

Part 4: The Train

Donna had been in a hurry to leave the moment they'd finished. She wished Sue luck, adding that she looked "super cute," and then scurried away. Sue smoothed her skirt and frowned. She'd wanted to try to ask Donna more about her little date with Robert, but she was glad she'd left. It was bad enough that Robert was going to see her dressed as she was, she didn't need to be standing next to a tall, shapely, *gorgeous* blonde to make her look even more like an undersized dork.

Moments later Robert came around the corner. Even before she'd fully taken in his disguise, Sue immediately felt that the arrangement was totally unfair. Robert looked so self-possessed and dignified. He'd traded his dark gray suit for a brown corduroy blazer with suede patches on the elbows, a white button up shirt with no tie, a pair tragically well-fitting blue jeans, and a pair of black oxford shoes. He was tall, handsome, and maintained the same relaxed, yet authoritative, demeanor that he always did, but in a way that was independent of his badge.

Sue stood opposite of him, itchy and awkward, as she silently gawked. He stared back and she felt her cheeks warm. She unconsciously reached down to tug at the hem of her ill-fitting skirt so that she didn't accidentally flash her loathsome underwear at him.

"Well, now, Miss Sharp! What are you doing out in the hall without a pass?" Robert smirked.

"Cut it out!" Her voice sounded much whiner than she'd intended. She cleared her throat and said in a deeper voice than usual, "Cut it out. I don't care how it looks...It's a university uniform, and I don't need a hall pass!"

"Well...I'll let it slide this time, but if I catch you like this again..."

"You'll what?" Sue replied pertly.

Spank me? Lecture me? Make me write lines about what a bad girl I've been? She was dying to know.

Much to Sue's disappointment he only said, "Nevermind," then popped a stick of gum in his mouth and chewed it thoughtfully. "Anyway, you ought to be easy to spot."

On their way to the building's garage Sue found herself standing a little closer to Robert than normal and putting him between her and anyone they passed. She prayed that she wouldn't run into anyone she knew, it was embarrassing enough to be seen by strangers. At the car she reached for her purse that she was no longer carrying. She clumsily took her backpack off and fished around for the car keys.

"I'll drive," she mumbled.

“Really? You barely look like you’re old enough to ride a bike without training wheels!” Robert laughed.

Sue shot him a glance. “Shut up! God, it’s not funny!”

“It’s a little funny, *Miss Sharp*.”

Ignoring him, she fumbled with the keys to unlock the door. The vinyl was smooth and cool against the backs of her bare thighs as she slid into the driver’s seat.

“Uh, Sue?”

Sue placed her hands on the wheel and looked up at Robert. “What, now?”

“Nice bloomers...” He pointed at the white cotton peeking out from below her skirt.

Sue looked down to her exposed panties. Her cheeks went crimson. She yanked the hem of her skirt down and scrambled out of the seat.

“You know what?” She made her way around to the other side of the car. “*You* drive!”

With Robert in the driver’s seat and Sue self-consciously sitting on the passenger side, they drove out of the garage.

“How does that go, they have to be mindful of their surroundings, because the wind blowing or going up stairs can ‘expose’ them?” Robert paraphrased the passage from the uniform handbook. “I guess they should have mentioned that driving was out for Thompson girls too!”

Sue stifled a laugh, suddenly feeling a little more at ease, but not enough to stop carefully guarding her skirt. “Absolutely...why did *you* read the handbook anyway?”

“Well, I skimmed it today for shits and giggles, but I’ve heard that part before. My younger sister is a senior at Thompson University. She called me up and ranted for about an hour when they started making the students wear uniforms at the start of the semester.”

Sue nodded and then bit her lip. She never knew what to say.

This is where you keep talking, Sue!

“Oh, you have a younger sister?” Sue asked.

That’s what he just said...

“Yup, what about you? Any siblings?”

Sue stared out the window at speed-blurred buildings and pedestrians and thought about Laura, her younger sister. If things went according to Laura's plan she would have just started university less than a month ago. It had been a whole year since they had spoken. Laura had been more-opposed to the FPB and the ComPet program than she had been. How could Sue talk to her after having become an inspector in that very organization?

"I have a younger sister too, but we haven't talked in a long time."

"That's a shame. Everyone ought to keep in touch with their family. You know?"

"Yeah, I know..." Sue agreed with him before she'd even realized what she was saying. "I mean, I know I should give her a call...so, you're really close to your family then?"

