

Part 3: Informed and Uniformed

Sue and Robert made their way back to their shared office. As they rounded the corner, Sue stopped dead in her tracks. "Donna?"

Donna, perky, blonde, pet-groomer Donna, stood in front of the door with two bundles in her arms. She wore her familiar bright groomer's smock and her long hair had been styled into twin French braids.

"Sue!" She exclaimed. "It's so good to see you again!"

"What are *you* doing here?" Sue asked while trying not to sound as wary as she felt. Being in the presence of the woman who had humiliated her and outfitted her as a pet made her feel suddenly very much out of control.

What is the etiquette when you see someone again after they shoved a "runt-sized" plug up your butt anyway?

"Don't worry, hun! I'm just here to help you both look the part. You're not going to end up on my table today!" She handed the smaller of the two bundles to Sue. "Here's one for you and..." Donna offered the larger bundle to Robert while looking sideways at him briefly. Sue looked between them. They seemed strangely awkward with one another. Neither wanted to make full eye contact and there was a period of silence that lasted just a bit too long. "And, uh, one for you, *detective*...."

"Thanks." He took the bundle and then pointed back down the hall behind him. "Sue, why don't you take the office and I'll go down the hall."

"Yeah, sure," Sue replied slowly both wondering in what way she would need help looking like a student and why Donna and Robert were acting so strangely.

If I didn't know any better I'd think...Oh, my God, did they sleep together? Sue thought. She was disgusted, crushed, and jealous all at the same time, but then she consoled herself. *Well, it must not have been good if they're acting this way. Or maybe it was really good and that's why they're acting this way!*

When Robert had gone back around the corner Donna's typical easy-going manner returned and they went inside the office. For a job she'd always hated, ironically she felt more at home in the tiny office than she did in her apartment. It wasn't just that she spent more time there; it was that unlike her apartment she had someone else to share the space.

"Did you need something else?" Sue set the bundle on her cluttered desk.

Donna closed the door and gave the office a once over. "Mr. Cross wanted me to help you get ready. You're going to be the bait in this little operation after all. I've looked at the other

victims and have a pretty good idea what the kidnapper is looking for, so I'm going to make sure that you're the most irresistible bait!"

Bait? Sue shivered. While it was technically true, no one had phrased it that way until then.

"Don't you worry, I can work my magic on more than puppy girls, you know!" Donna said confidently.

Sue rolled her eyes at how clueless Donna was. *Yes, because what I'm nervous about is how attractive I'll look to a serial kidnapper!*

"What do you think the kidnapper is looking for?" Sue asked.

"All of the victims so far are on the smaller side and have a sweet, innocent look. You might call them 'wholesome,'" Donna explained.

"So you're going to make me look wholesome?" Sue un-wrapped the bundle and frowned at the contents. "What am I looking at?"

"It's the new uniform from Thompson University."

There were four universities in Central City. Thompson University, while having excellent academic and sports programs, had always had a reputation for being strict about its students—mainly its female students—conduct. Sue vaguely remembered hearing at some point a discussion about Thompson U. starting to require uniforms. The whole idea sounded absurd and she was never planning on attending that school, so she'd ignored it. What school would require young adults to wear uniforms?

Sue made a face and picked up the garment at the top of the pile. It was a boxy pink jumper that zipped up the back with a yellow Thompson school logo patch on the upper left breast.

"Ick...what were they thinking?"

Donna stifled a giggle. "Mr. Cross picked it because the uniform is so recognizable and because four out of the six victims were Thompson students. I agreed with him. It'll definitely make you look wholesome, hun!"

Tossing the jumper over her chair, Sue examined the rest of the bundle's contents. There was a white, starched, button-up, short-sleeved, blouse, white knee socks, a pair of shiny black Mary Jane shoes, and two white hair ribbons. At the bottom of the stack, there was a pair of full-cut, white cotton panties and a dull, matching undershirt.

