

Inspector Sue Sharp – A Case for Robert – Tit for Tat

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Story by – Brentwood

Original Concept by – Nimbletail –

<https://www.deviantart.com/nimbletail>

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Compulsory pettification (ComPet) was initially a controversial government program that went on to become both wildly successful and popular with the majority of the citizenry. The program calls for a small percentage of the country's twenty-year-old female population to be drafted into what is known as the "pet service." As state-owned a "ComPet," "pet girl," or "service animal," these draftees lose their human status for a period of two years. After a term of obedience training at a government kennel, these service animals are leased to owners for the remainder of their service.

The program is regulated by the **Federal Bureau of Pettification (FBP)**. The FBP keeps track of the service contracts and provides the initial training of all pet girls, performs welfare checks on their living conditions, provides veterinarian care, and ensures that all policies are followed by pet owners.

The rise of pettification has unfortunately led to a variety of pet girl-related crimes, such as ComPet terrorism, illegal pettification, and black-market human-pet trafficking. With the rise in these incidents, the FBP has piloted a new joint program that pairs police officers with FBP inspectors.

This is one of their stories.

The Story so Far

If it has been awhile since you've read the previous stories, or you for whatever reason just want to jump in here, this is a little section to jog your memory or catch you up to where we are now.

At age twenty, the petite and pouty **Sue Sharp** received her ComPet draft notice. Fortunately, her family was able to arrange for her to serve as an FBP junior pet welfare inspector by calling

in many favors and offering an enormous bribe to officials. After a monotonous year of performing welfare checks for service animals, Sue was given the opportunity to become a full-fledged inspector when she was assigned by her chief, **Mr. Cross**, to investigate the disappearance of a puppy girl named **Boji**, who was owned by wealthy and prominent citizen, **Mark Richter**. As it would happen, the missing puppy girl, whose real name was **Sarah**, had actually escaped with the help of a housemaid named **Megan**. Sue incidentally led the authorities to them, and her first case ended with a promotion for her, punishment for Megan, and Sarah being returned unhappily to her owner. In the closing lines, Sue learned that Megan did not act alone and was a part of a larger anti-ComPet organization calling itself “F.E.R.A.L” (Freedom, Equality, Revolution, and Liberty).

Sue’s next case had her teaming up with the tall, gum-chewing **Detective Robert Jericho** from the Central City police department. They were charged with protecting a VIP’s beloved, voluptuous puppy girl, **Cheesecake**, from a possible abduction attempt by F.E.R.A.L. With the help of a perky and patronizing groomer named **Donna**, Sue posed as a puppy girl named “Ditzzy” and went undercover at the **Happy Paws Boarding Kennel**, Cheesecake’s home while her owner was away on business. During her time undercover, Sue learns that there is a part of her that enjoys the humiliation and degradation of being a lowly puppy girl. She also acknowledges to herself that she is very much attracted to her new partner, Detective Jericho. In the end, Sue and Robert are able to foil the kidnapping after they have an encounter with one of the terrorist leaders named **Sapphire**.

In the third case, Sue and Robert go undercover again, this time posing as a tutor and student to trap a man they would eventually call the **Mutt Maker**. The Mutt Maker abducted girls from the passenger trains, and through the use of a special chemical delivered via an anal plug, he transformed them into drooling, cock-crazed animals. Before their sting operation began, Sue develops strong suspicions that Robert and the groomer, Donna, were sleeping together. She begins to realize that she may have feelings for her partner that extend beyond mere physical attraction. Eventually, while serving as the bait, Sue is captured by the Mutt Maker. Only receiving half the dose of the chemical, Sue is able to fool her captor into thinking she’s docile and is able to overpower him and call for help. While the so-called Mutt Maker was arrested, the person behind the chemical remained at large.

This roughly brings us to where we are now.

Story Background –

The fourth case is a continuation of the events that took place in Nimbletail’s comic *The Healers*. If you’re interested you can learn more about that here:

<https://www.hentai-foundry.com/pictures/user/NimbleTail/871611/ComPet-Healers-is-available>

Part 1: Ed's Dead

Detective Robert Jericho stood beneath a leaking awning of a closed shop and stared out into the gloomy night at the cold, pouring rain. The wet pavement reflected the garish neon of flashing and static signs alike, creating a kind of dark, flickering rainbow that stretched down the street and out of his sight. The twist of murky colors was not a sign of a storm ending, but of one that was just beginning.

Even if it meant an end to his career or even an end to his life, Robert had made up his mind.

