

Inspector Sue Sharp – Sue’s Fifth Case – Sisters Reunited

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If you want to see the uncensored cover and read the story in one piece rather than many, please check out my [blog](#).

In this 5th Sue Sharp installment, Sue continues to grapple with her strange, perverted desires and feelings of guilt as she endures her punishment for disobeying the orders of the Federal Bureau of Pettification. Will the arrival of an old acquaintance make all the indignities worthwhile? Find out in “Sisters Reunited.”

This story has been a long time in coming, and I truly appreciate everyone’s patience on the matter. I want to specifically thank Pepper and [SweetLilTrinket](#) for allowing me to use their characters, [Cafterhomme](#) and Flydeath for their encouragement, and I want to especially thank [Nimbletail](#) for allowing me to scribble things about the fascinating universe he created.

He rocks, you rock—everybody rocks!

-BW

For those of you who might want a little background after reading the story, here are a few of the original comics that inspired it:

[The Last Day of April](#)

[Unnatural Call](#)

Previous Sue Sharp Stories:

[Case #1](#)

[Case #2](#)

[Case #3](#)

[Case #4](#)

Compulsory Pettification (ComPet) was 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 a state-owned "ComPet," otherwise known as a "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 center, these service animals are leased to owners for the remainder of their service.

The ComPet 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. Within the FBP **The Human Pet Protection Service (HPPS)** performs welfare checks on the living conditions of service animals, provides veterinarian care, and ensures that all policies and regulations are followed by pet owners.

The rise of pettification has unfortunately led to a variety of pet girl-related crimes, such as anti-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 HPPS 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 (it's your choice, I'm certainly not going to argue with you), this is a little section to jog your memory or catch you up to where we are now.

At age twenty, the extra-petite and excessively-pouty **Sue Sharp** received her ComPet draft notice. Fortunately, her family was able to arrange for her to serve as a FBP junior pet welfare inspector in lieu of pet service 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 a wealthy and prominent citizen named **Mark Richter**. As it would happen, the missing puppy girl, who's real name was **Sarah**, had not been abducted, but had escaped with the help of a housemaid named **Megan**. Through a combination of luck and cleverness, Sue led the authorities to them, and her first case ended with a promotion for her, an unspeakable punishment for Megan, and Sarah being returned unhappily to her owner. In the closing lines of the first story, Sue learned that Megan the temporary housemaid 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).

In Sue’s next case she teamed up with a tall, gum-chewing detective from the Central City Police Department named **Robert Jericho**. 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 learned that there is a part of her that enjoyed 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 were able to foil the kidnapping after they had 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 that would eventually be known as 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 developed strong suspicions that Robert and the pet groomer, Donna, were sleeping together. She began to realize that she had feelings for her partner that extend beyond mere physical attraction. Eventually, while serving as the bait, Sue was captured by the Mutt Maker. Only receiving half the dose of the chemical, Sue was able to fool her captor into thinking that she was completely docile and used the opportunity to overpower him and call for help. While the so-called Mutt Maker was arrested, the person behind creation of the chemical remained at large.

In the fourth case, Sue and Robert went against orders and pursued F.E.R.A.L agents responsible for killing Robert’s old friend in a raid on a FBP veterinarian office, **Dr. Ezzat Andre**. During their unsanctioned pursuit, they take shelter in an unoccupied hunter’s cabin. After they split a bottle of liquor, the only provision in the cabin, Sue told Robert her feelings for him. Though Robert had the same feelings, and was intent on acting on them, Sue shared something awkward, which killed the mood. Eventually, they caught up with the F.E.R.A.L agents and several ComPets that they liberated in their raid. Robert confronted the leader of the group, their old acquaintance, Sapphire. After a brief struggle, Sapphire jumped from a cliff rather than allowing herself to be arrested. While Robert was busy with her, Sue allowed the liberated ComPets to get away. In the aftermath, Robert was suspended without pay for two months. Sue also lost her pay, but rather than being suspended she was merely demoted.