"We have our differences, sure..." Robert trailed off for a moment as he turned a corner. "But I eat lunch with my parents and my sister every Sunday that I'm not working. Why are you suddenly so curious anyway? Normally you just put your headphones in if we're not talking about work."

Sue felt her cheeks warm again and hoped that Robert was too busy driving to notice. She struggled to keep the stiltedness out of her voice that always seemed to come out whenever she tried to have a casual conversation—especially with him. "Well, we've been together for awhile—*working* together for awhile...I just thought we ought to finally get to know each other." She crossed her arms and added in a slightly quieter voice, "And I know I haven't exactly made that easy."

"Ah, it's no big deal. If you want to talk now, we can talk. Better late than never, right? One thing you ought to know about me is that I don't hold grudges. Besides, our first case together really didn't give us the chance to talk!" Robert laughed and accelerated.

Sue laughed nervously. She remembered again how it felt when he was holding her leash, how vulnerable and stupid she felt, how oddly freeing it was not to be expected to talk, and in retrospect how hot it was not to be *allowed* to talk.

"Yeah, it was pretty embarrassing..."

"I'll bet! You did have the more difficult side of that job, I'll admit."

"You think?" Sue responded sarcastically, but she smiled.

"You handled it well, is my point. I doubt anyone could have done better."

Sue let his praise wash over her for a moment before replying. "Oh? Are you an expert?"

"I've seen a whole lot of puppy girls. Most of them are brainless bimbos who can't figure out what to do even after going through obedience training. You managed to pose as one for days while being a scrappy little bodyguard."

"Is that a compliment?" Sue asked.

"Sure. It is!"

"I thought that you'd said something about never having put a leash on a puppy girl before, you know when you..."

"Leashed you?" Robert laughed. "I lied. I've done it a whole bunch."

"Lying or putting leashes on girls?"

"Ah, well, if I'd said I was used to handling puppy girls when I couldn't get the leash clipped on you, I would have looked pretty dumb now wouldn't I?" He winked.

Sue giggled a little. "I guess you would have!" Sue took a deep breath. Somehow she doubted that was the reason. After all, if he was such an expert at leashing girls, why would he have been so graceless leashing her?

"So why then..." Sue started to ask, but changed her mind. "I guess I should have guessed that you had some experience with the way you handled that postal-pet."

"Oh, that? It was nothing. Any decent person would have done the same."

"It wasn't 'nothing!' You wouldn't believe how many so-called 'owners' wouldn't do even the littlest thing for their puppy girls if it wasn't part of the minimum legal requirements! Those bastards were—*are* so cruel!" Her voice had risen without her realizing it. She sighed and relaxed back into her seat.

Robert looked over at her. "So, you're calling the chief a bastard? Keep talking like that and you might find yourself doing a tour of postal service!"

Sue's heart leapt up into her throat. It wasn't just her personality that made her shy away from small talk. She knew if she let her guard down and really shared her feeling about the world she could get into some big time trouble.

"I'm just kidding! They haven't gotten that bad yet—at least I don't think. The last time I saw a girl get demoted like that in the FBP she'd gotten drunk celebrating a promotion and trashed one of those fox shrines in the Little Japan neighborhood. So, it was just a bit more serious than a few 'seditious' words...besides, I'm not going to sell you out over something that's true."

Sue nodded. It was easy for him to be relaxed about 'seditious language.' The worst he'd get was a slap on the wrist, but the consequences for her would surely involve a shock

collar, paws, and a tail plug. Her energy for talking had run out and she needed to regroup. She reached for her earbuds.

The Main Street Train Station was just like every other major site in Central City. It was big, bright, angular, and clean to the point of almost being antiseptic. There were throngs of people checking luggage, picking up luggage, buying snacks, and lining up for tickets to destinations all over the country. Sue never really liked crowds, and she liked them even less when she was dressed like an idiot, but it was still better than walking the halls back at headquarters. At least amongst the masses of people she remained largely unnoticed while also being anonymous even when she did receive a few stares.

Robert took his place in line to buy tickets and Sue followed. Once again she felt compelled to stay close to him. Fortunately, the line moved quickly. Like the trains, everything and everyone in the station seemed to be on a tight schedule. When their turn finally came, Robert stepped up and pulled out his wallet.

He smiled at the dowdy, middle aged woman on the other side of the counter. "Good morning, darling," he said. "Two tickets please."

She smiled back.