Dr. Ezzat Andre, a Senior Veterinarian for the Federal Bureau of Pettification (FBP), and a dear, old friend, was dead. He'd been gunned down in his own clinic by a group of terrorists calling themselves F.E.R.A.L—*Freedom, Equality, Revolution, and Liberty*—gunned down in the name of “service animal liberation.” Robert shook his head. If only those poor, misguided fools knew that they'd killed probably the only decent man in the whole program...what would they have to say about that? The irony was palpable.

Robert closed his eyes and listened to the rhythm of the rain, wishing that it could wash away his memory of Ed on the floor, bled out with his pretty assistant on his left and a dark-haired puppy girl on his right, both clutching him and crying over him.

Thunder rumbled in the distance and the rain began to fall harder. The words of Mr. Cross, the chief, skipped through his mind for the hundredth time.

“You're too close to this, Jericho. I can't let you go after them. The Catchers will track them down just fine without you.”

Robert played by the rules. What kind of police officer would he be if he didn't? It was literally his job to enforce rules. So, instead of screaming off into the night and tracking his friend's murderers, like he knew he could, Robert had dutifully gone on guard duty at Ed's clinic in case there was a “second attack.” Robert did it knowing that it was just a bullshit assignment to keep him and his partner busy while the terrorists most-likely slipped through the nets of the Catchers. It had been two days and there had been “no developments.” For all he knew, Ed's killers had already hopped the border. Cross was absolutely right. Robert was too close to the victim, but he didn't care.

Lightning flashed, illuminating the black, river that the street had become. Robert spied a petite figure in a little, black skirt suit emerging from the vet clinic across the street. He narrowed his eyes when she recklessly stepped out from the safety of the doorway and jogged across the street in the driving rain. He spit his chewing gum into a nearby trashcan and popped a fresh, minty stick into his mouth and chewed away his annoyance. Panting and soaked, with specks of water on her glasses, his little partner, Sue Sharp, joined him in the relative dry under the overhang. Seeing her, Robert forgot his anger and his sadness over his friend, if only for a moment. She should have gone back inside for an umbrella. She *never*

thought about things like that. She didn't seem to have the slightest bit of self-preservation. It was really annoying.

Seeing her shiver, he started to take off his coat with the intention of wrapping her up, but then he reminded himself that she was a grownup, and didn't need him. He compromised with himself and offered her a clean handkerchief to wipe off her glasses. There was just something in him that really wanted to take care of her and to protect her. It probably started on their first case together, when they posed as owner and pet. Even before she'd been put in the pet gear, Sue struck him as kind of cute, but by her own admission she was a bit of a bitch, which oddly enough made her a little more attractive by his measure. Robert liked a little spunk in his gals. There was a part of him that he didn't like though, which found it incredibly gratifying to see the stuck up runt helpless on all fours, nearly naked, plugged and blushing furiously, but another part of him felt awful for her knowing what she would have to go through during their undercover assignment. How could he really blame her for being bitchy when, in a way, it was part of her job description?

At the start of the case, when he'd walked her to the car he found himself sneaking glances at her as she crawled clumsily by his side. She was struggling so much to adjust to her new form of walking that she couldn't possibly have noticed his intense gaze, which gave him ample opportunity to stare at her slender figure, specifically her swaying pert, peach-shaped ass, and her tiny, hanging breasts.

At least he wasn't reaching for low-hanging fruit.

If that had been the end of it, Robert probably wouldn't have been so affected. After all, he'd seen plenty of girls in that degrading position in his time. However, the puppy girl kennel where Sue was playing bodyguard to a VIP's pet felt the need to keep sending him pictures of her throughout the day. It was a typical practice of puppy girl kennels to show owners that their pets were happy and safe, and since he was playing the owner it only made sense that they keep texting him reports.

He was sitting in the car across the street, so he'd be nearby if anything happened, when the first picture arrived accompanied by the text: "Ditzy had a little accident! I think she misses you! She's getting a little shower before breakfast!" Suddenly Robert's pants felt a little too tight. Sue looked deliciously vulnerable, and at the same time heartbreakingly pathetic. She was hunched over in a shameful crouch; her face was mostly obscured by her fuzzy paws. Her ridiculous, stubby pigtails and pink hair ribbons were disheveled, wet and drooping. It was clear what her "little accident" was and what one of the handlers did to correct her. She'd peed in her crate and gotten her nose rubbed in her puddle.