This roughly brings us to where we are now.

Prologue –

Juliette Walsh cried when she learned that her older sister, April, had been declared a “dangerous animal” after “viciously attacking [a] supervising veterinarian” and thus had her release from pet service “postponed indefinitely.” When she’d received her own draft notice later that same day, Juliette had felt absolutely nothing. She naively thought that she had no more tears to shed, but for the two years that followed she learned how truly wrong she was.

The first day of her service period she’d cried more than she had in all her life previously. Of course, she wasn’t alone in that. After sullenly reporting to the FBP draft station, Juliette was placed with a group of nervous looking girls her age—her so-called “litter.” The room was filled with sobs and sniffles following the harsh order from the lead handler to “*strip*.” Juliette wondered if April had cried when she’d endured the leers and jeers from the sadistic handlers. As the processing continued and things got worse and worse, Juliette stopped wondering.

Herded naked down a long hallway with the rest of her litter, each girl was handed off to groomers for outfitting. Sat on a cold metal table under a very bright, very hot light with her hands held out as ordered, one of the groomers placed a thick leather collar on her sweaty palms. Juliette stared at the shiny, bone-shaped dog tag attached to the collar for what felt like an eternity until the words of the groomer broke her trance.

“Okay, pup; put it on, so we can get started.”

Juliette felt a pang of anger in her chest. It wasn’t enough that they had taken her sister away from her forever. They were going to make her collar herself. Her hands closed around the strip of leather in a white knuckled grip.

“Aw, do you need help? I can call the handlers if it’s too hard for you, hun.”

Juliette tensed. She didn’t want that. Numb and defeated, at the time she barely registered the collar going on around her neck, though for two years after she would dwell on trying to remember the feeling of a bare neck free of the humiliating collar and everything that came with it.

Though they were much nicer than the handlers, the way the groomers talked down to her as they methodically transformed Juliette made her feel less and less human with every passing moment. Tears flowed when she felt the snip of the scissors on either side of her head and watched her long, red braids that had taken her years to grow tossed unceremoniously into a nearby trashcan while they pulled her butchered hair into high pigtails. She screamed until she was hoarse after they smeared her crotch, legs, and underarms with an awful burning depilatory.

She was a sweating, panting heap when it came time to “dress” her. The notion that she might try to fight them was still in her mind, but she was too tired to act on it and her wrists and ankles were secured with padded leather straps making any actual resistance impossible. They

encased her hands and feet in fluffy, light brown paws that buckled securely around her wrists and at the tops of her thighs respectively. Though they rendered her mostly helpless, the floppy ears they clipped to the top of her newly pigtailed head somehow made her feel even more ridiculous even if she couldn't see them, but it was nothing compared to the tail plug. Juliette's howls combined with those of the other girls in her litter as the fat, thick plug was forced into her tight little self. The pain wasn't nearly over. Before she could even recover from the horrible stretching and the sensation that she needed to go to the bathroom, multiple pairs of hands grabbed her shaking, glistening body to hold her still so that she could be laser branded on her butt and belly and given a hard, plastic ID tag in her ear. The smell of her seared skin mingled with the intense pain of her newly pierced ear making her nauseous and dizzy. She could barely feel the soft pat on her head or hear one of the groomers tell her, "See, now that wasn't so bad, now was it pup? Who's a brave little puppy! That's right, you are! You are!"

Juliette sniffled in response and leaned into the gentle, stroking hand. After all she'd been through; even patronizing kind words were comforting.

Juliette had thought the first day was hell, but it was nothing in comparison to the first day of obedience training. The night before, after she'd endured the pain and humiliation of being processed, she'd been sealed in a cold, plastic, padded dog crate that smelled of bleach with an undercurrent of the previous occupant's sweat and urine. She was alone, but she wasn't really alone. The petsitter was always there to watch her. The program was imbedded in different parts of her pet gear monitored her vitals and enforced what she would come to know as "proper puppy behavior" with verbal warnings and terrible electric shocks from the collar, the heart shaped nipple pads, the ears, the tail plug, or from all parts at once if she behaved badly enough. As she would come to learn, the sitter could also stimulate those same spots with a wonderful and terrible vibration, if she were a very "good girl."