Sue rolled her eyes. *Christ! Does he have to flirt with everything in a skirt?*

"Yes, sir!" She typed on her keyboard. "Two tickets to South City..." She struck a few more keys and then looked at Sue and smiled, but in a very different way. "Is your daughter under the age of fourteen, sir? If so, her ticket will be half the regular price."

Robert's smile disappeared. "Daughter? What? No, she's..."

Instead of being upset that she'd just been mistaken for a young girl, Sue fought back the urge to laugh and instead interrupted.

"No, he's my tutor, ma'am." She looked up at Robert and smiled broadly. "He's old, but not *that* old. I'm a Thompson U. student, you see." She pointed at the school logo on the breast of her jumper. "That'll be two full-priced tickets!"

The lady was flabbergasted. "Oh dear! My mistake!"

When she offered the tickets, Robert practically snatched them out of her hand. "It's no problem." He replied curtly. "Thank you!" He turned to leave.

"Thank *you*, sir!" The lady replied cheerfully. "Oh, and, young lady, that is a very snappy uniform! I'm so glad that Thompson University is encouraging girls to dress a little more proper! That pink is just darling!"

“Uh-huh...yes, ma’am. Thanks!” She replied and trotted after Robert. He was frowning and had his hands in his pockets as they moved towards the train platform. Sue playfully punched him on the arm. “Oh, come on! If I’m not mad that she thinks I’m a little girl, you can’t be mad that she thought you were my *daddy*!”

Robert narrowed his eyes at her. “I do *not* look old enough to have a teenage daughter!”

It was fun to be on top for a moment, especially after the remarks about “training wheels” and her “bloomers.” She could have pressed it, just like she could have pressed it when Dr. Hampton mentioned his ‘genitals,’ but she didn’t.

“No, you don’t look old enough to have a teenage daughter...but it is a little funny, eh, *Mister Jericho*?”

Robert stopped and ran his fingers through his hair. “...okay. Maybe I deserved it. I’ll shut up.”

The sleek, silver bullet-train arrived right on time, almost to the second. It glided smoothly on the magnetic rail as it coasted into the station. Sue self-consciously held her skirt down so the wake from the passing train didn’t give everyone on the platform a show. As they boarded, Sue had a strange feeling that she was passing her own shadow. A year before she’d boarded the same train in South City to come to the capital to work as an HPPS service animal inspector. At the time she thought the world was black and white, and that she understood herself completely. She had no idea how naïve and wrong she was about everything, especially herself.

They barely had enough time to take their seats and get settled before the train started to move. Sue struggled to find a position to sit on the well-padded bench. A short girl like her always had to choose between resting her back and letting her feet touch the ground. The too short of skirt only made things worse. She settled on placing her bare knees together and teetering on the edge of the bench with her back straight and her hands folded primly on her lap.

The train was picking up speed. The scenery was already starting to blur beyond the window, but the interior of the car was fairly quiet. Sue pulled out her phone to pass some time while Robert stared out the window. She frowned at an unskippable ad.

It was another Eve Snowdrop commercial. They seemed to be everywhere. In fact, Sue had seen a billboard on the drive to the station, and two posters on the walk to the train. Sue hated Eve. It had been bad enough when she was just another empty-headed, overly-sweet pop star. After she had started shilling for the government and big corporations to promote and advertise puppy-girl-related products, Sue had lost the tiny amount of tolerance she’d had for the pink-haired starlet.

Sue could have simply looked away until the commercial ended, but she felt like being outraged, so she watched as a nondescript man poured dry kibble from a bright blue sack into a stainless steel dog bowl with the name “Bubbles” emblazoned on the side in bright pink letters. It was the name Eve went by in all of her commercials. The camera cut to “Bubbles,” or rather her wiggling backside before spinning around to her front where she was chewing noisily on a rubber microphone. At the sound of the kibble hitting the bowl, Bubbles dropped the toy and perked up. She sniffed the air exaggeratedly before scampering out of the shot. The camera cut to Bubbles scrambling up to the full bowl so fast she slid past it and crumpled into a heap against the wall. The nondescript man smiled down at her patronizingly and shook his head.

“That’s our Bubbles!” He chuckled.

Unperturbed, Bubbles jumped up and lunged towards the bowl. The camera held on her face for a moment. Her eyes were hungry and frantic. Her mouth was wide and a string of drool hung from her chin as she plunged face first into the bowl.