Robert found it difficult to look away. He was caught between wanting to fuck the miserable little wretch and wanting to beat the hell out of the handler for what he'd done to her. Not that he really had any right to call out the handler.

He tossed his phone aside in disgust. How many pathetic, frightened trainees at the ComPet Obedience School had he done the same, or worse? Over the course of his handler-training he'd lost count. He drummed his fingers on the dashboard and tried to think of something else, but he couldn't. He snatched up the phone and looked at the picture again. He poured over it, wishing that he could see more of her, even if it was just her wide, striking eyes.

Sue blinked her big brown eyes twice from behind her dried lenses. "Thanks!" She said and handed back the handkerchief. "You wanna tell me what you're doing out here in the rain?"

Robert half smiled at her. "I guess I should ask you the same question."

Sue gave him a look and took off her blazer to shake some water out of it. Her white blouse clung to her sylphlike shape. He could see the outline of her bra, and like a horny schoolboy he wondered what color it was. The dim light made it impossible to tell. He wondered if she knew what she was doing to him while she wrung out her jacket. Each movement made her willowy body strain against her clothes. It was just like when they'd put her in that damn juvenile-looking school uniform when they went after the Mutt Maker. He saw her panties so many times on that case he swore that if he didn't know better she was flashing them on purpose just to tease him.

"I was just getting some air."

Sue popped out her vape pen and took a drag. The smell of fake cherry filled the air. Robert felt his lip curl. He hated that stupid little pen of hers—Tin Man she called it. It wasn't just the smell that reminded him vaguely of urinal cakes; he hated to think what it was doing to her lungs.

"Well, I was getting some air." He waved his hand around.

She smiled impishly, wrapped her pink lips around the thin, metal cylinder, took a long drag and slowly opened her mouth to release a cloud towards him. When he didn't react, her face became a bit more serious.

"You've been weird since we got this assignment. What's up?"

Robert hesitated. He didn't want to involve her, but he didn't feel like lying to her either. In truth, he just wanted someone to talk to.

"Come on. Tell me."

"Dr. Ezzat Andre—I called him Ed—he was a friend." He began, figuring that there'd be no harm in telling her that. Sue had made it clear that most of the time she wanted things professional, and he'd tried to respect that. To his surprise instead of staying quiet or trying to

change the subject, she seemed uncharacteristically sympathetic. She even went so far as to extend a hand as if she were about to touch his arm before awkwardly bringing it back to her side.

“Oh, Robert, I’m so sorry. I didn’t know...”

“It’s alright. There’s no reason you should have. He and I go pretty far back, but we haven’t really spoken in a long time.”

“Dr. Andre was a good man...” Sue started. “When I was still doing welfare checks for ComPets he was the only vet who actually took any of my reports seriously, and he never hit on me either. How did you know him?”

The downpour had slowed. Robert felt his jaw clench. He would have much rather thought more about “tutoring” Sue in her school girl uniform than talk about Ed.

“Remember how I said I went through the program to become a ComPet trainer? That’s where I met Ed—he was my roommate in the dorms. He was studying to be a veterinarian at the time. He was the only other guy at the training center that didn’t seem like a total bastard...” Robert felt himself smile on reflex as memories of carefree afternoons bubbled to the surface of his mind. “He was a lousy pool player, he couldn’t hold his liquor, and he’d keep me up all night watching the worst b-movies...”

“...What happened?”

“He could make his peace with this...with all this!” Robert pointed at the clinic across the street and then at Sue’s small, paw-shaped FBP badge on the lapel of her jacket. “I just couldn’t. The whole thing seemed so...Well, anyway, Ed did what he could to make their lives—the pet girl’s lives—better, but I just ran away from it.”

“Well...you’re here now aren’t you?”

“Yeah, but he’s already dead.” Robert turned away the moment he feared his voice might get shaky. He would have liked to have just been able to say goodbye to Ed if nothing else.

“So, what are we going to do about it?”

Robert raised his eyebrows and turned back around. “What do you mean *we*?”

“You know exactly what I mean, Detective Jericho!” Sue stared him down with her hands on her hips. She was so damn cute when she tried to look assertive. “If you want to go after those F.E.R.A.L agents, then let’s go after them.”

Robert was a bit surprised. Here he had felt guilty about even telling her what he was planning on doing and there she was inviting herself along. Maybe she wasn't trying to *look* assertive.

"Sue, I can't let you come along. They could have my badge for this, but you..."

"I know the risks, believe me, I know."