In the cramped, dark space with no blanket or pillow, she'd already struggled to sleep despite her exhaustion. Throughout the night she woke up and feverishly called for her sister only to receive an awful shock to her throat for making an "unapproved noise." Tired and stiff and fearful of further correction, the rebellious feelings inside her still had not gone away, but they sunk even deeper inside of her as she fought to survive orientation. It started with learning to answer, without the slightest hesitation, to her new name, *Lilly*. It was a fact that she often contemplated later. Even when her service ended and the collar and the ear tag were removed, she would still wear the brands that identified her as the ComPet Lilly. She wondered if she could ever think of herself fully as Juliette Walsh ever again.

Beyond accepting her new name—her new *self*—Lilly was forced to abandon not only human speech, but human mannerisms. Simple things like nodding in affirmation, shaking her

head to disagree, or shrugging when she wasn't sure were no longer acceptable. Endless hours each day for weeks on end were spent learning to woof, whine, and wag to communicate.

Equal time was given to training her body. While crawling would always be more strenuous than walking, she was made to be "comfortable" and "graceful" on all fours as she and the rest of her litter were drilled back and forth on the grassy training yard in the bright, summer heat. If she wasn't crawling, she was squatting to strengthen her thighs in order to prepare her to properly relieve herself outside, and to prepare her to spend a great deal of time pathetically begging for anything that she wanted, and often what she didn't want.

It wasn't long into her training that Lilly learned the real meaning of "service" as far as ComPets went. Lilly was no prude, but she wasn't exactly "adventurous" in the bedroom either. She'd had two serious boyfriends, but their lovemaking had been restricted to tame missionary style encounters in dark rooms. She'd only ever attempted oral sex once when she was drunk and never again after that because she thought it was gross and demeaning. To her horror, a ComPet was trained to please others with every part of her body regardless of her feelings.

They started her on rubber and plastic practice "knots" before eventually moving her onto the real thing once she was deemed docile enough. In either case, she spent long hours being made to beg and whine for the "privilege" of doing service before having to perform whatever depraved and disgusting acts the trainers could imagine. She learned to repress her gag reflex and mind her teeth as larger and larger shafts were shoved down her protesting throat. She learned to swallow every hot, sticky, foul-tasting load, or be forced to lick it off the floor to clean up the mess that *she* had made. Countless times she was made to back up to a practice knot or the real thing and bounce against it, squeezing her tight "puppy parts" around it as she did. She was not allowed to hunch her shoulders or allow the revulsion and shame that she felt show in her face. Shocked, swatted, and scolded, she was told again and again in no uncertain terms that she "loved this," that she "wanted this" and that she would show it on her face accordingly.

Lilly learned to keep a wide, open mouthed smile on her face with her tongue lolling from it even as the trainers called her a "slut" and insisted she "enjoyed this." Even as ever larger knots and cocks forced their way into her, making her feel as if she would be torn apart she learned to smile and pant, even as her eyebrows turned up and tears ran down her freckled cheeks. Lilly hid herself behind this mask and kept going by assuring herself that things would get better after she was finished with obedience training. They had to. At least then she'd only have to service one disgusting man instead of a whole team of trainers.

Her hopes were dashed and things only grew worse after she was released from obedience training and "adopted." Her owner was a fat, smelly slob named Donald Davis. He may have been lazy and grotesquely overweight, but he never seemed to run out of energy when

it came to using her. Every day he seemed to go out of his way to invent new ways to humiliate her for his amusement, or at least to use his tried and true methods to their greatest effect.