She gobbled down the kibble with gusto and happily wagged her tail back and forth as she did. As she ate a voiceover said, “Bubbles loves her Richter Brand Puppy Chow. Your puppy girl will love it too!” As Bubbles continued to devour the shrinking mountain of dog food, different colored dog food bags appeared around her. “Try all of our flavors including, chicken, turkey, beef, lamb, and liver!” Bubbles sat up. Her face was covered in brown crumbs and her tongue was lolling in and out of her upturned, gaping mouth. She burped loudly. Her eyes went wide and both of her paws came up and covered her maw, as if she was frightened by her own noise.

“Silly, Bubbles! I know it’s yummy, but don’t eat too fast, you’ll get a tummy ache!” The nondescript man patted her head and she resumed smiling and panting as the scene faded out.

A cartoon logo of Bubbles appeared on the screen. In the logo her eyes were shut, her brow was furrowed and her cheeks were apple-red.

The announcer’s voice returned. “Now, from the company who brought you Tranquil Treats—snacks to help calm jittery pups—introducing our new Frisky Food line. In addition to keeping the yummy taste that pups love, and the healthy vitamins and minerals that owners know they need, Frisky Food has a special additive to help shy puppies be more-friendly. Just look for the blushing logo of Bubbles on every package!”

Sue blinked once and squeezed her knees together. The only outrage she felt was at herself for the sudden flutter she’d gotten from watching the commercial. She still hated Eve though...

Sue looked over at Robert and asked the first thing to come to mind after their earlier conversation in the car. “So, you have a lot of experience with puppy girls then?”

Robert looked from the window to her. “What?”

She giggled, “you said you’d leashed girls ‘a whole bunch.’”

“Oh, that...that’s one of those ‘differences’ I mentioned.”

Sue looked at him quizzically.

“Differences between family members...My father is a trainer at the main ComPet obedience school in Central City. He actually was one of the early supporters of the whole program.” Robert looked away again. “He thought his only son ought to be a trainer too. I actually went through the whole trainer program, I did pretty well too, but I never graduated.”

“Why not?”

“Let’s just say, it wasn’t for me.”

“It’s kind of ironic that you’d end up working with me, huh?”

Robert nodded. “Yeah, the irony really wasn’t lost on me.”

After just a few hours on the train, Sue had had just about enough of the assignment. The boredom of waiting for something to happen was crushing. Periodically, Sue walked the cars, sticking to the most-empty ones to bait the suspect. After several trips, the most she got was a few crude remarks and one particularly hard pinch on the ass as she passed through a group of snickering old men.

She checked her phone. “Time for another trip,” she announced.

“Watch your behind.” Robert smirked. “I’ll be here if you need me.” He’d been uncharacteristically quiet and thoughtful, almost somber since he’d talked about going through the ComPet trainer program. It was nice to see him acting more like himself.

She stuck out her tongue at him and made her way down the mostly-empty cars. It wasn’t a peak time for intercity travel. The few people she did see were clearly offseason vacationers, a few business men in stuffy suits, sleepy pensioners, and a few strange looking, but probably harmless misfits. No one seemed to fit the description of a serial kidnapper. Then again, what did that even look like?

At the end of an empty car, she plunked down in what she thought might have been the place she sat when on her original trip to Central City. Alone, she didn’t bother with “considerations of modesty and immodesty” and let her skirt do what it had wanted to do all day, ride up and expose her frumpy panties. There was no one to see and she needed a break from sitting prim and proper. She pulled her vape pen from the small leather backpack. Sue could feel her blood pressure drop as her pink lips wrapped around the small, silver cylinder before she even took her first drag. As she inhaled she stared at the shiny Mary Jane shoes on her

feet. She wondered why she suddenly felt so old at only twenty-one, especially while she was dressed the way she was. She thought of her life plan that the ComPet draft had interrupted. She didn't even get to finish her fourth semester at University.

Nor dread nor hope attend

A dying animal;

A man awaits his end

Dreading and hoping all;

Many times he died,

Many times rose again.

A great man in his pride

Confronting murderous men

Casts derision upon

Supersession of breath;

He knows death to the bone -

Man has created death.

Yates...she hadn't thought about that poem, let alone silently recited it, in what seemed like a long time, but it had only been a year. Just like it had only been a year since she'd talked to anyone in her family. When she was twenty five and her service to the HPPS and the FBP was over, would she be able to just pick up her dreams again and resume her relationships from where she left off? Would the dreams even still be hers?

"Young lady, what do you think you're doing?" A stern voice shook her out of her thoughts.

Startled, Sue looked up at the disapproving face of a tall, steel gray-haired man in his late fifties.

Great, another pervert, or maybe it's...

To her surprise the man showed her a Thompson University Administrator Identification card.