He'd never seen her so steely-eyed about anything, but he had to try to talk her out of coming with him.

"I don't care. You're not going. It's out of the question."

"What are you, my daddy?" She made a pouty face that nearly leveled him.

Still, Robert managed to maintain his resolve. "You're *not* going."

"Fine, leave me here. When you don't show up for work tomorrow night the chief will ask if I know anything..." Sue casually polished her nails on the damp lapel of her jacket. "And I might just not be able to lie and..."

Robert clenched his fist. What the little brat needed was a good old fashioned spanking! The idea of Sue squirming and wiggling over his knee, her skirt yanked up above her waist, her panties down around her ankles, his hand caressing her soft, upturned ass before delivering each firm, attitude-adjusting swat whilst she pleaded for mercy forced Robert to adjust his stance. She didn't seem to notice.

He sighed. "Looks like I have no choice."

"Looks like you don't!"

"Alright, the Catchers have a two day head start on us, but I have an idea for a lead that they didn't pursue..."

When they re-entered the clinic, Sue, following Robert's plan, intercepted the pretty assistant veterinarian, Natalie, and took her aside for a "little chat."

Natalie. It was her face—her grief—that pushed Robert over the edge. Ed's kind, almost guru-like demeanor seemed to win a lot of girls over. Natalie seemed to be no exception. Robert hated to see a girl cry, at least due to grief anyway. Maybe he wasn't going after Ed's killers purely for selfish-reasons after all. If he lied to himself enough he could make the whole thing something more-noble than it really was.

The Catchers, the FBP's special armed team, had already been through the clinic to gather evidence. They'd surely reviewed the surveillance footage and questioned the staff, but

Robert was sure that there was one angle they didn't get. Other than a puppy girl named Cookie, the dark haired one he'd found crying over Ed, there was one puppy girl who didn't get taken—who didn't escape—during the raid. Apparently, the F.E.R.A.L people had missed her in all the shuffle. She was in the perfect spot to have overheard something. That is, if there was something for her to have overheard. Robert knew that the Catchers, like most FBP stooges, had to believe that ComPets were just animals; otherwise there was no way they could do the things they did to them. That mindset would have made it impossible for them to interview her as if she were a person, even if she did have something useful to say.

Robert paused in front of the crate and took a deep breath. He looked at the nameplate above the door before he opened it. *Pirouette* he read. It was a classier name than most service animals got.

He tried to keep his voice light. "Here, Pirouette, here!"

After a moment a head popped out of the crate. Her light brown hair was styled into a pair of large ballerina buns with hair bands trimmed with ruffled, light pink lace, giving them the appearance of miniature tutus, at the base of each bun. She had the thin, graceful build of a dancer and wore identical light pink paw mittens and leggings and paw slippers trimmed with the same gauzy lace. She looked ridiculous, and her sour, frowning face told him that she was aware of just how ridiculous.

Robert clipped a leash to her ruffled collar and looked into her sullen eyes. Without really knowing anything about her, Robert constructed a whole background for her, imagining that she was a gifted ballerina before she got her draft notice and that the tutu hair bands and her pet name were just cruel reminders of what she used to be. Then again, her owner could have just had a thing for ballerinas.

"I'm going to make this quick, girl," he said gently. "I'm going to turn off the shock collar on the pet sitter and I'm going to ask you some questions. If I like your answers..." he pulled a dog treat out of his pocket. "You'll get a treat. Understand?"

Pirouette glowered at him. The fading red stripes across her rump suggested that she was what they called a "problem pet." To Robert's relief it seemed that hunger overpowered defiance.

"Woof." She barked one hard syllable.

Robert took the remote that controlled Pirouette's shock collar from the top of the crate. With a few button pushes the device audibly clicked off and she visibly relaxed as if she'd just slid into a nice warm bath.

"Alright, you were here two nights ago. I want to know if you heard anything from those people in black..."

“You mean F.E.R.A.L?” She interrupted hoarsely and hesitantly as if she were about to get shocked for the sin of making human speech.

Robert kicked himself for thinking like the FBP. Of course she could hear everyone talking about them around her. He didn’t like her snippy tone though.

“Yes. Did you hear them say anything?”

She cocked her head to the side. “You mean like a bunch of shouting and shooting?”

“Yeah, like that.”

She smirked. “No, I didn’t hear anything.”

Robert’s expression hardened. “I don’t have time for games, pup.”