Every morning walk he'd drag Lilly to the most public "puppy potty station" he could find, usually picking a new one at a slightly different time each day so that she'd have a new audience to watch her do her business. During obedience training, in the company of other trainees cringing their way through the process on the training yard, it was bad, but she got as used to it as anyone could have. Out on a noisy public street, with sometimes a dozen people staring at her, some taking photos or videos, asking her owner questions and making remarks made each trip a nightmare.

Donald being Donald, he always managed to make those trips worse. He chose those walks to give her a daily cocktail of vitamins and other supplements through, to her horror, an enema. There were always a few gawkers who just had to ask what he was doing as the tube quickly replaced her tail plug. Without missing a beat he'd explain that he was simply giving her "medicine" and wave away any concerns by telling onlookers that it "keeps your bitch healthy" and that "she enjoys this" as the liquid made her flat tummy painfully swell. It was astounding how people were so conditioned by propaganda to believe his flimsy explanations, even as right before their eyes Lilly lay there, her face and breasts smashed against the dirty concrete, her trembling ass in the air as her tears flowed and her nose ran. It was even more astounding that they'd believe him when Donald filled her to the brim, plugged her securely, and made her play fetch until he was satisfied that her medicine was properly "mixed up in there." The pain and the shame were overwhelming as she crawled back and forth as quickly as she could with her bowels sloshing with the medicinal fluid. While she never felt true happiness in service, relief washed over her when she heard him finally say, "Good girl" and he pulled her plug and let her release the fluid all over the potty station. His bulbous fingers teased her sensitive puppy parts as the last few squirts of fluid dripped down between her legs. They'd trained her out of most inhibitions, at least on the surface. Whatever was in the fluid and probably her food and even her water had increased her libido. With all the stimulation on top of that she couldn't help herself and whined loudly as she was seized by a powerful orgasm.

"Hey, I think she just came..."

"From doing that? What a slut!"

As time went on, Lilly wondered if it was the propaganda that changed people or if it just gave them an excuse to show what they always were. Each time Donald degraded her and made her cum, Lilly told herself over and over again that it was because he forced her, not because she liked it. It didn't take long into her service with him though to look forward to the orgasms, forced or not. Rooted in shame and self-hatred as they were, they were the only pleasure she had. She wondered if April had found similar comfort, or if she'd somehow managed to rise above it all. Lilly hoped that it had been the latter.

The public and private humiliations Donald heaped upon her were nothing compared to the reality of servicing him. When he'd binge watch daytime TV, she'd be down between his fat, hairy thighs with his thick, stubby cock in her mouth. It didn't matter if he came quickly or not, he kept her there for hours sucking and licking until her tongue was sore and jaw was nearly locked.

Many times after he'd pumped his smelly, foul tasting gunk down her throat, Donald would make her lap at his bushy taint until he grew hard again. With a touch of a remote he'd flip her puppy gear to "in heat" mode. The relentless vibration of the c-string covering her pussy made her whine and squirm, but it never pushed her over the edge. It was to motivate her, not to please her. Though Lilly couldn't see Donald's sweaty, blubbery face with her own buried in his repulsive crotch, she could hear the smile in his voice when he'd order her to turn around followed by the crass command of, "Face and tits down, ass up, Lilly!" She was never as quick about it as she was supposed to be, but she always managed to move just quickly enough not to incur a harsh, "Bad dog!" followed by a painful shock from her collar.

Not being allowed to look behind her, something she was actually grateful for, Lilly had to guide herself back towards Donald's waiting prick by feel and by memory. With the c-string removed, she shivered in disgust when she felt the bloated, purple head against her bare, well-greased, quivering opening. Each time she tried not to think about who was behind her. Instead she focused on the horrible neediness the incessant vibrations of the c-string had given her until he mumbled, "Go on, Lilly. Ride your hog!"

