding.

Sue thought about the brief moment she'd connected with Robert. Wasn't it worth fighting for just one more real moment with another person rather than just giving up and throwing it all away?

"Presen—"

It was worth one more try. With his guard down, it was easy for Sue to reach up and grabbed her abductor's hanging testicles as hard as she could. She squeezed them like a pair of overly ripe grapes. He gasped in surprise and dropped the syringe.

In a rage, he reached down to grab her, but he stumbled with his pants halfway down his legs. Though she was small and still unskilled, he was terribly off balance. She stayed low and rolled into him making him fall over her and crash headfirst into the wall near Valarie. He lay in a heap, dazed and groaning. Sue wasted no time. She crawled near him as quickly as she could and snapped one of the metal collars around his neck.

Sue fished his cracked phone out of his pocket and backed away. He was just regaining his senses when Valarie realized she could reach him. She squealed with delight, straddled him and began to desperately hump him. So wild were her motions that she kept missing his member. It took her a dozen tries before her frantic movements were rewarded. She let out a high-pitched yelp and bounced on top of him like she was straddling an exercise ball. Her

expression had turned from empty to one of pure bliss as she rode him. Their former captor groaned and tried to force her off of him, but he was still dazed from the fall and clearly she was making him feel good.

He tugged at the collar and weakly called to Sue in-between his pleased groans, "You—you—bitch..."

Valarie shifted her pawed hands to his shoulders and then jounced her hips up and down like a jackhammer. Tears flowed down her cheeks while she continued to yip and squeal as she worked and worked against him. Moaning and groaning himself, the man tried once more to push her off, but Valarie had a purpose, the purpose he'd given her, and she was going to fulfill it.

In the open doorway, Sue leaned against the frame and came up as high as she could on her knees without getting dizzy. She made eye contact with the man and smirked at him.

"Enjoy yourself big boy! You deserve it!" She blew him a kiss and held down the emergency call button on the phone.

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Valarie had finally stopped humping their former captor. He was moaning senselessly as she suckled on his flaccid cock and continued to rub herself back and forth across his leg. Sue stayed far away from either of them to help keep herself under control. She'd crawled back to the spot where he'd stripped her and did her best to cover herself with the scraps of her uniform before the cavalry arrived. The coarse itchy fabric of the blouse brushing against her already sore, engorged nipples made her wince as she gingerly held the tattered garment against her blushing chest. The panties were out of the question. She hadn't been sitting outside the kennel room for long and her constantly flowing juices were already making the floor beneath her damp.

When the police and the HPPS finally arrived everything seemed to happen at once. The kidnapper was handcuffed and read his rights. Handlers in gray coveralls cornered Valarie and bound her with yellow wrap restraints and slapped a yellow "Evidence" sticker across her forehead. After she was carted away, the same handlers approached Sue.

She held up a purple-streaked hand and mumbled, "I'm...n-not...I mean I..."

She was tired. She'd been through a lot. The drug still being in her system certainly didn't make expressing herself any easier. The scent of all the males around her made her mind feel like it was being pulled in a dozen different directions.

"Relax, girl..." One of the handlers said gently with his hands up. Two others flanked her and crept closer and closer, one held yellow restraining wraps in his hands and the other held a leather muzzle. This wasn't the way things were supposed to happen. They were supposed to congratulate her for catching the suspect. She was supposed to be bragging to

Robert that she'd "handled" herself in a fight and that he wouldn't have to worry about her anymore.

Sue shook her head at them mutely. Panicked, exhausted, and drugged real protest or struggle seemed impossible. She would be "catalogued" like all the victims. Then one scent cut through all the others in the room and she felt safe at once.

"Back off!" Robert stepped between them and her.

"Detective, she needs to come with us, she's..."

"She's my partner, not a piece of evidence. Back off."

The three men did just that.

Robert turned back to her and knelt down in front of her.

"Oh, God..." He cupped her cheek with his hand. "Are you alright, Sue?"