"I've got the uniform handbook right here to help make sure we get your look just right." Donna presented a small book titled: "The Thompson University Uniform Guide for Coeds."

Sue held up the underwear.

“What the hell are these?”

“I think they call them ‘undies.’” Donna smirked as she paged through the guidebook.

“I know that they’re underwear! But *look* at them!”

Without glancing up Donna replied a little too casually, “They’re not that far off from the ones you normally wear.”

“I do *not* wear granny panties!” Sue crumpled up the underwear and dropped them back in the bundle. “It doesn’t matter; I’m not wearing these anyway.”

Donna looked up and pointed at a page. “Uh—according to this, you will be. It says here, ‘The female student body is required to wear *all* parts of the uniform in public spaces. This includes on and off school grounds.’”

“You gotta be kidding me...” Sue snatched the book from Donna’s hands and read the page leading up to the passage, the passage, and what came after it. According to the manual, Thompson University was taking a “stand” against the informality of society, citing that being too trendy, too casual, and too relaxed led to a sluggish mind—especially in young women.

“This is ridiculous! No one is going to see my underwear!” Sue shoved the book back at Donna.

“Rules are rules, Miss Sharp!” Donna adopted the exaggerated tone of a Victorian governess and wagged her finger. “Besides, *someone* might see them and you’ll want to look just like a real Thompson girl...inside and out!”

Sue crossed her arms. “I hate this job.”

Donna resumed scanning the book. “Hey, if no one is going to see them like you said then why worry, right?”

“Ugh, let’s just get this over with.” Sue took a drag on her vape pen.

“Hey, you can’t do that in here.” Donna said.

Sue casually blew a cloud of vapor and winked devilishly. “It’s my office. What are you going to do, tattle on me?” she replied and then turned around to get undressed.

Donna laughed. “Why are you...wait, are you still shy, hun? Even after the kennel and everything?”

Sue shrugged out of her blazer and started unbuttoning her blouse. “If you wanna know, yes, yes I am. It’s how I was raised—and—I dunno! I just am!”

"I couldn't imagine being so shy, especially after doing pet service! Heck, now, I'd probably walk around naked if they let me!"

Sue threw her blouse on top of the coat and wondered if Donna was being serious. She looked down. The bruises across her chest were just starting to fade. Her milky white skin looked especially pale next to her black, satin, push-up bra. She stepped out of her heels, flexed her toes, and unzipped her skirt. Her curiosity about what may or may not have gone on between Donna and Robert was burning.

Damn it, Sue. It's not like he's your boyfriend. It really isn't any of your business! Then again...Well, what the Hell do people talk about then, huh?

"So, speaking of naked, are you seeing anyone lately?" Sue wiggled out of her skirt and began rolling her pantyhose down her thin legs.

Tremendous segue, Sue. Bravo! Truly you are a master of conversation!

"Me? A few people I guess." Donna shrugged.

"Anyone...interesting?" Sue tried to sound casual as she fiddled with the hooks of her bra.

Donna looked up from the handbook. "Well..." She lowered her voice. "You won't say anything will you?"

Sue nodded as she laid her bra on top of the other clothes. The chill from the air conditioning made her small pink nipples point. "Sure, I won't say anything."

"I did go out last Friday..." She lowered her voice again. "...with your partner."

Sue's heart dropped. She wondered why she felt anything about Robert and Donna going on a date, especially since she was already almost sure that they had. Yet, there was something about actually hearing the words and having her suspicions being confirmed that made her feel worse. She just found Robert attractive—that was all. So, why was she so territorial about him? Why did she suddenly want to leap at the tall blonde and scratch her eyes out?

Is it because you actually think that he's the most attractive man you've ever seen? Is it because he's smart, capable, and, when it comes down to it, simply kind?

"Oh, yeah?" Sue hooked her fingers into the waistband of her panties and pulled them down to her ankles. Her whole body broke out in goosebumps as the cold gusts from the vent washed over her. It felt strange to be a few steps away from Robert's desk with all of her clothes off—perhaps even a bit naughty.