Lilly braced herself as she moved her hips back towards the man who was her owner and felt his rod slide into her, stretching her. She pressed herself against him, deliberately taking each inch of him into herself, until she felt the bristle of his pubic hair against her pert, upturned ass. Then she slowly moved forward again, shuddering at the sensation of him sliding back out of her. Lilly was careful not to pull away far enough so that he came out. He hated that. She waited one beat and then pressed herself back again, starting a steady rhythm that would increase over time, working hard to squeeze him, milk him, until inevitably he'd groan and she'd feel the familiar, disgusting warm, sticky rush inside of her.

Donald never moved much during these sessions. At first Lilly believed that it was because he was a lazy pile of redundant flesh, which he was, but later she came to realize that he made her do all the work because it forced her to be party in her own defilement. After she understood, Lilly felt as if each service was like being asked to dig her own grave.

Despite the indignities of being Donald's service animal, Lilly's basic needs as defined by the Federal Bureau of Pettification (FBP) were always met. Though her ribs had started to show from all the activity and the stress, Donald always kept her well-fed. He even went so far as to force-feed her if she refused to eat by placing his heavy foot on the back of her head and keeping her face in the dog bowl until she stopped "being stubborn" and ate all her "num-nums." Likewise she was kept well-hydrated, though many times she got her water "second hand" when he didn't feel like taking a trip to the bathroom. She had a designated place to sleep, a modest doggy bed located at the foot of his bed so that she'd be nearby if he decided to enjoy a "little midnight snack." Though she often spent days at a time covered in a disgusting mixture of her sweat, Donald's sweat and his smelly, dried spunk, due to a combination of his laziness and because he seemed to revel in how much she hated it, he always seemed to anticipate when the Human Pet Protection Service (HPPS) was going to do a "pop-in" welfare inspection and would take her to the groomers to have her thoroughly cleaned the day prior.

It didn't seem to matter anyway. None of the male HPPS inspectors seemed to do more than take a glance at Lilly's accommodations or her cleanliness. They asked Donald very few questions, at least in regards to her care. They seemed to mostly be interested in asking about her performance and in checking if she had any "stress" in the vicinity of her breasts and nether regions. One of them did express some concern about how thin she was, but after Donald made her perform service on the inspector with her drooly, little mouth he agreed that his concerns were "unfounded" and noted that Lilly was "happy, healthy, and very eager to serve."

The only time she got a female inspector, the welfare check was very different. The inspector was a small, bespectacled, raven haired gal with an immediately off-putting demeanor that had no doubt been developed after having to deal with men like Donald on a daily basis. Her name was Sue Sharp, and her inspection was as keen as her last name. She curtly refused any refreshments offered by Donald, asked him detailed questions about Lilly's daily life and examined her living arrangements very thoroughly. Lilly felt the corners of her mouth twitch up for the first time in a long while as the diminutive examiner took photos and notes, while censuring Donald out loud for every little thing she saw wrong. Donald, for his part, took the criticism about inadequate tether lengths and improperly stored puppy chow with good natured chortling, but Lilly knew him well enough to see that he was seething underneath.

When Sue donned a pair of white rubber gloves and began the physical examination, her gaze briefly met Lilly's and they stared at each other for long seconds. Lilly felt tears pool in the corners of her eyes, but for a very different reason than normal. It was the first time anyone had looked at her like a person since the day before she had been processed. In spite of all her training, she opened her mouth just to say, "thank you." She didn't even complete the first syllable when the sitter scolded her, "Bad dog!" and a terrible shock ripped through her.

Donald showed Sue out as Lilly regained her senses. He returned with a piece of paper in his hand. "Recommend a psychological evaluation..." He muttered and then crumpled up the paper with a laugh. He threw the paper wad at Lilly and it bounced off her head. "What would a brain dead little animal like you need with a psychological evaluation?" He asked as he grabbed her by her hair while unzipping his pants and dragged the dazed girl's face to his crotch. "The only time there's anything in that bubble head of yours is when I put this in it! And *it* doesn't need therapy!"