"I asked you a question, miss!"

"Uh...sitting?"

He narrowed his eyes and pointed at her vape pen and then down at her legs. "Don't get smart with me! Yes, sitting in a un-lady-like fashion while taking a prohibited substance. I shouldn't need to quote the co-ed conduct rules to you, but apparently it's necessary! 'While she is a student at Thompson University she shall *not* use any prohibited substances. This includes drinking, smoking, *and* vaping! Now, what have you got to say for yourself?"

"I wasn't..." Sue didn't know why she felt as if she needed to lie. She was an adult, she wasn't a real student at this man's stupid school, and she wasn't beholden to the ridiculous rules he was citing at all. Yet, when he commented about her sitting in a "un-lady-like fashion," she sat straight up, crossed her legs at the ankles, and smoothed her skirt down.

"I have a mind to report you to your advisor!" He took out a pen and paper. "Show me your student ID."

"I don't have it with me."

The official glowered at her and recited more rules, "For their safety and accountability all co-eds are required to carry their student ID at all times on and off campus! Tell me, is there any part of the student handbook you did read?"

Sue stood up. "Look, I wasn't expecting to..."

"You weren't expecting to get caught when you were skipping classes?"

"No, but..."

"When they're done with you, miss, you won't be able to sit down for a week!" The official reached out and grabbed her arm.

"Hey!"

"Let go of the girl." A second man had sidled up to them so slyly that neither the official nor Sue noticed him even entering the car. His deep, gravelly voice from behind his disposable medical mask made them both jump.

The official let go and tried to square up with him. "Now, uh, look here..." the overbearing tone in his voice and his rigid, upright posture had gone. He looked as awkward as a turtle flipped over on his back, and about as intimidating too.

"She's with me. Why don't you go back to your seat, grandpa?"

"Grandpa?"

The man stared him down indicating that it wasn't a request. A moment later the official seemed to understand where he stood and scuttled out of the room. Watching him go, the man in the mask snorted.

“What an asshole!” He shook his head and then looked down at Sue. “So, are you really playing hooky?” The skin around his piercing, dark eyes crinkled as he smiled from behind the mask.

The mask and rough voice suggested that the man might have a cold, but there was something besides that, which made Sue unsettled even though his whole demeanor seemed friendly. Sue took a step towards the exit on the other end of the car. “I guess so! Thanks for your help.”

Much to her relief, the man stood aside and motioned with his arm for her to pass in a way that would have appeared comically over the top if it weren’t for her growing anxiety. Sue trotted past him while watching him out of the corner of her eye.

“Oh, miss,” he called.

Sue stopped in mid step and slowly turned around.

He took several steps towards her, and her fear grew with each of his long strides. The wrinkles around his eyes showed he was still smiling at her.

“A word of advice...if you’re going to ditch school, maybe don’t wear your cute, little uniform.”

Sue snickered nervously. “Uh, yeah, I’ll remember that next time.” She passed through the door into the next car. The hallway was narrow, and despite the widows to her left and the doors to the private compartments to her right, Sue suddenly felt claustrophobic. She had hoped that she’d encounter another passenger, but there was no one. Her hard soled Mary Jane shoes made a muffled pitter patter against the carpeted floor as she hurried down the hall.

She had kept her eyes locked on her goal—the door on the opposite end of the car. She didn’t want to look back. If the masked man was who she suspected, Sue didn’t want him to think he suspected anything. If he was just a regular, run-of-the-mill creep, she just wanted to get away from him. Robert was just four cars away and all she wanted was to get back to him.

It wasn’t a noise that alerted her that someone was about to grab her. It was more of a feeling. Regardless, the sensation didn’t give her enough time to act before she felt a large hand clap over her mouth. A strong arm encircled her slender waist, she was lifted off her feet, and dragged into one of the empty private compartments.

Sue kicked and grabbed at the hand holding her mouth as she tried to scream for help, but the man holding her was too strong. He slammed her face down against the thankfully padded seat and held her there. Frantic to breathe, she clawed feebly at his hand, trying to remove it from the back of her head. She felt her panties being jerked down her legs and the cool air of the compartment on her exposed skin.

Visions of the two victims, brainless and drooling filled Sue's head. Would she soon be like them? Their images mixed with the more generic fear that she was about to be suffocated, or raped, or both.

She stiffened and clenched her butt reflexively as she felt cold, hard, slick plastic against her rectum.

"Fight all you want, girl. It's time for your medicine!"