Sue couldn't hear the question over the blood rushing in her ears. All she could focus on was his gentle, electric touch and his overwhelming, comforting scent. Both seem to drift across her, through her, like wisps of sweet smelling smoke, teasing her—enticing her. All of her remaining willpower evaporated like droplets of water sprinkled on red hot coals. She leapt on him, buried her face in his crotch, and desperately nuzzled and licked him. Feeling his hardness through his pants against her cheeks, her lips, her nose, she wrapped up in his scent—in *him*—as if he were a thick, warm blanket on a freezing winter night. Barely aware of the laughter and rude remarks of the other men, and not caring, she clung to his leg and humped his shoe recklessly. The leather was immediately made slick with her sap and she felt herself rampaging towards a powerful, wild climax.

"Sue! Sue!" Robert's voice broke through. "It's the drug, honey. It's the drug! You're not yourself!"

She was lost in a fevered delirium as Robert dislodged her from his leg. He wrapped her up in his coat and wrestled her into her arms, so he could carry her to his car. Sue whined and struggled to the point of exhaustion. She sobbed into his chest as frustrated tears flowed.

*I am myself, Robert! I am myself...*

## **Part 6: The Farce**

It could have been days, or it could have been years. Sue didn't know. As it turned out her stay in the hospital only lasted a few weeks. Dr. Hampton from the FBP R&D told Sue that she had been lucky. He had said that if she'd been given the full dose of the chemical then her mind would have been totally gone. With the clean sample they were able to get from the dropped syringe, or the "mutt plug" as they'd started calling it, they were able to develop a sort

of counteragent, but only for cases like Sue's. Valarie and the other victims would be stuck as they were, though the cure for Sue could apparently at least help dull the symptoms for them.

The waitress brought another glass of sangria. Sue was trying to drink away a hangover. She estimated that it was going to take at least one more glass to do it.

"Here you go, Sue." She said. "Hair of the dog that bit you?"

Sue half-smiled. "Sure."

She sipped slowly. She had all evening. In fact, she had all week. She was happy that the bastard was in custody—ecstatic in fact—but it was clear that he hadn't been the one to make the drug. He'd mentioned to Sue about wanting to tell the "doctor" about her. Obviously, there was more to the story, but Sue pursued the cases she was given. There was no room for her personal interests.

Sue's ears perked up at the "special announcement" musical cue that always played when news broke. The TV on the wall across the bar's counter was usually turned low, the way Sue liked it, but the bartender had turned it up for himself and a few patrons on nearby barstools.

"We interrupt this broadcast to bring you live to the FBP headquarters where the final victim, of the infamous 'Mutt Maker,' formerly known as 'Valarie Cooper,' is about to be reunited with her boyfriend, Thomas Schmidt."

Sue had to give the media credit. With the alliteration, "Mutt Maker" was a pretty memorable name. The picture on the screen flipped from the news logo to a scene in the main foyer of the FBP headquarters. The young man, Thomas Schmidt, stood with a group of people from law enforcement and the HPPS. He looked visibly miserable.

The camera panned to the door where one of the handlers came out with Valarie on a leash. Though she was still drooling and leaking a little, she was at least clean, well-groomed and in proper pet gear. The ear tag and ComPet brands didn't escape Sue's notice. That aside, though her appearance was certainly an improvement, even on TV her bright, green, tear-rimmed eyes were disturbingly empty. The new drug must have worked though. Otherwise Valarie would have gone crazy in a room with so many men—Sue shifted uncomfortably—and women.

Thomas clapped his hand over his mouth when he saw her. Sue felt sorry for him, because she knew for a fact that he had been strong-armed into the whole thing. It was too good a PR opportunity for the FBP to pass up. He knelt down in front of former girlfriend and after a moment's hesitation, he embraced her and she lovingly licked his cheek. The whole thing couldn't have looked more fake. Sue was surprised that someone didn't push him forward at the point of a bayonet.

The small crowd broke into applause as the reporter declared that the scene was “true love triumphant” and a “happy ending.”