Lilly whined weakly and began to suck as he guided her back and forth along his thick shaft. "Sue Sharp..." He mumbled. "Your little friend ought to be careful. When I'm done with you I might just have to make her your replacement!"

At the mention of replacing her with the tiny inspector, Donald grunted and shot his slimy filth down her throat. He pressed her face into him and held her there even as her throat spasmed in protest, as he often did when he wanted to make a point about who was in charge. Lilly gasped for air, but only succeeded in inhaling more of him. Her vision began to blur and she wondered, as she always did, if he was going to end her pathetic little life right then. Without fail, just like all the times before, no sooner had she wondered that when he pulled himself from her mouth with an audible "pop" and allowed her to fall to the ground panting and mewling.

Lilly had not recovered when he took what he called her "helper collar" from a hook on the kitchen wall and placed it on her neck right above her regular collar. The two metal prongs on its interior pressed into her skin. As it was going on, Lilly tried to stifle herself. The helper collar wasn't like the pet sitter collar. It didn't just shock her for making an "unapproved noise" it shocked her, and worse, for making *any* noise.

"It has a full battery, Lilly. It'll stay on until that runs out. Maybe next time we have an inspector here you won't try telling lies with your eyes!"

Lilly's life before her encounter with Sue had been awful, but she'd become so numb to everything, she could deal with it day by day. After getting a taste of what it was like to be a person again, if only for just a few moments and in such a small way, Lilly found living with Donald unbearable. Even though she knew it was pointless, she ran away multiple times just to show Donald and herself that she still had some spark of life left in her. Each time she wound up being found quickly and each time she was promptly returned to Donald. He never punished her for running away. He wouldn't even call it that. She'd just "wandered off" he'd tell her and anyone who was listening. Once she was back in Donald's home he made it a point to force her to cum again and again to remind her of what she truly was.

During her escapes, she'd ended up at an FBP clinic twice. The first time was reminiscent of the HPPS inspections she'd received; no one seemed to care what may have driven her to run away. They simply detained her in a small metal kennel and called for her owner to come and collect her. The second time, however, was very different. When the supervising veterinarian, a thin, frizzy haired man in his late twenties, whom she later learned was named Dr. Ezzat Andre—Ed—took her into his office and turned off her pet sitter, Lilly was wary to say the least. Her whole body went rigid when he took off his white lab coat. She sobbed, figuring that his pants were going to come off next, but then he draped the coat over her shoulders and *asked* her instead of ordering her to tell him why she ran away. Having not spoken for so long and overwhelmed with emotion, Lilly's explanation wasn't coherent, but in the midst of it all she heard him say, "I'll make sure he won't take you back."

After she'd managed to calm down, the kind veterinarian gave her a complete examination before tucking her into a holding crate with a soft blanket and a pillow. The doctor had ruffled her hair and told her that she was a "good girl." It was no different than the kind of patronizing things that Donald would say to her, but the intent behind it was different. She drifted into the first peaceful sleep she'd had in nearly two years.

When Lilly woke up, things would be more different than she could have possibly imagined. Agents of F.E.R.A.L raided the clinic and rescued her and the other puppy girls being held there. Amidst shouting and shooting they bundled Lilly and the others into the back of a van and spirited them out of the city. Though she was initially frightened she was ecstatic to be free, though she found herself dwelling on the nice veterinarian. She hoped he was alright.

It took some getting used to, wearing clothes, talking, and standing on two legs, but it quickly came back to her. Introducing herself to her fellow escapees and their rescuers as "Juliette" felt good, but also disingenuous. Watching her pet gear burn with the gear of the others behind an old, abandoned gas station south of the city felt marvelous, but they weren't yet out of danger.