"Yeah, we had Thai food and then we...are you shaving now?"

Sue looked over her shoulder. "What?"

Donna pointed down to the small gap between Sue's thighs.

Realizing what she meant, Sue blushed and clapped a hand over the spot.

"Oh, I didn't mean to embarrass you, hun! I just figured you'd re-grow it! You got so upset when I took it off you!"

Sue turned back. Donna noticing her grooming hadn't even crossed her mind. Even after doing it for such a short time, keeping herself "clean" down there just felt natural.

"I guess we won't be needing the 'magic cream' again!" Donna smiled.

Sue turned around with one arm across her slight breasts and a hand in front of her bare crotch.

"Why would you think we'd need that anyway?"

"It says right here!" Donna pointed at another passage in the handbook.

The passage stated, "Cleanliness is next to Godliness. All co-eds will be expected to practice proper hygiene and grooming both on and off campus." Sue read down the list of requirements and stopped at "There shall be no hair below the neck."

"This is ridiculous! How would they even know?" Sue exclaimed.

"Well, it's not like it really matters seeing as how you'd already pass inspection!"

Sue made a face at the idea of any kind of physical inspection and picked up the school-issue panties. As Sue stepped into them, Donna asked, "So does that mean *you're* seeing someone?"

Though the waistband was a bit too tight, the thick, cotton panties seemed just a little too big. Sue tried to adjust them to a more comfortable and flattering place without much success.

"Me? Oh, yeah. I have for awhile now."

"Oh, that's great! Who are they?"

Sue pulled the undershirt over her head. She was the last girl in her class to start wearing a training bra and the last girl to start wearing a real one. Going back to an undershirt wounded her pride like a well-placed shot to the liver. Though she missed the padding from her bra, much to her chagrin the undershirt seemed to be perfectly adequate for her perky little breasts.

"Uh, you wouldn't know him."

Donna shrugged. "Hey, according to this check list you need to get rid of your makeup too. It says, 'Thompson University is committed to providing a distraction free learning environment.'"

Sue sighed. Though she wasn't big on makeup anyway, a little powder, eye shadow and lipstick were nice. She went to the sink in the bathroom adjoined to the office and started scrubbing her face. She tensed as she felt Donna's gentle hands on the hem of her undershirt.

"Don't forget to tuck this in...uniform requirement."

Sue allowed Donna to tuck the bottom of the undershirt into the waistband of the panties. Donna playfully snapped the elastic against Sue's backside making the smaller woman yelp and rear up.

"That wasn't funny!" Sue rubbed the tender spot.

"Really? It was from over here." Donna winked.

After drying her face with a nearby hand towel, Sue sat down and slipped on the knee socks. Unlike the underwear, they fit snugly. They were also clearly made of cheap wool and very itchy. Like her push-up bra, Sue missed her silky hose terribly.

As she stood up to put on the blouse, Sue caught a look of herself in the full length mirror that Robert had on the wall by his desk.

"Oh, my God..." Sue said aloud as she studied her reflection. Without her padded, push-up bra she was flat enough, but what natural curves she had were lost under the frumpy white cotton of the undershirt and panties. Worse still, the voluminous fabric made her already slender arms appear even skinnier, and her legs look coltish and fragile.

"I don't look like a college freshman! I barely look old enough to be a high school freshman!"

"Well, they do say that clothes make the woman!" Donna remarked.

"What does that even mean?"

"I—I dunno...it just seemed like the right thing to say."

Sue tore her eyes away from herself and slipped into the overly starched blouse. It wasn't very comfortable either. It felt too small in the armpits and even across her chest it was tight. She stopped before the top button and tried to find a comfortable spot inside the garment.

Donna reached out to fasten the top button of the blouse.

Sue gagged a bit. "Let me guess...uniform requirement?"

"Yup. It's all part of that 'distraction free environment' I guess! We wouldn't want the boys to see any collarbone now would we?"