She rolled her eyes in response. Robert looked over his shoulder at the door to the room. He wanted to make sure that neither Sue nor Natalie saw what he was about to do—especially not Sue. He yanked Pirouette’s leash—not hard enough to really hurt her, but enough to shake her and get her attention. He kept the leash tight, bent down and hissed wickedly in her ear, “Listen to me little pup, you tell me what I want to know or I’ll see to it that your service time is doubled!”

He let her go. Pirouette looked up at him. Despite the tears in her eyes she still had a defiant look in them, but it was waning.

“You—you can’t do that!” She squeaked, not sounding quite a hundred percent sure of herself.

Robert crossed his arms. He didn’t have the power to do anything of the sort, but she clearly didn’t know that. “Try me. Now hurry up. If you don’t tell me what I want to hear right now, I’ll get you on obstruction and you could be declared a pet for life!”

“Wait! Wait!” She put her paws up in front of her in a begging pose. “When those idiots were about to open my cage, I heard some gun shots and then somebody screamed—a woman...” She furrowed her brow. “Then they ran away and left me here...I’m the only one who didn’t get to escape...” She pouted. “...Just as they were leaving I heard someone say something about meeting at the ‘Super Station’ or something like that...”

Robert smiled. “Good girl!” he praised and patted Pirouette on the head.

She glared at him and was about to say something when a quick press of a few buttons on the remote reactivated her shock collar.

“Sorry, girl...” Robert did feel a bit sorry for her. Being so close to freedom and having it snatched away must have been quite a blow to her. He held the small treat in front of her in the palm of his hand. “Go on. It’s yours.”

Pirouette snatched the treat with her teeth and munched on it hungrily.

Robert patted her head again and repeated, "Good girl!" Then he removed the leash. "Alright, back in your box."

It was 6:00 AM and still dark. Five minutes after their relief arrived, Sue and Robert sat down in their car across the street from the clinic. Robert took the driver's side. It gave him just a little bit of satisfaction that Sue no longer had the cute idea that she'd be the one in the driver's seat. He slipped the key into the ignition, but didn't turn it.

He looked over at Sue. The multicolored city light streamed through the wet windshield and bathed her in an array of colors. She really was beautiful in her own way. He wanted to tell her so, but he had to attend to business. His father, the venerable Henry Jericho, would have told him, "We work before we play." Of course, his father said a lot of things. "Robert, you're going to be doing a great service as a ComPet trainer. Women—girls really, because they never truly mature—they can't take care of themselves. They're frail, weak-minded little things that need big strong men to call the shots. The program is the best thing to happen to society. One day, we can only hope that that draft will be expanded." Robert didn't agree with him, but there were times when Henry Jericho's ideas played out in his head as if they were his own.

He hated that.

"Are you really sure you want to do this?" He asked.

Sue stared out the window. The headlights of a passing car strafed her face making her glasses shine. It gave her an otherworldly look. "Who knows, we may be able to catch up to them before our shift starts tomorrow."

"Since when did you become so optimistic?"

"Just now I guess."

"Why are you doing this?"

"I already said."

"Yeah, yeah, we're partners."

Sue turned to him. "You saved me from getting my head kicked in by that crazy Sapphire bitch, and you came for me after the Mutt Maker..."

"You don't owe me anything."

"Yeah, *you* would say that." She leaned back in her chair and crossed her arms. "I'm going because I want to. Okay?"

Robert nodded and turned the key. Smooth jazz, the kind that public radio stations foolishly played late at night when many drivers were trying to stay awake, floated out of the car speakers. Sue made a face and turned off the radio.

“What did you find out from the puppy girl?” She asked.

“Mostly that she got the raw end of the deal.”

Sue looked at him quizzically.

“Never mind...she said that she overheard them say something about a ‘super station.’”

“Super station?” Sue asked.

“Yeah, does that mean anything to you?”

Sue did a quick search on her phone.

“It’s a petrol station.”

“What?”

“It’s a brand of petrol station. You know, what we used before every vehicle went electric?”

“Oh, yeah...okay, so they must be meeting at an old station then. That makes sense.”

Sue read from her phone. “According to city records there are still four of them standing. Two have been repurposed. Two are still vacant. One is on the east side across the river and the other is south of town on the old highway.”

Robert thought about it for a moment. Either could be options, but the one to the south seemed more-likely. The nearest border was to the south.

“South it is.” He said confidently, but it was really to mask his doubt. While it was unlikely that Pirouette had lied, she may have misheard. His assumptions could have been wrong. Even if he was right, it had been two days. They were probably long gone.