A few days later, in fact, it seemed the law had caught up with them, but was in fact just a man and woman following them for their own reasons. Juliette and the others watched the leader of their rescuers, an overly-intense woman named Sapphire, wave a pistol around in front of a tall, good-looking man she called "Detective Jericho" and his "little helper, Sue Sharp. Juliette hadn't forgotten the name of the inspector who had treated her well. She was shocked to see that the formally, uptight little woman was in some kind of homemade pet gear on all fours by the heel of the detective. Juliet and Sue exchanged looks of recognition. In a way it was as if they'd switched places.

Sapphire's words hit Juliette like a sledge hammer. "Since I already got to have my fun with that hu-vet, I think it's only fair that I should let one of you have the chance to feel the same thing by killing these two."

Had Sapphire hurt Ed? Had she killed him? Juliette's thoughts were interrupted by Sapphire pushing a gun towards her with the order to shoot both of the intruders.

Juliette, for everything she'd been through, for all the times she'd felt like doing harm to Donald and the others who'd humiliated and tortured her, was not a killer and she said as much. Juliette didn't know anything about the detective, but if he was with Sue, she was willing to at least give him the benefit of the doubt. Sapphire was insistent and pushed the gun at Juliette again and again, her order to kill getting more intense by the moment. In the midst of this reverse tug-of-war Sue leapt up from the ground and bit Sapphire's hand making the gun drop and spin out of reach. In the confusion that followed, Sapphire ran away with the tall detective in pursuit. Freed of her bonds, Sue was left behind, with the gun and the order to not let them leave.

There were long moments of silence after the detective left. The escapees stared at Sue and she stared back.

Juliette broke the silence. "I was trying to say, 'thank you.'"

Sue furrowed her brow. "For what?"

"For looking at me like I was a person instead of a dumb animal during the exam."

She pulled the cheap, floppy dog ears from the top of her head and tossed them aside. "I don't...um, you're welcome?"

Juliette nodded and everyone lapsed back into silence for a moment. As quickly as she'd grown to love F.E.R.A.L for freeing her, she suddenly hated them. They'd killed one of the two decent people in the whole FPB, and "rescued" her near the end of her service. If they hadn't shown up, Juliette could have endured a few more months as Lilly safely around Ed's clinic and then been free and legal. Having escaped, there was a very real possibility that she could have time added to her service, or worse, follow in her sister's footsteps.

What was done was done, but Juliette had no intention of going back to service. Sue already seemed uncomfortable holding the gun and more so with guarding them.

"Are you really going to take us back?" Juliette asked. "You know what they'll do to us."

Sue pursed her lips and looked down, before lowering the pistol. Juliette was surprised. She figured she'd have to pull some kind of inspiring speech out of her ass to try and convince Sue to let them go, but a simple question was all it took.

"Yes, I know." She handed Juliette the gun. "Go before the detective comes back. I'll explain everything."

Needing no further encouragement, the others scurried out the back exit as quick as they could. Juliette paused in the doorway and said, "Thank you again."

When she was safely on the other side of the border Juliette could finally breathe, but her joy was short lived. In the F.E.R.A.L safe house, she finally got a look at her own ComPet file, which had been downloaded from her gear before it had been destroyed. In addition to all her measurements, habits, and a record of ownership, she noticed that her parents and sister were listed, unsurprisingly, under a section titled "Relatives." Out of curiosity, she tapped on the word "sister" and a truncated version of a ComPet file for her popped up. It showed April's start date of service as well as a note about her permanently postponed release. Juliette gasped when her eyes ran across the name "Donald P. Fisher" listed as April's original owner, before she'd proven "dangerous" and was reassigned to the experimental division.

The gears in Juliette's mind began to turn. Donald had never been shy about bribing FBP officials and HPPS inspectors. It was too convenient that April would be declared a dangerous animal when she had less than a day before her release. It was too much of a coincidence already that both April and Juliette had been drafted into pet service. It was near impossible that they'd both end up with the same owner. The son-of-a-bitch knew something about her sister and Juliette was going to find out what.