Sue gasped. "I'm pretty damn distracted!" She yanked at the tight, scratchy collar of the blouse. "God, this is worse than wearing a dog collar!"

"It sure looks that way!" Donna agreed.

Sue gave up loosening the collar and picked up the hideous, light pink jumper again. She dropped it over her head and wormed into it.

"Here, let me help." Donna pulled it the rest of the way down and zipped up the back. Like the socks, the jumper was made of itchy wool that scratched the top of Sue's bare thighs.

Sue pulled on the hem of the jumper thinking that there were many more inches to go, but to her dismay she realized that it wouldn't go past mid-thigh.

"Oh, they must have sent the wrong size. This is *way* too short!"

Donna pulled the tag out of the back of the jumper and then looked at the handbook.

"No, no, this is right. Look."

Sue looked at the picture of a smiling, uniformed student. Sue wondered how much they had to pay a grown woman to model the thing while smiling as if she absolutely loved wearing it. Sue hoped it was a lot. The hem of the model's jumper was just as high as hers. "Why on Earth would such a conservative school have uniforms with such short skirts? What happened to the 'distraction free environment'?"

"I guess a lot of people wanted to know the same thing. It says here that, 'The skirts are kept short to teach poise and thoughtfulness in the female student body. Coeds must always consider how they sit and how they walk. They must be mindful of their surroundings as a set of stairs or a moderate gust of wind may expose them. The short skirt, consciously and unconsciously, imposes considerations of modesty and immodesty...'"

"Well, great!" Sue carefully sat down. She preferred skirts, but was never one to wear miniskirts. True enough the skirt along with the unflattering underwear did make her mindful. Showing off her normal panties would be bad enough. People seeing the school panties would be mortifying. Robert seeing them would be a disaster.

Ah, he'd probably just cover me up if that happened...

Sue gingerly bent down to buckle on the shoes. The unyielding, shiny black leather encased her tiny feet. When she stood up they pinched. They were flat too. She missed the extra lift that her usual shoes gave her even if it wasn't much.

“Do you need help with your hair, Sue?” Donna presented two hair bands in her palm. The student in the handbook had her long hair in high, braids.

“Dog ears again?”

“Dog ears are for puppy girls. Pigtails are for schoolgirls!”

“I think I got it.” Sue styled her hair in the same way she had done a few nights before when she did her dirty little deed on top of Robert’s coat. As she brushed and banded her hair she bit her lower lip as she felt her heart beat a little faster. A part of her was excited to be able to wear such an undignified hairstyle again without anyone asking why. She was just a silly little Thompson University freshman who was suddenly very glad that her panties were as thick as they were.

“Wow, you’re actually really good at that, Sue. You’re perfect even on the first try and they’re sticking straight out just like in the picture. It’s a shame we had to cut off so much of your hair the last time. I bet your hair would have looked amazing in braids!”

“I, uh, learned from the best.” Sue replied as she secured the white hair ribbons in bows.

“Aw, thanks! Oh, I almost forgot. I have some more of that special makeup that will complete the look.” Donna presented a glass bottle filled with a brownish paint and a small brush.

“Wait, I thought...what are you going to do?”

“I think some freckles will really cinch it.”

After many small dabs across Sue’s cheeks and a short drying period, Sue regarded herself in the mirror as Donna presented her with a few accessories—a straw boater hat with a dark blue ribbon tied around it and a small leather backpack with the Thompson University logo stamped on the back. With the hat resting on her head, the backpack on her shoulders, the dusting of fake freckles across her cheeks, the short jumper, the knee socks and Mary Jane shoes, Sue thought she looked like she should skip to class rather than walk there.

It wasn’t enough that the ComPet program stole young women in the middle of their education. Universities like Thompson seemed to be giving into the misogyny of the new cultural wave. Sue was sure that the predominately male policy makers at these schools delighted in humiliating the future women professionals with dumb uniforms and restrictive codes of conduct. If Sue ever made it back to school she just hoped that uniforms wouldn’t become a trend.