The plastic intruder began to slide in as she wailed into the seat cushion. Far bigger than the "runt-sized" tail plug she'd worn, Sue felt like it was going to tear her in half. Then a cold, viscous fluid released inside of her making her shudder.

"That's right, girl. Just take it all..." He cooed and momentarily relaxed his grip on the back of her head.

Sue felt herself starting to loosen as the chemical began to take effect. She felt like her mind and body had separated into two distinct parts. It was like they were desperately clinging to each other in a raging river, which threatened to separate them at any moment. Her small breasts began to swell just enough to be painful. Even as her struggling lessened every motion made her undershirt chafe against her achy, tender nipples. Her breath quickened as her pussy began to throb and grow warm and moist. Her mind and body were barely holding onto each other by their fingertips, as the prior was drowning in her desire.

She thought again of boarding the train for Central City a year before. She thought of her hopes, her dreams, and how idealistic she was. The memories were like trying to hold onto fistfuls of sand. It was becoming harder and harder to think of anything coherent until the word "no" crystallized in her mind. It was a life preserver thrown around her mind and body—binding them back together, if only for a moment.

No.

The word was an island to which she could swim.

Feeling his weight shift, she reached up, grabbed her attacker's hand with both of hers and yanked it off to the side. He'd posted too much of his weight on it and the sudden jolt caused him to lurch forward and collided with the armrest.

The man swore and the horrible protrusion up her backside slipped out of her and clattered on the floor. It was a dark purple thing that resembled a stubby syringe with the facsimile of a bulbous head of a penis on the end. Leaking the chemical from one end and her juices from the other, Sue scrambled to her feet and lurched towards the door only to lose her balance and fall onto her hands and knees. She was panting and drooling. She clung to her mind and focused everything she had left on reaching the doorway.

"You're not going anywhere, mutt." The man grabbed her hair and yanked her back savagely.

Sue tried to call for help, but her tongue felt bloated and heavy. The man slammed her to the floor and placed his boot on her throat. Through a fog brought on by the chemicals that raced through her bloodstream, she watched the man yank the clothes out of a large, black suitcase on wheels.

"You just couldn't be a good little girl and take your medicine could you?" He muttered. Sue focused on his words. They sounded slightly distorted. She really had to concentrate to make sense of them. "You just had to fight it! Well, it doesn't matter. Where you're going there's plenty more medicine."

He'd shoved the contents of the suitcase back into the luggage compartment and closed the door. Then he manhandled Sue into the suitcase with little difficulty.

"It's lucky you're so small. Otherwise I might have had to put you to sleep instead of adopting you!" He chuckled and produced a roll of duct tape from his backpack.

Sue trembled and managed to utter a soft, "No..." as he quickly and expertly wrapped her wrists and ankles with the tape. Soon she was bound so securely she could barely move, and her hands and feet began to tingle from the lack of circulation.

"Don't worry, mutt." He picked up her discarded panties and rudely stuffed them into her mouth until her cheeks bulged out like a hamster's and her jaw felt like it would break. Then he wrapped the tape around her head securing the gag and silencing her completely. "Once you have the rest of your dose you'll be just fine—and if you're not, no one is going to know, not even you!"

Hot tears sprang to Sue's half-open eyes as he zipped up the suitcase, trapping her in darkness. All her desperate attempts to break free or call for help just reinforced that she was completely helpless. The pain of being in such a cramped position was already getting more intense than she thought she could bear. It mixed with the intense, burning, painful, awful desire in her nether regions. She didn't want to break free just to escape. She wanted to break free just so she could rub away the nasty, wet, achiness between her tightly restrained legs. Her thighs were drenched with her juices and the pungent scent of her unbridled lust filled her tiny prison.

She clenched and unclenched her butt and her thighs, doing anything to try to stimulate herself—doing anything to get off or at least to get a taste of relief. The vibrations from the suitcase as it rolled over bumps and uneven surfaces nearly drove her mad. It was like the most intense itch in a place she couldn't scratch, but the need was forgotten for a moment when she heard Robert's muffled voice outside the suitcase.

"She's a small, dark haired gal, wears glasses, cute as a button, wearing a Thompson University uniform. Have you seen her?"

She heard her kidnapper reply, "Yes, sir. I saw her several cars down, vaping."

"Figures. Thanks!"

"No problem, sir!"

The rolling resumed and so did the irritating itch. Sue tried to scream again and again, but couldn't make any noise that would have been heard outside of the suitcase over the surrounding din of passengers getting on and off the train during a stop.