The F.E.R.A.L people were very good at setting up new identities for the young women they'd rescued. Though they tried to persuade her to join their cause, but after learning what Sapphire had done to poor Ed, she had no interest. Besides that, Juliette had only one cause, finding and rescuing her sister from whatever the so-called experimental division. Armed with a little money and new identity papers, Juliette came back across the border and took the first train back to Central City. Dressed in a baggy gray hoodie and jeans and with her hair cut to pixie length and dyed blonde, she neither attracted attention nor resembled her old self.

Donald's house was dark when she arrived just past midnight on a Friday night. Unless his routine had changed he would no doubt be passed out on his favorite chair after consuming a tragic amount of greasy pizza and cheap beer. He would be an easy target. Juliette's heart

pounded as she crept around to the back door. Only the thought of what Donald and the ComPet program had done to her sister kept her going.

The doggy door in the bottom of the backdoor was still unlocked. It took every ounce of willpower Juliette had to go down on all fours and crawl through it into the dark kitchen. She braced for a shock as she slowly stood back up and breathed easy when it did not come. The TV flickered and blared from the front room. Steeling herself, Juliette fished zip ties from her pocket and slid the butcher knife from its holder on the cluttered counter.

Donald was right where she thought he would be, sawing logs in his favorite chair. His snores were so loud that they almost drowned out the blast of the TV. He never heard her coming and Juliette acted quickly. Before he'd even begun to awaken, Donald's wrists were secured to the d-rings he'd had installed to the front of each armrest, ironically to keep *her* from wandering off.

"Wha...what's going on?" Donald mumbled sleepily and strained against the zip ties.

Juliette said nothing and instead turned down the TV.

"Who—who are you? What do you want?" Donald asked, his speech slightly slurred.

Juliette stared at him as the multicolored pictures from the light of the TV played out across his fat, stupid face. She brandished the knife and watched its shadow travel across his face.

Donald pulled against the restraints again and said in a slightly more sober voice. "Hey, just take what you want, okay?"

It was gratifying watching the paunchy pig squirm. She wanted him to understand what it was to be helpless, but she wanted to rescue her sister more. So, she kept things moving.

"Your first ComPet, what happened to her?"

"What?"

"You heard me."

"She—*they* took her back after she went wild."

"Who is 'they'?"

"Why the hell should you care? I've got money in my wallet...it's on the..."

“I don’t care about your money.” Juliette was losing patience. She stepped closer. The training and torture she’d undergone made her hesitate to be aggressive, but when she heard no correction, and she felt no shock, she came closer with the knife at Donald’s eye level.

There was a sudden look of recognition on his face.

“Lilly?”

She put the knife to his throat. “Don’t ever call me that again!” She was trembling. “Tell me what happened to my sister. Tell me where April is!” She hissed.

“Oh, God, fuck!” Donald exclaimed. “I’ll tell you whatever you want to know. Just take the knife...”

Juliette pressed the knife ever so slightly into his skin giving him no more than a paper cut, but it was enough to make him keep talking.

“She’s under the name ‘Patches’ now and they have her at the FBP Headquarters downtown in the experimental division. God, that’s all I know!”

Juliette wanted to kill him, but even then she still wasn’t a killer. She returned to the kitchen, flipped on the light and saw the “helper collar” hanging on its familiar hook. She remembered the terrible shocks if she even dared breathe too loud. It wasn’t long enough to go around his stout, flabby neck so she made sure the two metal prongs were firmly against his sweaty throat and then ran duct tape around his neck until she was satisfied that the collar was secure.

She turned it on. The solid green light showed that the collar would respond with an intense shock if it detected the slightest sound from Donald. “It has a full battery, Donald.” Juliette said.

Donald opened his mouth to beg, but the shock choked his pleadings into silence. With great satisfaction, Juliette noted the wet patch forming on the front of Donald’s pants and seat cushion below him.

Juliette left a blessedly silent Donald behind her. She may not have been a killer, but she had no problem stepping aside and letting hunger and dehydration do the work for her.