Sue snorted. *Yeah, he looks ecstatic!*

A few of the bar patrons watching joked back and forth about how lucky Schmidt was. As far as they were concerned, a puppy girl that was always wet and ready was obviously a lot better than having a nagging girlfriend. No one seemed to care about poor Valarie.

One of the FBP spokesmen stepped in, put a hand on Thomas' shoulder and urged him to stand up. “Everyone here at the FBP knows that you were planning on proposing to your girlfriend before all of this happened.”

Thomas looked like he was going to be sick. Clearly no one warned him that they were going to share even more of his private business with the public.

“Yeah, I was...” he mumbled. Valarie sniffed around his shoes and wagged her tail.

The spokesman nodded sympathetically. “So, you're together now, what's stopping you?”

“I uh...”

“Ah, yes, you're probably worried that the engagement ring won't fit on her cute little paws!” Everyone in the room chuckled except for Thomas and Valarie. “On behalf of the FBP we'd like to present you with this.” He opened a box and presented a brand new collar with a heart-shaped name tag. Embedded in the blank space where the name would usually go was a stunning, round sapphire.

“Go ahead, son. Put it on her!”

Thomas took the collar and knelt back down in front of Valarie again. He frowned as he wrapped the tan leather around her neck. As he fumbled with the buckle Valarie licked him on the cheek again and barked happily.

The crowd cooed at her and chuckled. Someone near the camera said, “Aw, it's like she can understand!”

Thomas stood back up and the small crowd clapped again. The spokesman put Valarie's leash in Thomas' slack hand.

“And this isn't all. We know that taking on a puppy girl is a big responsibility. So, we reached out to local companies who donated all the things you'll need to keep her safe, happy, and healthy.” The camera cut for a moment to a cache of pet supplies including a dog crate, bags of kibble, toys, dishes, among other things before returning to the spokesman and Thomas.

Pointing at Valarie who was innocently wagging her drenched nether regions at the camera, the spokesman chuckled, "And we've made sure to supply you regular kibble. I don't think this eager little pup is going to need the new 'Frisky Formula!'" The small crowd laughed again.

"People are going to eat this up, huh?" Robert was suddenly next to Sue's usual corner table. "Mind if I sit down?"

Sue was happy to have something to distract her from the TV. She moved her purse. "Yeah, go ahead."

The waitress came by. "What can I get you, sir?"

"Ice water with a lemon, please."

"Uh-huh, coming right up."

They sat in silence as the TV buzzed in the background. Reporters were bombarding poor Thomas with all kinds of personal questions. What was he going to name her? Would he just sign the papers or were they going to have a full wedding? Was he planning on breeding her immediately or would he wait for a while?

Sue kept her gaze fixed on the half-empty wine glass. She hadn't seen Robert since he'd whisked her away to the hospital.

The waitress returned with the water. "Enjoy."

What was she supposed to say to him? She seemed to ask herself that a lot.

Robert cleared his throat to get her attention. He smiled. It wasn't a mocking smile or even an expression of pity. It was just a nice smile. "It's alright, Sue. I know you weren't yourself."

"I..." It was hard enough to express one feeling, and she felt like she had a million of them all at once.

"I told you. I'm all about forgive and forget—or just forget in this case." He waggled his eyebrows as he took a drink of water.

Sue sighed. She didn't want him to forget. She wanted him to say that her pitiful, revolting display was all that he'd thought about since she'd done it. She wanted him to say that he wanted her—needed her.

"Have you eaten yet?"

"No."

“Neither have I. Want to split a pizza? My treat.”

“Okay.”

Sue hefted her purse onto her shoulder and followed Robert out of the bar into the purples and blues of the early autumn evening. He jokingly offered his arm to her, and to his surprise and to hers, Sue took it and they made their way leisurely down the empty sidewalk.

It wasn't really the case for Thomas and Valarie, but maybe love would be triumphant for her someday. Maybe when she could finally get the courage to tell him, “I was myself that night, maybe more than I ever was...” Of course, admitting that to herself would be hard enough even if she were a hundred percent sure that it was true. Admitting it to Robert would be unthinkable.

Maybe it wasn't unthinkable. After all, hadn't she just thought it?

The End